Official Name = Storybro's Magically Lewd Road-Trip Adventure

The author used to happily chat with everyone; But everything changed when the fire nation attacked. You can try shooting them an email at StorybroAdventures@outlook.com. There's also a skype group that really consists of completely off topic banter but will discuss the story if you bring it up; check the blog for the most up to date link.

Links!

For those of you seeking the first story (and looking to start the adventure) Go here.
-Wordpress Site -Has various wiki pages and oodles of history about the stories. Also has links to anything you'll possibly need to get started, including snippets not available on the documents.

Sleepover
-First Story (WordPress) -The Hub Page for the first story
-First Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows Full commenting/Suggested edits
-First Story (Document, Mobile) *New* - HTML, Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

Road-Trip **(You are Here)**
-Second Story (Wordpress) -The Hub Page for the second story
-Second Story (Document, Raw) -Original Doc, Allows commenting/Suggested edits
-Second Story (Document, Mobile) *New* - HTML, Can Read Comments via lettered citations, click to load comment, click same letters to return., loads 1000x faster.

-Chapters 63+
-Second Story, Second Document (Raw)
-Second Story, Second Document (Mobile)

Dreams
-Third Story (Wordpress) - The Hub page for the branching third story.

Other Things
Fanart
Donations **(This Page has additional stories about the girls)**
Contact The Author
Skype Group

Notes:

1). I've retired all the old woody images. **Every post is accompanied by a new unique woody image**. On /b/ i just posted a random image every time. (Yeah ill archive em all at the end of this one too)

2) **We've added a new Donation** page. There's going to be extra stories (little tidbits of normal storybro life) and the absurd things the girls do there... that is if the donors want to share.

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Update #1 : May 16th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11728504

>I'm 17 years old, summer of 2007
>For whatever inane reason, i've spent the last two months planning a cross country driving trip for myself and my friends.
>It wasn't my idea, my girlfriend thought it up and our mutual friend threw it all together, offered to drive and made sure all the pieces fit.
>I just pretended i was helping
>I knew when to fight my battles, these weren't wars i could win.
>That's how planning as a couple works anyway.
>In a relationship one of the two oftentimes ends up planning everything and the other has learned not to interfere.
>So i wasn't interfering
>But i was part of the process
>Cross country trip, California to Florida, see the sights along the way, stay at interesting places, get our fill of road food and such.
>Bonding experience you know? Just me, my girlfriend, our mutual best-friend, and a couple others.
>Plus it was a nice change doing stuff for once, we were all rather nerdy.
>Anime, video games, japanese food, that was us.
>We were trying to do something "Normal" for once

>Pretending we weren't the usual group of weebs
>We weren't ok? Just let me imagine that.

>We were a ragtag group for sure, but i assure you we weren't whales or fedoristas that only talked about anime and vidya all day.
>We were simply good friends that had some rather nerdy middle common ground and it was easiest to connect there.
>As such we had varied tastes and we got along beautifully well together.
>But i forgot to mention; if you didn't realize already.
>All my friends, were female
>It's my ol'best friend's fault, she was a girl, and then she introduced me to girls, and all of a sudden i was friendzoned by everyone.
>Tasked with being that harmless but ever useful male influence to the group of them.
>Then of course Sleepover Incident #I-6-7456-3 occurred, and through rumors and tall tales of heroics i became a popular kid in high-school.
>Except that's bullshit
>The only stories that made it out were ones that painted me in an awful light, i was still a nerdy white kid, and i wasn't actually that much of a social butterfly.
>But i hoped to change that (one day), i was excited for this trip.
>Myself and six friends to do something that involved social interaction for once, it felt almost normal.

>Carefully through the process of artificial selection we'd chosen the proper group of perfectly compatible people to go on a trip with.
>Except not really
>As is the case with everything, it was an assortment of friends, a mixed couple good friends, and a few of those "Group Friends"
>Those runts that stick with the pack because a couple people like them, even if you and them don't get along too well.
>They were invited too, because we had room and because as our logistical expert put it, "It would be more fun".
>Planning wise, the trip was fully mapped out, routes, hotels, bed & breakfasts, a couple odd places to visit. It was down in the books.
>Well, it was in a little brown binder along with maps and everything, but you get what i mean.
>And our mutual friend the planner was also our accountant, with everything money related covered.

>We had funds to do it, parents offered to foot bill.
>Was patriotic of them, we applauded kindness with many thanks.
>Friends and I, had dredges of middle class american households, still holding on after glorious post-2000 age of riches.
>The better off ones donated tidy sum of cash, enough for rooms and meager potato feasts

along way.
>Sad as sounds, 2007 was start of end for american middle class
>Not single family of friends i knew is well-off anymore
>Nobody really sure what happen
>We blame government
>Maybe should have beat phone harder
>Such is life in capitalist America.

>Far as i could tell i wasn't needed here at this final meeting between advocate and planning mastermind.
>It was Day 0, the day before we were all to meet up, pack into a car and go.
>Probably as ready as we could be
>But you know girls... they gotta make sure.
>Five times.
>So i offered to get drinks, took orders and left the house
>I didn't have a car so i walked, left me time to think about lots of things, mostly about how awesome the next week should be.
>Hit up the neighborhood market, bagged up the loot and headed back.
>Rattled the front door of my house because i seem to be completely incapable of using house keys in any reasonable manner, and stepped inside.
>I found the two girls sitting across from one another both staring intently at a piece of paper
>As if the harder they looked the better chance of finding a flaw in the plans came out.
>I noted they looked silly
>out loud of course, along with a
>"We're as ready as we're going to be, we're good to take a break!"
>I'm trying to not sound exasperated, they really had been spending way too much time planning this.
>Months of on/off visits between houses, sometimes without me even there.
>More ideas, papers and plans each and every time, with maps crisscrossed with tape and strings.
>I'll be honest
>I was glad i didn't have to do most of the work.

Day 0
>My girlfriend looks up with a startled expression, mentions something about needing to get something from her house
>It's a quick moment of her getting up, and seconds later being out the door.
>her long black hair giving an exaggerated swish as she leaves.
>If i didn't know her better, i would say she was embarrassed.
>But it's probably just stress from planning this, she didn't even give me a "Goo'bye luv" like usual.
>The pretend british accent is cute, don't judge!

>Which leaves me looking into the deep amber brown eyes of the girl sitting at the table planning our trip.
>The mastermind.
>An awful situation to be in
>Because i realize she's undone the top couple buttons of her shirt, just for me.
>Great.

>Any other male would jump her bones quicker than a conspiracy theorist from /x/
>She was rather attractive, long straight brown hair, brilliant mischievous smile, C breasts, skinny, but that curvy kind of good weight skinny.
>She was brilliant too, great at everything she did and exceptionally helpful in even the most death-defying situations. She'd saved my ass multiple times.
>Problem #1 : was that i don't browse /x/ or believe in skeletons
>Problem #2 : I was in a relationship with the girl who just left the house, and our relationship was in a great place so i didn't want to fuck it up.
>Except Problem #3 : was that it wasn't
>Our mastermind nearly tiptoes across the room and peeks out of the blinds
>Confirming that she wouldn't be interrupted.
>I wasn't going to get out of this that easily.
>Then turns to me and flashes her mischievous smile again
>The light from outside glinting off her glasses.

>This indeed my friends was one of our previous heroines
>The forever-a-bro Glasses
>She, excluding my partner, was my best friend in the entire world.
>Always there for me, always helping me out of trouble and smoothing over the chaos i inadvertently manage to cause.
>Even for just hanging out, or playing games or vidya she was an absolute blast to have around.
>Unless we're playing something competitive, then she has this annoying ability to always win no matter what. (Except for scrabble, nobody knows why)
>It's like one of those lesser-known superpowers.
>[spoiler]Personally i still hope one day i'll be able to phase through spiderwebs[/spoiler]
>The rumors even say her kiss can bring people back to life; a talent given to her by the egyptian goddess Isis herself.
>But those are just rumors.

>Glasses was my best bro
>In all aspects but one.
>Over the last year, and increasingly more over this month of trip planning...
>Every time we were alone together, or she had a moment of spare time to tease me.
>She would do just that.
>Like right now, where i quickly found myself backed up against a wall, with her eyes staring

into mine and quite a large amount of her ample cleavage visible.
>It was a game, a contest that she played with me, with unspoken rules.
>"How far can i seduce him today?"
>I was tired of it, i wanted her to stop playing games with me.
>She moved closer, her hands placed on the wall to either side.
>I wasn't going to cheat, i kept telling myself that.
>She licks her lips, smooth, luscious, full.
>Kissable

>I had decided she was too great of a friend to really be doing this out of jealousy, or meanness.
>The same way other girls so often did.
>How every female friend of your girlfriend will always instantly decide it's time to seduce you the moment they learn you're together.
>Out of meanness, or an attempt to prove you're really unfaithful.
>Or just a sadistic pleasure in conquering that which isn't yours
>I trusted glasses too much for her to be doing this out of a sadistic streak, i just kept telling myself she was trying to push me closer to the girl i loved.
>One of her master plans i just didn't see all the strings of.
>But it wasn't working, my real relationship was on a rocky bluff in stormy weather.
>And as glasses pressed her chest up against mine and tried to connect our lips.
>I really didn't want to stop her.

>But i did, i shove her off.
>She stumbles back a couple feet but holds my arm the entire way.
>I get yanked off balance
>She had been getting rather forceful recently, i can't pretend to know what she was thinking or why she was doing this anymore.
>I watch the world spin, the hallway do a turn as i lose my footing
>Maybe she knows that my relationship has been rocky for the last year, that something is wrong and she's trying to pull me out of it.
>That glorious moment of falling, that glorious realization that it's probably going to hurt as you tense up.
>I had the sneaking suspicion that my partner was cheating on me, and maybe glasses knew the truth.
>Trying to seduce me and make me cheat, pull me out of the relationship in the way that will break my heart the least.
>I hit the floor back first
>Head rebounding off the soft wooden planks
>With a resounding thud, i'm brought to the sensation of my head really hurting.
>that's gonna leave a bump
>But you can see how even though she's trying to break up my relationship, seduce me, and has just toppled me to the floor like a wet sack of bricks.

>She's still my best bro.

>She carefully sits across me, straddling my legs and lap.
>I'm relatively aroused, and she knows, but that's not the first expression she makes.
>She gives me a worried smile instead
>Asks, softly but intently
>"I'm sorry, are you alright?"
>I manage to mumble out "Jerk" as a response
>But her smile returns fully and takes on a cheerful ambience, yet her eyes take on a tone of serious, dark.
>"You should have just let me kiss you!"
>I respond abruptly "I'm loyal."
>And i change the topic
>"What happened to that boy you were trying to date last week?"
>Her eyes roll, and her voice takes on that sing-song tone of explaining.
>Starting with the oh-so-often heard beginning words of "Oh... you know..."
>She took her time listing the reasons.
>Bouncing every so often to remind me which pieces of her body are contacting mine and where.

>I was attempting to ignore her and staring upwards
>enjoying the rather high ceilings of the house and the cobwebs that adorned the hard to reach corners.
>Until she ended her list of things with a couple sentences involving me.
>"And he wasn't very fun to play games with, not like you... you give the best reactions".
>She wiggles when she says this.
>I would love to pretend she's oblivious to the torment she's causing me. But she knows full well.
>Her upper body leans forward, hair draping down around her and framing her face and mine.
>"So what about that kiss? It'll be our secret"
>I watch the shadows play across her lips from the strands of her hair.
>Tempting.
>But no
>I use the only weapon i have left, the only one that's been keeping her at bay.
>Guilt.
>"I've told you, i love her"
>She breaks eye contact
>I've got her
>Now to twist the knife.
>"I wouldn't ever fool around behind her back, i know how much that would hurt her"
>Her head's turned away, she's staring off into the distance.
>Her smile, optimism : gone.

>It's not actually that much of a compromising position, but the rattling at the front door reminds us that the girl we're discussing has probably returned.
>So glasses gets up before the door opens, and extends her hand to help me up before the girl outside gets to the second lock.
>I don't take it.

>Thus my partner enters the hallway to find me on the floor and glasses standing above me.
>Hands on hips
>"What did you do to him?"
>Explanations were in order
>Glasses drops her hand and makes up an excuse about me slipping on a wet spot from where the bag of cold drinks was sitting.
>I chime in that i was just admiring the ceiling
>Which brings my girlfriend to stand towering beside me and look up as well.
>"Ooh, looks like you need to clean up there"
>Indeed
>I mumble in agreement, and the girl who i'm not currently that-mad at extends her hand to help me up.
>Then with a twirl she's leading me off and up the stairs with a bag in her hand
>"Come on i have to show you something"
>I stick my tongue out at glasses as we go by
>She just smiles and waves
>Then we're up the stairs creaking all the way

>into my room, door closed behind us.
>Her jet black hair swishes as she rushes off to my bed and leaves me standing at the door.
>Until recently she'd had it rather short, but i was enjoying it growing out for the summer.
>I get to ravish her with my eyes as she dumps something out on the bed.
>Jet black hair down to mid shoulder, petite body frame with a rather modest bust size.
>Not to mention a rather cute (but small) pair of buttocks swishing back and forth as she fiddled with whatever was on the bed.
>She wasn't a curvy supermodel, but that's not really a big deal.
>She was clever, could hold an intelligent conversation about anything we wanted to talk about, enjoyed most of my hobbies (Didn't complain about the ones she didn't like).
>and i adored spending time with her.
>But the most important part, was that she adored spending time with me.
>She was my best friend in the entire world and i couldn't imagine it any other way.
>Fiddling over, cases and containers opened, she turns around to face me.
>She's holding four white-rounded containers with mini-disks visible
>Ahh, glorious sony Universal Media Discs. The fancy throwback to the cassette age in CD form.

>Hint: those were the weird discs that worked in the PSP
>She's holding four of the same kind, "Untold Legends" with some fancy text sprawled beneath.
>A questioning "Did i do good?" obviously on her mind.
>And i'm staring into my favorite pair of eyes.
>Her beautiful emerald green eyes.

>Indeed as you've already guessed, this was the valkyrie princess of our last story, Raven.
>Her jet black hair the original inspiration for her storied nickname
>She was my best friend, she had been for nearly more than half my life. Which is quite an impressive feat when you think about it.
>Not to mention the love of my life for two of those.
>I could go on and on about how wonderful she was and break a thousand cliches, spend paragraph after paragraph outlining exactly how much she meant to me.
>But i won't, because you either know or you don't care, and i'll just sum it up with one sentence.
>She was the reason i'm around to tell you this story, in more ways than one.
>Her eyes were still staring into mine, and she was still holding out the games expecting an answer.
>So i nodded, and gave her a smile.
>It was a 4 player game, dungeon crawler, we had been trying to solve the last problem of what to do in the car for weeks
>Road trips are a tad boring you know.
>Atleast we thought they would be from experience
>Her eyes light up like twinkling stars in a smile.
>She always reminded me of stars, if she was an egyptian goddess too i would say she was Nut, with her wings spread across the night sky.

>But she notes, that the vidya is only for when we've bored ourselves to tears of actually trying verbal communication.
>Plus, the bag contains an assortment of movies and tv-shows (mostly anime really) that we could watch along the way on our spare laptop.
>Backup entertainment systems confirmed.
>Talking to one another confirmed
>I take a moment to place the discs safely back into cases and then the bag.
>Place the bag on the floor
>And i tackle Raven to the bed in a hug
>as her head hits the sheets, my lips touch hers.
>We had long passed the frantic soul-sucking kissing stage, it was a soft sweet touch of lips.
>An excuse for contact, a soothing and warm comfort shared between us during the good times..
>I kissed her because she made me happy, reminded me of the light and dark in a painting.

>But she broke it off, rolled away
>She'd been so distant lately, i had been trying to get her to tell me why but she wouldn't say.
>Guilt? A secret she couldn't tell? A lie she'd been keeping all this time?
>Whatever it was, it was weighing on me, and she wouldn't tell,.
>It just reminded me that you gotta have sadness once in a while so you know when the good times come.
>She sat up, picked up her bag and started to leave the room.
>She was forcing distance between us, more and more every week.
>I was waiting on those good times now.

>I stop her at the door with a single word
>"Wait"
>She pauses
>Hand on the doorknob, doesn't even turn to look at me
>I would ask her a question, but it's rather a statement.
>"I'm spending the night at your place..."
>I let the end drift off, it ends as a question after all.
>She makes an excuse, something about us having an early day tomorrow and needing to get everything together.
>Excuses excuses, all i kept getting from her.
>We were fully packed, we had everything covered, i wasn't having any of it.
>"It's going to be the last time we can be alone... together, for a while"
>She turns her head
>I see a glint of a cute little half-smile
>and her mouth moves, ruining it but making it oh-so much better
>"Ok"
>And she leaves

>Phew
>I flop down on the bed again
>She'd been "Busy" for two weeks now
>I guess it's a rather common thing when a relationship isn't going too well.
>Excuses to not spend time with one another, things to do that don't involve your partner.
>But she still agreed, there was hope yet.
>Like i said, i knew she was hiding something, i knew she was guilty about something and i knew she wouldn't tell me.
>You can ask why i wasn't questioning her, but i did for a month.
>Asking people constantly what they're hiding from you doesn't work very well, if ever.
>They'll just get angry at you, like she did.
>Our worst fight, she stopped talking to me for a week.

>Sure it hurt to imagine she was seeing someone else
>But being ignored was a hundred times worse.

>It's quite a low tactic, a disgustingly vile and nefarious twist of the gut to stop talking completely to someone.
>You don't even need to tear them apart, they'll do it themselves
>Every fault, every mistake they think they've made, it'll all come out.
>Atleast me, i never took being ignored very well.
>I got rather depressed and made a thousand rather stupid decisions that week.
>Left far too many messages for her online, sent apologetic, nasty, and just plain pleading emails.
>Its a tough thing getting into a fight with a romantic partner and a best friend at the same time.
>They're usually the one you complain to about things like that
>So you end up complaining to them about them.
>Or bottling it up inside and resenting yourself.
>This was part of the reason i hoped the trip would turn out well, reinforce our relationship maybe.
>My trip down Painful memory lane is interrupted by a da-ding from my pocket along with a vibration.
>Oh god what the fuck is that
>Fuckin pocket is going to explode holy shit

>Oh my god, jc a bomb!
>I jump half a foot off the bed and sit up
>reach into my pocket, grab a square plastic box and pull it out
>False alarm, its a cell phone
>Just got mine this year, still forgot it did things other than ring.
>[spoiler]I know, as crazy as it sounds, cell phones were new things[/spoiler]
>I get the pleasure of reading a text message, a rare occurrence in those days
>We only had one friend that texted us, the techie of our group.
>[spoiler]Pretty sure the darn thing cost me like 5 cents on my bill[/spoiler]
>A girl of few words, it read like a plea for help from leia herself.
>"Brother doesn't want to let me go. Come?"
>Ship under attack, can't get to alderaan, only hope, gotcha.

>She doesn't live walking distance close however, so instead of taking my planned mid-day nap i quickly return downstairs looking for our resident girl-with-a-car
>I find her sipping her drink and looking over her domain of crossed red string on a map of the country.
>I feel kinda bad interrupting her tranquil contemplation, but i point out that i've just recieved a

text.
>Like its some kind of major announcement or something.
>Glasses looks up at me surprised
>It is a major announcement, but she knows exactly who i'm talking about because she responds with one word.
>"Brother?"
>Its a question, i nod.
>Like i said, there was only one girl that texted us, the rest of us used calls, or didn't have phones.
>We knew this might be a problem
>It doesn't take us but a moment to hop into her car (it was a chevy suburban, 1999 or something) the same one we were going to use for the trip.
>Then maybe 10 minutes tops to get to our damsel in distress house.
>We knock on the door, and are greeted by a man with the coolest creamy coffee skin tone.
>Not really black, like a mixture of chocolate and raspberries, a light brown with a reddish tint underneath.
>it was her father, they had moved here from South America about a year ago.
>We're also greeted by the sounds of banging and yelling off in another corner of the house.
>The dad doesn't seem phased at all, like it's a normal occurrence, he just points us towards the back of the house and we rush off.

>We find a well lit hallway, another male (about 19 years old), he's tall and handsome but that didn't matter none-to-me.
>He's banging on a door that's absolutely plastered in bumper stickers, mottos, logos and posters.
>It never ceases to impress me which new stickers she's placed since the last time i've been to her house, but i don't get to admire them for long
>Her brother has turned to face me, a look of pure rage upon his face
>"YOU'RE the GUY who's been FUCKING AROUND with my sister!"
>W... wha
>"IT'S YOU SHE'S SPENDING SO MUCH TIME WITH"
>I don't have time to think or respond, he comes at me with a fist
>I flinch (the only white superpower) and duck out of the way.
>He misses me by a couple inches but i feel the wind pass by my cheek
>Actually terrified of this dark-skinned guy who's twice my size beating me to a bloody pulp (the other white superpower)
>But before his fist stops moving i hear a resounding crack
>I look up and to my left
>Glasses connected her fist with his jaw

>He was putting his entire bodyweight into that punch, so she didn't even have to hit him with all of her strength.
>The poor sod just kind of flops over and to the floor, out cold.
>Glasses left waving her hand around with her mouth wide open in what seems to be a really honest mask of pain
>You know, that "Fuck i didn't think punching people actually hurts as much as it does" kind of face.
>That sounds like a rather surprising turn of events. But this wasn't the first time.
>Last time he accused Glasses of being some kind of lesbian lover, and it took three girls to pin him down long enough to extract the VIP to the waiting car and evac his sister out.
>I'm pretty impressed with the knockout punch, i guess she had enough of his shit.
>Glasses catches me staring with my mouth open, and she grins
>"I felt like destroying something beautiful"
>An actual word for word quote from the girl herself, i couldn't help but smile.
>She also mentions some things about him being an overprotective asshole, but those weren't nearly as good quotes.
>We end up knocking on the door, barely any wood left showing.
>"He's out cold, you're safe" Were the words i yelled through the door.
>I was trying to pretend i was the badass who took him out
>But the door opens a smidge and a pair of hazel eyes peek out of the darkness
>She caught glasses still waving her hand around and making faces, and the sight of her brother's legs on the floor.
>It's pretty obvious who the true alpha was here.

>Door opens, and we're ushered in, locked behind us.
>We enter what i can only imagine, was the coolest girl's room in the entire state.
>least in my my mind
>The walls were covered in posters yes, a couple boy bands, a few musicians and a plastered small area of cute guys.
>But the rest of the walls were covered in different types of posters. Blueprints, pictures and instructions to make different electronics, a couple anime posters poking out from behind what i think* was a schematic for a ham radio.
>There was another chart next to this with something called "EME" communication outlined, and pictures of lasers going between the earth and moon
>Not only the walls, but every horizontal surface of the room was covered in gizmos, gadgets, whirlygigs and different things in altering states of being taken apart.
>She had working model planes and helicopters hanging from the ceiling that we'd seen her fly a couple times, and a dismantled toy car, sitting on top a working remote control raceboat on her dresser
>The floor was an equal mess of the same thing, + girl clothes.
>Then lastly she had a computer battlestation that consisted of two screens she'd re-mounted and stuck together with duct tape, and a good portion of the actual components plugged in and sitting on a shelf, not even in a case.

>The room was an absolute masterpiece of messy tinkering, building, destroying and rebuilding, and that's not even starting on the gadget-girl herself.

>She was turned away from us, wearing long baggy cargo pants to cover her shoes, and a black jacket with the hood up.
>Set of Headphones wrapped around her neck, the cord dangling off into a pocket as she quickly packed the rest of her stuff into her duffel bag.
>I would describe her body, but she always wore baggy clothes, she was skinny i could tell you that much.
>She stops and turns
>Probably realized she hasn't said a word yet
>All that's visible is her face, framed by dark brown bangs with red-dyed highlights and the rest of her hair hidden in the hood.
>She's got an absolutely adorable face, button nose, hazel eyes.
>Those kind of eyes where its brown in the center, yellow rings in the middle and greenish/blueish at the outside.
>But the best part is her skin color, this girl had the most amazing skin you've ever seen.
>She had mixed race parents, Peruvian and another South american country, Dark and Very light at the same time.
>The mixture gave her this creamy coffee with tons of milk skin color, where the light bounced off just right and showed reddish and pink underneath.
>As a male, the skin color screamed "Please let me see what color you are everywhere else!"
>But she was rather shy, and never wore anything less than long sleeves and pants.
>And headphones, always headphones
>Tinkering with something, listening to music, always an earbud in one ear.
>A girl of few words, this was Gadget.

>She didn't have to ask the question, it was part of the plan anyway
>But she didn't know the plan so she asked
>"Can i stay over with you?"
>It's directed at me, she's actually more my friend than anyone else.
>Had a forced partner-up in a science class with her, found out she had very few friends after moving and we connected pretty well.
>I toted her along a couple times, she got along fine with our little clique and she fit in.
>Funny how people from other countries always fit in with the awkward kids, she was actually rather cool in my eyes.
>Glasses perks up a response that she can stay with her, but that we should probably leave before the brother wakes up.
>Bags grabbed, Gadget, Myself and Glasses start heading out
>Then i stop us
>I remember the most important part, "Grab your PSPs, we'll need them"

>She pauses, then realizes what i'm asking and runs over to a shelf and starts rummaging around
>Pulls out both her, and her brother's handhelds and shoves them in her bag along with a charger and an extra battery.
>Goodtogo
>We pile into the hallway to find the brother on the ground rubbing his chin
>We're out of time
>Take evasive action
>Port side maneuvering thrusters firing.

>We dodge into the living room, Gadget says a hurried goodbye and what i can only assume was "I love you" in her native tongue to her dad.
>He didn't seem worried at all that glasses had just punched his son out
>Instead he asks who served him what he had coming.
>We all point at glasses
>He smiles and says his son deserved it
>He also seems somewhat surprised a girl dealt the finishing blow
>We hear stirring and stomping from the hallway
>Out of time
>We're out the front door in a flash with her father yelling a rather collected and calm "I know you'll call!"
>We slam the door and hear a dull thud behind it, idiot ran into the door.
>Its a frantic mess to get into the car, but we manage with seconds to spare as he comes barreling down the driveway and we pull out
>He manages to hit the hood of the car once before we get out of range
>My heart's beating like a million miles a minute, god damn chase scenes.

>Gadget doesn't even seem worried, like it's just a normal occurrence
>She just throws her headphones on, plugs in some music and sits quietly in the seat next to me on the ride back to my house.
>But i notice as her face jumps to the oh-no-i-forgot-something phase.
>We're not going back, i swear to go-
>"I forgot uhh... my girl things"
>Oh
>God damnit
>Probably were in the bathroom or something, we're going to need to pick up the riot gear from my house for this.
>Except not really, glasses just mentions she's got extra at her house.
>Crisis averted, i'm pretty sure she was bringing backups on the trip.
>The rest of the car ride is silent, it seems i'm getting dropped off at my house
>We arrive, and Gadget leans over and gives me a kiss on the cheek.
>"Thanks!"

>Daww, mission accomplished.
>I wave goodbye to glasses and step out of the car, to find raven standing on the doorstep.
>She asks where we went, and i point out we had to rescue our steampunk princess for tomorrow
>Makes complete sense, she knows what that brother is like.
>Which is hilarious actually, he really was that typical older brother obsessed with his sister kind of guy.
>He grew up in a different society i guess, or he had a real sister complex.
>But he seemed to just be overprotective to the extreme and we tried our best to work around him.
>Raven offers me an invitation to dinner at her place
>And an elbow
>We interlink and march off.

>Dinner is uneventful, it's yummy but nothing too interesting to talk about
>All of raven's step brothers and sisters dominated the conversation, it's not like we were a new thing.
>We were at dinner at one another's places often enough.
>The big topic was the road trip however, and a million and one questions were asked, all of which i had to answer.
>Food finished
>Compliments to the chef of the night (the father)
>I take Raven's hand and lead her away, her room, we put on a movie.
>End up cuddling on the bed
>I let her pick, i can't remember what we were watching because honestly it didn't matter to me at all.
>That's kinda what happens in relationships, you end up curled up together on a bed watching something the other one wants to watch.
>It doesn't really matter, you watch it because you enjoy their company
>You watch it because they want to watch it
>And you watch it because if its really boring you just get to roam your hands all over them the entire time, and that's as good as any movie.
>And that's their own damn fault for picking a boring movie.

>I make it about an hour
>It was interesting at first
>And then it seemed like the plot fell apart, the actors weren't trying and i don't even think raven cared anymore.
>So i flipped her over and stole a kiss.
>It wasn't a soft kiss, it was a forceful statement
>A mixture of "You're mine" and "I've missed this"
>She understood, relaxed into it.
>[spoiler]Over the years we'd learned kissing tricks from one another.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]You find out what your partner likes, fun games you can play.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]One of them was rather neat, you take your tongues and kind of push against one another in the middle, not really a tangle as much as a reverse tug of war.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Loser gets a tongue in their throat, winner gets to remove a piece of the loser's clothing[/spoiler]
>She was really trying to beat me though
>Tongue like a greatshield, blocking my progress at every turn.
>I bring my hands down to her waist, under her shirt.
>And i tickle her
>I win.
>Take that!
>Its fair, she's done it to me before.
>She loses her pants, pink panties free for the world to see
>But for my eyes only, double Oh, and seven status, wrap a blanket around us.

>I return to spooning her
>My hand sneaks to her stomach
>She sucks it in, leaving a gap between her hips and her underwear
>An invitation
>I slide my hand lower, she's still got a messy tangle of jungle down here.
>But she trims it, pulls out the weedwacker every once in a while, just for me.
>How romantic, right?
>[spoiler]We tried clean shaven a couple times, her and me both. But her skin is ridiculously sensitive.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Whatever we tried, she had the worst razor burn you've ever seen[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It was painful for her, and itched all day for me, so we just settled for not tormenting ourselves.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Im pretty sure we could have used like baby oil or something, but fuck if i know[/spoiler]
>I didn't mind, i guess it bothers some guys but she was perfect in my eyes anyway.
>It probably also helped that she always smelled amazing everywhere.
>I slowly finger her for the rest of the movie.

>It's always rather fun to finger a girl who's trying to pay attention to something else.
>I got to watch her squirm, and wiggle
>Her mouth hanging open just a bit the entire time.
>Soaked a spot right through to her bedsheet.
>Every so often i would pull my fingers up and suck them clean.
>Was always sweet, flavorful and delicious.
>Musky, but a light sugar, and a fruit i never could decide.
>I always joked with her about it, pretended she was actually made of candy.
>So i brought my fingers to her lips and made her suck them clean too.
>She always pretended she hated this.

>But she licked her lips every time.
>Or i would lick them for her
>I spent the good rest of the movie alternating between rubbing, teasing, pinching and stroking her in all the right places.
>One hand on her chest and forcing her close, the comforting pressure of her back against my groin.
>Then the credits start to roll
>I have no chance to react as she's got me pinned down from above
>Her eyes glaring into mine
>I've unleashed the beast, god save the queen.

>Personally thrown against the headboard and she's kissing me back
>Emerald fire cascading across her face.
>She bites my ear, surprises me
>One of those new tricks i couldn't figure out where she was learning.
>and returns to kissing; she wins, multiple times in a row.
>I lose enough clothing to end up without pants or underwear on, rather quickly too.
>She grinds up against me, slides two hands down and without much effort at all has me resting with just the tip inside her, panties pulled to the side.
>Her hands wrapped around my back, my head pressed into her chest.
>Then she, the giant tease she was, froze.

>It was her little way of proving i couldn't resist her, of controlling me.
>I didn't mind proving her right.
>I placed my hands on her hips, and slowly pressed her down.
>In return i get a moan, a soft exhale the entire way down.
>Get to watch as her chest slowly lowers and i find her face on nearly even level with mine.

>I resume the kissing game.
>She's taken me to the hilt just like always.
>Unbelievably tight, like she was gripping me as hard as she could.
>I almost can't concentrate.
>But i win again and get rid of her shirt
>If i crane my neck just right, i can get my tongue to her chest.
>She had grown here, A to B- bust size, still rather small but not completely flat anymore.
>With just a bit of suckling and a bite or two, i feel a ripple come across her back, and then her entire body.
>That's a small O for her, i take it as a hint to pick up the pace.
>I make a joke about her being a quick shot
>She pinches me
>And we're giggling
>It's just, you really get to know what someone likes when you've been with them for more than a year.

>I wasn't the awkward virgin i had been years before, but we had our share of awkwardness.
>Every so often she would make a funny sound, a squeak or a squeal when i hit something wrong, or right.
>And she had this great one, like the mixture between squeezing a cat and a rubber ducky.
>Made me laugh every time.
>But it was good natured, she would get me back in some way or another
>Claws out i might get a scratch or two
>From the rubber ducky side of course
>We used to play around all the time, try new things and find out what we liked.
>But we did find out rather quickly that strangling, and any kind of violent play was a huge turn off.
>Mostly for me.
>[spoiler]I don't want to talk about it.[/spoiler]
>We didn't change positions much, myself against the headboard and her on top.
>With a little bit of rubbing and squeezing i pushed her off the big diving board
>Double somersault and a full spin, 10 from every judge, she tensed up.
>When i got her off, she squeezed me with everything.
>Her arms, legs, chin on my shoulder holding me down.
>And everything inside her squeezed and massaged in tandem with itself.
>I always made sure to give her little ones first, because when she got off
>I came with her, every time.

>We lay like that for a while
>catching our breath
>Eventually i pulled her off me, got up and picked out a movie I wanted to watch.
>Into the DVD player it went
>Back to spooning, this time with full penetration involved.
>We had both gotten off, so it was time for extended physical contact.
>Even without much movement, the pleasure of just being with someone, knowing that at that moment you and them are connected.
>Close.
>IT's an amazing sensation anons
>We were "Close" for most of the movie.
>I even made us "Closer" in tune with some of the great orchestral scores in the action scenes.
>It was slow, melodic, and deep sex, the entire point was to make your partner feel loved, and i did my best to remind her how much she meant to me.
>She was my best friend after all, and i'd known her long enough that she was the world.
>Maybe a little bit of it was reminding myself, sometimes you need to do that.
>Sometime near the end i sped up again, i got her off a second big time, stopped counting the littles.
>I can't remember what happened during the movie
>But i whispered sweet everythings into her ear the entire time.
>About how she was better than watermelon
>or like a panda with a mean face, sandals with pressure points drawn on them
>or the smell of a blackboard eraser
>Even better than a Sunday morning where you wake up and it's raining.
>She drifts off to sleep right as i'm telling her i like her more than hard bread.
>I reach over and turn out her bedside light, and follow her.

Update #2 : May 19th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11765488

Day 1
>I don't wake up first
>Neither does raven.
>Instead i'm brought back to the world of the waking by a light shaking on my shoulder
>I open my eyes
>It's raven's little step-sister (she's like 10 or 11 or something)
>She's shaking us awake and telling us we need to wake up or we'll be late.
>Awe, that's adorable
>But i groan anyway
>Mostly because i'm tired
>But you know also because i'm still naked, and in bed with her older sister.
>Not the alarm clock i wanted, or was expecting.
>I blink my eyes a couple time to grind the sleep out of them, the door to raven's room is closed.
>I could swear it was locked too
>Little sister actually capable of walking through walls, great
>She's not acting traumatized or asking "what are you doing" or anything.
>Was a rather precarious situation, because i wasn't sure if she knew what we were doing.
>She knew i was over all the time

>She knew i spent the night occasionally.
>But i mean she was a little young,
>I glance over at the clock
>It's only 8:15, we technically have 15 minutes on snooze time left, but the sister won't stop shaking us.
>Mr. Bubbles, Please get up!
>I mentally chalk her up for just being innocent and wanting to help.
>Until she starts grabbing the blanket and pulling it off us.

>No its cold!
>Don't take it away!
>This isn't ok.
>I dig my arms into the folds and try to hold on, but i'm losing the tug-of-war with an actual little girl.
>The bottom half of the blanket is rising above our legs and leaving ankles showing
>It really is rather cold
>What does she want
>I tell her to leave us alone and we'll get up in a little bit, and she stops tugging and gets all silent.
>I'm expecting she just realized we were naked because a good portion of our legs are now exposed.
>I start kicking the blanket back down, trying to cover us up again.
>I fully expect her to start asking questions about why we aren't wearing clothes and what we were doing.
>Its ok, i can handle this, brace for questions.
>She opens her mouth, it's rather quiet
>I already expected her to ask us what we were doing
>"Can i see it?"
>So i start explaining
>"You see when a boy and a girl love each other ve...."
>wait
>"WHAT"

>I didn't have a response for that question
>It was way too early to deal with ulterior female motives
>Im pretty sure it was always too early to deal with that one
>I was around a ton sure, and i was nice to Raven's little sis, but i wasn't some loving older brother figure
>Like i didn't even pay attention to her most the time
>I'm pretty sure she was just asking because she was curious
>Or freyja forbid, jealous, and wanted to know what she was missing out on.
>I know better than to play this game.

>There has never been, and will never be a way to play this game and survive.
>Remember anons, no matter how smart you think you are.
>How clever, suave, lucky or how fast you can run.
>There's only one answer in this kind of situation that won't end up with your death.
>[spoiler]I still haven't figured out what that answer is yet[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But i tried[/spoiler]

>"Sorry, it belongs to your Sister"
>The little sis gives a pout
>An audible "Hmmph" as she starts tugging on the blanket again.
>Raven has been awake this entire time, but she doesn't even move
>She just growls
>"Get. your. own"
>Hehe.
>Little-sis stomps off, mumbling things about how she's gonna have bigger boobs someday and how i'm not that handsome and probably have a small wiener.
>And she leaves the door wide open as she leaves.
>Damnit, now we have to get up.
>And its amazing how ego crushing a 10 year old can be.

>I get up
>Naked
>Risk assessment, danger of-being-seen-level high
>I scurry over to the door, ready to grab clothing at any moment to hide myself from prying eyes
>There's dishes clanging in the kitchen
>I hear one and just jump out of sight of the door
>False alarm
>I manage to get the rest of the way unseen, close and lock it for sure this time.
>There's a sad realization it's far too late to go back to bed now.
>):
>I just grab bits and pieces of my clothes and start to get dressed as raven wakes up.
>She ends up sitting on the edge of the bed watching me, idly swinging her toes back and forth.
>I ask her if she slept well
>No response
>I didn't need a response though, it was just an idle question
>I find her underwear, which is halfway across the room for whatever reason, and i hold it out for her to step into.
>This is the best part
>She steps into them, one leg at a time, and i get to run the insides of my hands up her thighs as i slide them upward.
>She gives a half-purr as i do.
>Helping girls put on clothes is easily one of my favorite things, who knows maybe i'm just weird.

>Until i get them all the way on.
>Then her face changes to an uncomfortable one, as the squelching sounds remind me we both needed a shower.

>She comments, annoyed
>"Ughh, i'm all wet and sticky"
>Oh man brilliant chance here, that's what she said joke heaven.
>But i think i can play it smart, get bonus points while making a joke
>I go for a slam dunk
>"Yeah, but that's why i like you"
>It ends up coming out as less of a joke, and more of a smug asshole side comment.
>She gives me a funny look
>Then a not so funny look.
>I realize that in my head that probably sounded like a dirty joke, but it just came out weird.
>I start backpedaling
>I'm terrified i've just made a grievous error
>Stammer out a response to her glare.
>"i.. i mean i was going to say that's what she said but i wanted to compli-"
>She stops me with two words
>"Shut up"

>And then she starts laughing
>I get half-tackled, and she makes fun of me for being so insecure with things i say all the time.
>Points out if i had just rolled with it, it would have sounded cute and not assholeish
>Words of wisdom
>Still, women, can't let my guard down.
>Communication and thought cut off as we return to dressing
>She ends up in Jean shorts, striped stockings from the knee down, and a jacket+hat.
>It was a mixture of boyish and girlish at the same time, she was great at that.
>Then she gets to throwing together whatever else she forgot to pack.
>I would help, but you learn better.
>I just choose to sit down on the bed and watch
>Which was a horrible idea, because the second i put my hand down i snatch it up and jump to my feet
>We've done unspeakable things to the sheets, leaving them like this would be an embarrassment.

>I wordlessly pull them off semi fold/ball them up, and leave the room.
>It's another stealth mission, i have to get across the house without anyone noticing
>Rather easy actually
>I didn't meet a single soul, didn't even have to use vanish, or deep shadows or any of that.
>I was praising my luck as i turned and stepped foot into the laundry room.
>Which is when my luck ran out

>Raven's mum was idly unloading the washing machine
>I freeze
>She sees me, she freezes
>No fucking way out of this one, i'm holding her daughter's bedsheets

>I don't say anything
>I'm just staring at her like some kind of awkward forest animal caught in a car's headlights.
>Mind you i'm not worried about her finding out, i mean she knew, there's no way she didn't.
>And i was on amazingly good terms with her, this was like my second house.
>After i blew the whistle on her old husband i was pretty much an honorable son to her.
>and Raven was like my sister, i bet we spent more time together than most siblings.
>It's just... we didn't flaunt intimacy with her parents around, i hadn't been caught in this kind of situation before.
>It felt kinda wrong, in that "You're screwing your sister and your mom just found out" kind of dirty way.
>Three words
>EMBARRASSING AS FUCK

>I would have happily melted into a puddle right there and slithered away like Alex Mack if i could.
>But my GC-161 induced powers fizzle, and i'm brought back to solidity by Raven's mum
>She's nonchalantly pointing out that the load just finished, and the washer is empty.
>I just go through the motions of loading it in
>I don't say anything
>She doesn't even seem the slightest bit disturbed by what happened
>I don't understand how, i'm internally melting.
>But she doesn't bat an eye, and the sheets are properly deposited and the washer running.
>I've traumatized myself for life
>She's pretending not to be traumatized, but she really is
>Its the only logical answer.
>I'm trying to avoid eye contact, but she manages to latch her eyes onto mine and i'm internally panicking and screaming.
>Then in that motherly type of tone, she speaks first.
>"Thanks for making my daughter happy."
>On a scale of blushing colors, i go full blondie.

>She leaves with a smile
>My body was not ready for that kind of comment, but i took it with pride.
>Nothing much interesting happens as we get the suitcases together and leave.
>Raven goes over heartfelt goodbyes and gets various versions of "Have a nice trip" from each of her siblings and parents.
>I just silently stand there with an embarrassed smile holding the bags.

>Then we're off, out the door and around the blocks to my house
>Really is only a couple minutes walk, we're in my door and bags are down in the front hall before we even break a sweat.
>And raven announces that showers are in order
>Yeah gotta agree with that
>I let her go first
>I know, taking turns, ha-ha, but we only had about thirty minutes until glasses showed up
>Still being in the shower when she got here was not the plan
>So i let raven go first, sat down on the toilet with a towel and we went over everything we had packed to make sure we weren't missing anything.
>Eventually the talk gets around to seating arrangements and she gets out
>I throw her the towel, and hop in myself and start going on a big long speech about how we should all be sitting.
>She gives a couple responses, and then i go on about some sappy stuff about how nice it would be to cuddle the entire trip.
>I finish up and get out of the shower to see what her response is
>She's not in the bathroom
>I've been ditched!
>God damnit raven

>I angrily throw on my clothes, grab another towel and stomp out to find where she's gone to
>I find her in my room, sitting on my bed with her phone sitting next to her
>She actually seems really depressed all of a sudden
>It's not really words, it's just all context clues
>She's looking downwards, her eyes are stormy and shallow.
>Drops me out of angry, and to just worried.
>I ask what's wrong and hop behind her to forcibly dry her hair
>(She's really bad at that, i guess it's what you get for having short hair all the time)
>She tells me she heard her phone ringing and went to go get it
>Ends up one of our girls can't go
>She's got a date with a hot boy called "Being grounded for a month"
>He's kind of a douchebag, i've met his kind before.
>That controlling kind of boyfriend, doesn't let you go out at night, tries to separate you from all your friends.
>Controls your life, and gets angry if you don't listen.
>It's a kind of shitty revelation, but we don't know what she did yet.
>Its a somber 15 minutes of hair drying/brushing before we hear a honk outside.
>I sadly have nobody in the house to say goodbye to (i did it the day before since they would be busy)
>I say goodbye to an empty house
>get our bags and meet up with glasses and gadget at the front door.

>They help us load the car.

>Clothes in the back, bags of entertainment go to the front of the car.
>I think i mentioned it was a suburban already, they're huge lumbering SUVs with three rows of seats (8 in total) + a pretty big amount of space in the back.
>We could have seated a harem army, and the space is well-used.
>We have Glasses driving, Gadget sitting shotgun and two seats in the middle, with one folded down for a convenient place for a cooler+snacks when we got them.
>Plus it made moving between the rows much easier.
>Raven and i end up dual laning mid, her against the window myself in the middle (worst seat, but whatever)
>Then we're off to pick up girl #4

>We arrive at her house about 9:30, Glasses and Raven get out to do the honors.
>I don't even risk it, i goddamn know better.
>Don't want to lose my legs, or a couple fingers.
>I watch from a distance as a tall and rather lanky woman opens the door with brilliant fiery red hair.
>The sister, or mother i think, i've never been to her house.
>I need those fingers man.
>The girls vanish inside, and gadget pipes up from the front seat
>"You know we're both gonna have to move"
>Yeah
>Fuck
>There's a couple ways this could work, but i'm just going to forgo the trouble and head to the middle of the back.
>Let's just say, at a wedding you spend days planning out who sits next to one another to make sure families don't fight.
>Car trips you do the same thing, there were rules for this kind of thing.
>Gadget unbuckles and crawls back to join me, taking a window seat (except it's got this cool shelf thing she ends up lying against)
>I get along great with four of the girls
>Not so well with one of em
>And we don't talk about the last one.

>Unluckily the last one was standing on her doorstep bags in hand, and was heading out towards the car and us.
>She was a fiery red head just like the woman in the doorway, Tall, not very curvy but she had obvious female proportions.
>Even though she tried to hide them behind very tight clothes.
>Her hair was super short, 2-3 inches at most and an absolute mess of straight and curly all over the place.
>To make the ensemble fit, she had punk/goth rocker clothing on all in dark colors.
>Completed with a black tank top that was three sizes too small, and smushed her rather well-sized pair of breasts upwards.

>She took her time getting to the car, i was trying to avoid eye contact.
>But they pop the back and i catch her face.
>She was exceptionally cute, lovely light-green eyes framed by proud and high cheekbones.
>Complete with a light spattering of dark spots across the bridge of her nose and her upper cheeks, as if an artist flung paint and watched it spatter.
>This anons, was Freckles.
>And she was scowling at me.

>She... uhh.. to put it lightly
>Hated me
>I dropped eye contact and hid behind gadget, her ample jacket providing cover from the dagger fire of the angry redhead.
>Freckles, as the story goes, had a father.
>She loved him very much, he was the stay-at-home-dad.
>Then when she was young 10-11, he left, and she never saw him again.
>So her older brother took up the fatherly role, raised her for a couple years and he was her best friend.
>Then he left to go marry someone in a third world country, and she never heard from him directly, with odd postcards every now and again from places that don't exist anymore.
>Then she tried dating to fill the male gap in her life, and the first boy she tries decides two months in that he's gay and ends up in a relationship with some guy named alphonse.
>To put it simply, on a scale of 1 to Hating men, Freckles was full blown tumblr
>She declared herself a lesbian and did her best to dress like one and insult men wherever she could.
>Mostly me.
>She absolutely detested me, and there was no reason for it.
>I had tried being nice, i had tried being not-so-nice, i'd even tried flirting with her and trust me that went a thousand times worse than you can even imagine.
>But she had a license, and was best-buds with everyone else.
>So she was sitting in the front, and i was sitting in the back

>Atleast until the initial tension went away
>If ever
>We re-situate seats, Raven just sits in the middle because we're gonna get out anyway at the next house.
>Its a short ride to troublesome girl #5, we're discussing plans of actions the entire way
>Its suggested that raven and I go talk the parents into it since they know us pretty well.
>Yeah, alright
>Car pulls up, we get out.
>It's a seven mile trek to the front door, we're both sweating bullets.
>Knocking on the door results in AN EXTREMELY ANGRY man greeting us.
>But he softens up when he sees up, and formally explains that his daughter is turbo-grounded.
>We start pleading

>That's never once worked in the history of parents so don't bother.
>We ask why she's grounded
>The father goes into an extremely long tirade about exactly what his daughter was doing.
>It involved the new pool they had installed, last night she was alone in the house, the lack of swimsuits, a boy and an illicit substance.

>Oh
>Well...
>Raven and i exchange the "Yeah we can't fix this" look
>It's a little bit of helpless silent eye communication.
>The father apologizes and knows we were planning to have a fun long trip with her, but he goes on a long speech about actions having consequences.
>He mentions the time i fixed the door to his daughter's room after breaking it, and how at least i was responsible for my actions.
>I just cough, and note we have to be going.
>I don't want to listen to punishment speeches for things i haven't even done recently.
>And there's no saving this, that girl is grounded and won't be coming.
>We hang our heads and head back to the car

>The car takes the news badly, the girls take it even worse,
>We're all pretty angry at how stupid the girl in question was.
>Loud angry.
>Everyone's bummed, but there's really nothing we can do about it.
>Fuck then, time to pick up Girl number used-to-be 6 and is-now 5.
>Moving up in the world she is.
>We roll up to a rather large house, three stories, picture-perfect white and grand.
>Her family was doing really well, i guess the business they owned was flourishing
>Because we were failures with the last house, everyone piles out of the car to this one.
>Plus it's going to be the last chance to stretch our legs before we start the real trip.
>It's quite a sight with 5 people standing and laughing at the door trying to shove one another off the doorstep (which was huge) to be the first to greet her.
>Then the door opens and we pile through and group-tackle the cutest girl you've ever seen.
>She had a picture perfect look of surprise with her bright blue eyes lighting up as she saw us all giggling and rushing her.

>There was a loud "Eeeeek!" but she was far too late to escape
>Glasses, Myself, Raven and Freckles picked this girl up and started carrying her out the door with yelps and squeals along the way
>Gadget confirms there's only two bags for the pampered princess we're carrying away and waves goodbye to the rather surprised parents as we leave.
>I yell something along the lines of "We'll give her back when we're finished" and i hear laughter from inside.
>The girl we were carrying was rather light but had the deliciously pomfy curves that made

every outfit look perfect.
>She was wearing a white spaghetti strap shirt and some shorts and sandals, and i got to hold the legs
>B sized breasts, Exceptionally attractive sapphire blue eyes.
>Hair tied into bangs + a ponytail.
>Long, down to the middle of her back. An outstanding yellow blonde.

>This indeed, was cuteness prime herself, Blondie.
>And as we carried her to the car, i totally felt her legs up and nobody noticed.
>Only problem was, this was also the time-traveling assassin from the future sent to prevent the creation of my harem.
>Her goal was my death, and more recently raven's too.
>Always in clever ways that were never completely her fault.
>As you can guess, she wasn't on very good terms with Raven either.
>It wasn't Freckles bad, but i wouldn't want to be in a room alone with her for any extended period of time.
>The car was probably safe, plenty of witnesses after all.
>We pile her and her things into the car
>The official girl seating chart is as follows
>Driver : Glasses, Shotgun : Freckles, Middle Row: Blondie, Empty, Back Row : Gadget, Me, Raven
>[spoiler]I'll have to come up with a clever way to write that out as it changes[/spoiler]

>And we're off on our grand adventure
>Except, it's really not that grand yet
>With freckles as navigator we do set off in a general easternly direction. We're gonna be in Los Angeles for ages trying to escape though.
>Thus as Glasses navigates the awful traffic we break down into group gossip.
>Most of it is rather uninteresting
>Freckles brings up some complaining about how one of her (male) teachers isn't giving her fair grades.
>The other girls agree and say he's a bad teacher
>Blondie complains about her boyfriend dumping her before she could even kiss him
>The other girls agree and say he's a bad person.
>Glasses lists all the snacks we have stored in various compartments for later in the trip
>The other girls agree and say she's a wonderful person.
>When i say other girls, i'm included too.
>I'm one of the pack, synonymous with the gaggle.
>It's general gossip, well until we get the general out of the way.
>Freckles complains about having to be in the same car on the trip as a BOY.
>Raven changes the subject and distracts freckles by asking where she shops for her clothes.
>[spoiler]Raven hates shopping, she's just being a bro[/spoiler]
>We're all treated to a very informative play-by-play on lesbian fashion.

>I want to shoot myself and we're not even 20 minutes in.

>I manage to survive by wrapping my arm around raven and tapping out "SOS" in morse code on her ribs
>I think it tickles because she's stifling laughs and i guess it's keeping her entertained too.
>I could go on and on and on about girl talk, but the truth was most of it wasn't that bad.
>Topics ranged from boring, (Clothes, Boys, Fashion, Makeup, School)
>To rather entertaining
>Video Games
>Anime (only the non girly ones are entertaining)
>Blondie outlined some good ones, Glasses said she'd seen a few and mentioned a couple more. Typical show discussions
>Gadget let out a quip about thinking a boy in an Anime she'd watched recently was attractive
>The major point was that she thought he was hot enough to drool over, and of course this sparked some major discussion.
>But it mostly turned the topic from innocent, to sex.

>Glasses told us juicy rumors about some other girls we knew and the supposedly outlandish lewd acts they'd performed.
>Even Birthday (The girl who was grounded) had rumors that she had been slutting up the place and sleeping around the last year.
>Freckles took it upon herself to detail the exact going-ons between herself and another girl.
>Including the various forms of "Hot lesbian sex" as she called it, they had regularly.
>Which was hot as fuck, trust me.
>Details about scissoring, different 69 positions and even a couple hints on how to get fingers deeper into a girl than you can otherwise.
>I didn't even realize how useful it would be to ask a lesbian about girl-pleasing tips, but holy shit was it informative.
>I learn tips and tricks and even a couple cheatcodes from this crazy redhead.

>I even whisper a couple apologies to raven when freckles mentions things that i know i did wrong from how she described them.
>Raven just straight faces it though, i can only guess she's trying not to laugh.
>The entire conversation, the reaction from the girls in the car...
>Blondie was uncomfortable, Gadget and Glasses seemed rather interested and raven just seemed to ignore it.
>The entire thing, gave me the worst boner.
>Gadget had been silent most of the time, but i watched as she seemed to be concentrating on something.
>Probably wanted to say something, or had a neat question.
>Glasses dips conversation into her uneventful search for a decent boyfriend
>She makes the odd remark that the last boy she was with broke up with her after she offered to give him head, saying that it was "Disgusting" and "Unladylike".

>This got a laugh out of blondie, raven and i mirrored a "What an idiot".
>Gadget is quiet, but she asks me a question.
>"What is giving head?"

>Oh right, not a native english speaker
>She's looking at me though
>I try to explain it
>I try the other-words-that-mean-the-same-thing approach first
>"Blowjob, Blow, Sucking off..."
>I go through a handful of these and she doesn't seem to know any of them
>Or she's pretending not to know them
>I give up and just explain
>"It's when you suck a guy's dick"
>An interesting look of understanding crosses her face, and she kind of wrinkles up her nose when she realizes.
>Gadget had like, the most expressive nose out of any girl i knew.
>It was a cute little nose, but she could turn it every which way and slide it around her face along with her cheeks and mouth.
>It suited her well because she always only had her face showing, and she was amazingly expressive with just that nose, her lips and her eyes.
>IT wasn't really a wrinkled up disgust nose, it was something else.
>She asks another question
>"What… is... it like?"
>It was definitely a curious wrinkled nose.

>She's still staring at me though
>As well as everyone else
>That wasn't a "What does it feel like" question, that was a "What's sucking a guy like" question.
>I don't know what sucking off a guy is like.
>I can guess, but i wasn't going to.
>This could be one of those trap "Have you ever had any gay experiences" questions.
>I would never be let down if i tried to explain it to her
>I just point out that i've never tried, and the question gets passed off to Blondie who's the next closest.
>She declines to answer because it's embarrassing, and thus Raven now holds the baton.
>Raven contemplates the best way to answer, and just ends up telling gadget she should find a boy and try it herself.
>Because explaining it wouldn't do it any justice.
>Gadget gives a little "Oh..." and follows it up with "I was just curious...is all".
>It was a cute comment
>If it wasn't for physics, and my girlfriend, i would offer a hands-on lesson right here.
>But alas my stars were not aligned, because i'm a taken man.
>But then glasses re-aligns my stars

>She piqued up from up from the front "She can show you, that is her boyfriend after all"

>This is followed by hooting and cheering from Blondie, an "Eww" from freckles, and hooting and cheering from me.
>Gadget is quiet
>Raven is... well she looks rather ok with it surprisingly.
>She asks Gadget if she wants to see what its like.
>Gadget doesn't really change colors when she blushes, but she did this time
>Raven points out that gadget would be the only one who could see from where i was sitting
>The poor girl blushes even harder
>"You mean like... lick him?"
>She doesn't seem unwilling, just apprehensive.
>I'm worried this is getting into shitstorm territory so i'm getting ready to stop it at the first sign of trouble

>But raven seems to have already decided
>Her voice starts soft
>"No, watch me."
>Then her voice firms up
>"We don't fool around with other people"
>I imagine a tone of hurt in that last statement
>It's rather amazing how a seed of doubt can make a single statement sound so different.
>But who am i kidding, She just agreed to give me a blowjob in the back of the car with another girl watching.
>Life was good

>Gadget stares at us for a second
>Eye contact with me
>Eye contact with raven
>Eye contact with me
>Then she gives a little curt nod
>The go ahead
>Raven slides her hand down to my crotch and squeezes
>I've been hard

>She doesn't pull my pants down however, she goes for the zipper
>Then the hole in my boxers
>A little bit of fiddling and my raging boner is free for the world to see
>The world being gadget, because blondie was trying to look back but was at the wrong angle, and we were behind a row of seats mostly so the front row was blocked
>Gadget isn't wide eyed, but she's staring.
>Freckles makes some comment about "Thank god they're behind a chair or i'd vomit"
>Glasses makes a sad comment about wanting to watch
>But mostly the reaction i'm looking at is gadget
>She's got her breath caught in her throat, and her eyes haven't left my crotch.

>Raven leans over, looks up to make sure our quiet onlooker is watching, and just engulfs me whole.
>I could explain every little detail of how amazing it felt, or what she looked like while doing it.
>But aside from the sensations i wasn't paying attention to raven, i was watching gadget.
>Her eyes were flickering between raven's lips, and my eyes.
>Back and forth
>Then raven dropped her head and did her little trick
>Nestled the head of my dick against the back of her throat
>And swallowed
>Now i've not had many blowjobs from other women, very few actually
>But raven had an ultimate talent for giving head.
>When you swallow, it kind of contracts your entire mouth and tongue in unison
>And pulls you right into the throat
>The sensation is like fucking a smaller, tighter and hotter mouth inside of the first mouth.
>Made even better every time she consecutively swallowed.
>We're talking masterful high-level blowjob talent here.
>And i was staring into gadget's eyes the entire time.
>I even leaned my head back a little bit when raven swallowed, but i maintained eye contact.

>I don't last very long at all
>I'm no match for Raven, eventually she gives a couple more bobs of her head and i get off into her mouth.
>The worst and best part
>Is that i'm staring into Gadget's hazel eyes the entire time.
>And she's staring back
>Raven gives a bit more sucking, and then pulls her head away and wipes her mouth off with her arm.
>It was amazing
>But also awful at the same time
>Because for the first time in two years i've had an orgasm while thinking about another girl.
>And she could tell
>I felt like a disloyal creep

>But it was still amazing
>But i was steps away from being a cheating bastard in my mind
>But it was fucking amazing.
>Gadget doesn't say a word, she just breaks eye contact and looks down at my flaccid penis
>Then she just averts her eyes, turns to look out the window, pulls her headphones up and turns her music full volume.
>Way up
>I can tell what she's listening to.
>Its happy hardcore
>Fitting.

That's all for tonight anons.

Lets call Wednesday may 21st at 8:00 PM (pst) the next update.

Update #3 : May 21st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11789734

>Regret
>Shame
>That washing flush of warmth, tingling and feel-good chemicals as your brain releases them into your body as a post-orgasm reward.
>Embarrassment, just a tad
>Not to mention our good ol' friend pride.
>There were quite a hat-grab of feelings involved
>It was quite similar to the sensation of fapping to something you know you probably shouldn't fap to.
>Then that lovely pang of regret and self disgust afterwards as you angrily close the tabs and try to push it out of your mind.
>I was closing those god damn tabs now
>Man reading some of these i must be some kind of sick twisted monster
>Fuck why did i even click that, why did i go down this path.
>It was all kind of funny in a twisted kind of way
>That's actually the first thing i'm thinking after, looking at the embarrassed girl listening to loud music to left, and the other embarrassed girl with a grin staring at me to my right.
>I'm sure she was thinking "Why the fuck did i just do that"
>Absolutely ridiculous situation
>It was actually quite funny.
>Hilarious even
>So i do the absolute worst thing possible
>I start laughing.

>I can't really describe why i thought it was so funny
>Maybe it was kind of awkward laughter at first, but then i was just full on echoing.
>Deep, cheerful and hearty laughter rings across the entire car.
>Glasses is half-staring at me through the rear view mirror with a look of curiosity
>Freckles was trying to watch us with her face all scrunched up in disgust already
>So being completely turned around, she's giving us a downright look of bewilderment.
>Blondie gives up her pretense of facing forward and not looking
>[spoiler]I'm pretty sure she was trying to peek while pretending she wasn't[/spoiler]
>And she turns around in her seat to see what's so funny.
>Now if this was a couple years ago, i would have probably been murdered five different ways
>One including scissors, Two including the seatbelt i was wearing, one including a bag of pretzels from the snack bag.
>The fourth and Fifth involving two bags of pretzels.
>But a funny thing happens when you're in a stable relationship with someone
>It's called trust, or understanding, or just pretending everything's fine and bottling it up.
>Things that would blow up back when you were just starting out, just kind of glaze over like they don't matter.
>Or your partner simply understands you

>Raven starts laughing too

>Blondie is at a loss, she's trying to figure out what's so funny
>From what everyone else in the front of the car could tell, there was some serious lewd going on back here
>But the truth was they couldn't see what was happening
>Blondie asks the question on everyone's mind
>"What's so funny? Did he squirt it somewhere silly or something?"
>Hahahahahaha
>Oh wait
>She's serious
>Raven and I laugh even harder
>Gadget takes off her headphones to answer Blondie (who is turned all the way around in her seat)
>She actually does something very interesting
>Gadget tells her rather loudly so that the entire car can hear
>"They faked it, they're just messing with you"
>She denied it
>That I'm embarrassed i witnessed that so i'm going to pretend it didn't happen kind of denial.
>I'm still giggling
>Gadget seals the denial deal
>"They just wanted me to pretend they did"
>Hehehe this just keeps getting better and better
>But the best part was that none of the other girls could see what was happening.
>And gadget had the most sincere and unentertained face on you've ever seen.
>So they just believed her
>Hahahaha

>We've only been in the car an hour and already i'm enjoying this trip immensely.
>But we finally weave our way out of bad traffic and onto the 15
>[spoiler]Its a northern road that crosses through some mountains to get out of LA and into the desert[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Pretty much the only way out of Los Angeles is through the god damn mountains[/spoiler]
>I'm not going to pretend everyone knows the roads down here, but its a highway and its going north.
>Nobody seems to have any last-calls for anything we're missing, and we watch as the city dissolves into hills covered in scraggly dry bushes.
>Most of the initial buzz of talking and catching up on events, details and aspects of our lives kinda continues.
>Blondie brings up a fancy dinner she went out to with family recently
>Glasses mentions her aunt (who she hated) being in town, and how glad she was to be out.
>Raven unbuckles and lunges head first into the back of the car, wiggling her butt around for a

full three tempting minutes as she finds a pillow
>[spoiler]I resisted the urge, sorry anons[/spoiler]
>Then she ended up leaning against the window sill and declaring she's going to have a nap because she didn't sleep very well.
>Nobody bats an eye at this statement
>I smile internally
>She curls up and the conversation continues.

>Gadget mentions a new album she wants to get (It was called crush on <something>)
>Freckles starts up a discussion that i'm pretty sure is her covertly telling the car how much she hates me.
>She keeps it rather down-low, not really insulting me directly (even though i wouldn't put that past her)
>Little subtle snippets kind of drive it home.
>Like, she compliments all the girls in the car on their outfits and doesn't say anything about me.
>Even though i'm actually wearing the same thing as raven, with long pants instead of stockings.
>I guess the lack of stockings just means i'm not nearly as cute):
>Then she kinda goes into a tirade about how every guy she knows at our school is an asshole.
>Which i try and join the conversation, pointing out that lots of the guys i know are assholes too, but some are rather fun to hang out with.
>She interrupts me
>I can't even get around to listing potential bros from school
>She just tells me flat out that ALL guys from our school are assholes.
>I'm reminded why i'm not sitting close to her.
>Mostly by the death stare she's giving me
>I don't know if anyone else notices
>Her green eyes burning like a flaming piece of copper.
>I didn't even do anything
>I guess the lack of stockings just means i'm an asshole too.

>Notes taken that freckles is never going to like me
>Blondie mercifully changes the subject
>Video games
>I'm not going to go play-by-play, but everyone in the car generally liked them.
>We all had different consoles, different tastes.
>The good assortment of multiplayer games we played at one another's houses on meetups and such.
>I mention that raven snagged us all a pretty cool four player multiplayer game for the PSPs we brought along.
>This is met with general cheering
>She's asleep so she can't hear it.
>):

> I'll make them cheer again later
>Operative word, make.
>Conversation ebbs and flows like this for an hour or two.
>Then we sorta run out of things to talk about.
>The problem with the road we were on, is that it was going north-easternly.
>Which is a city, and then mountains, and then another very sparse city, and then.
>Well nothing

>There's absolutely nothing out here
>Shrubs, Desert, Shrubs, More Desert, More Desert
>Hills, Mountain things
>Desert
>It's a very boring stretch of boring road
>Mostly we were just staring out the windows and watching the world go by.
>I found my mind wandering
>To games i used to play when i was younger
>I start imagining a little running guy, keeping pace with the car on the side of the road
>I guess in my mind he had always been a stick figure
>Jumping over obstacles, ducking under and hopping over things.
>It was a relaxing way to watch the areas we passed through without thinking too much
>I gave gadget a nudge
>She was staring out the same window, pulled half the earphone away from one ear.
>I requested she get out the splitter and her extra pair of buds.
>I... lewd

>Except not really, it was just this little y-junction that let you plug in two sets of earphones.
>Voodoo magic it was
>She got me a pair and we ended up side by side listening to some rather lengthy trance sets
>It fit the desert quite well
>Hour 3.5 in the car.
>Conversation kind of started up again
>Freckles starts complaining about how dry it is.
>Glasses complains about how she didn't think it would be this boring
>Freckles offers to drive, but they point out swapping so soon would just be silly.
>We're kind of doing our own thing with music and window spotting in the back.
>Blondie lets out a yelp out of nowhere.
>I look up alarmed
>Pls don't be dying of boredom blondie
>She catches my eyes and waves it off
>"My ears are popping"
>Ouch, weather changes.

>As you can tell, the ride isn't very interesting

>We delve into snacks, pass out drinks
>Chat some more
>It's boring, raven's sleeping.
>I think i'm going to curl up and take my nap now
>I wrap my arms around her, and try to wriggle as far over as i can
>It doesn't work
>Whatever i'm doing, this seatbelt is in the way and i can't get my head over to her red pillow
>I'm far too white to take my seatbelt off and sleep in the car
>shit's just not something we do, safety first man.
>[spoiler]I sometimes find myself standing waiting for cross walk signals in the middle of the night with no cars on the road[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Its like jaywalking doesn't even come to mind[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Gotta follow those rules[/spoiler]
>I contemplate unbuckling her and re-buckling the both of us, but then i think about it for a second.
>She got a white pillow out of the back.

>That's enough to set me into panic mode
>Something's horribly wrong
>I yell at glasses
>"Pull over right now!"
>When someone yells this in a car everyone starts to panic.
>It's like emergency mode just activates, everything goes slow.
>Heads whip around to see what's wrong, and they find me.
>Blondie Screams
>Freckles Shouts
>"Oh my god!"
>I've got my seatbelt unbuckled now
>No words, just actions
>I'm crawling across the seat, across raven.
>Her head is still on the window sill and i'm trying to wake her up.
>I'm frantically shaking her awake.
>The edges of her pillow are still white
>but the middle, her face, and her jacket are covered in blood.

>She wakes up quick from all the noise and shaking
>Meets my eyes
>I can see the fear reflected from them, to her own, to mine again.
>The car's stationary, blondie has crawled over beside me
>A look of horror on her face too
>Across raven's face is what looks to be a river of blood, from her nose, down her mouth and chin.
>Half covering the cheek she was sleeping on, and drenching the pillow and her jacket with

spots.
>She sees our expressions and doesn't seem to understand what's wrong
>Her exact words
>"What's wrong??!"
>I touch my hand to her chin and pull it away, showing her my fingers so she can understand.
>Raven doesn't scream
>Doesn't faint, or panic, or squeal
>I give her credit, blondie would have exploded in the same situation.

>Instead she just looks down at the pillow and her clothes, and lets out an exasperated "Not again!"
>We're still terrified and trying to perform CPR to save the life of this bleeding-out girl in our arms
>Pretty sure blondie is doing the heimlich maneuver
>Freckles is just yelling indecipherable things, and glasses is getting out the emergency flares to call for medical evac.
>She stops us though
>"Guys, it's just a nosebleed"
>She's rather firm, like she knows exactly whats up
>N... nosebleed?
>That much blood?
>Nigga you dying, we need to get you to a hospital
>Holy shit blood everywhere
>But she just stops our fretting again by saying it happens sometimes.
>She even explains it
>Dry air with the altitude changes makes the tissues in the nose dry and brittle
>And she probably just stretched her face wrong in her sleep and cracked one of the dry tissues and pop goes a blood vessel.
>It just happens to some people, its nothing to worry about.
>and anything involving your head just bleeds WAY more than it should.

>I'm skeptical
>There's a whole lot of my homie's blood all over the back of this car and it feels like i should probably beat someone up.
>Go get the locs and do a driveby on this "Altitude" guy.
>Only one of us with any common sense is Gadget.
>She just reaches into her bag, and pulls out a white tube thing, pulls the plastic off and its fluffy.
>Kinda eyes the mess.
>Then just reaches over and jams it in raven's left nostril.
>Rather rude
>The Bloodflow instantly stops though
>Its a tampon.

>I... i guess that's what they're good for.
>My male mind is intrigued at this level of ingenuity
>Women can be clever as shit when they want to be.
>Glasses has put away the emergency medical tent she was assembling, and just hands me a box of wipes and a roll of paper towels.
>We help her clean up as well as we can
>The car's fine, not too much blood on it, her jacket is ruined until we wash it, and we don't have any way to do anything with the pillow so we just leave it where it is.
>I ask her like fifteen times if she's alright
>Sixteen probably
>Dizziness, Headache, Pain anywhere?
>Nausea, Heartburn, Indigestion? Upset stomach, Diarrhea?
>She's good, has none of those things
>I'm relieved, panic mode off.
>We start back up on our trip, and the pillow just stays where it is.

>Raven ends up leaning against my shoulder instead
>Like a cute sort of half cuddle
>But she doesn't fall back asleep, she had a two/three hour nap and was rather awake now.
>We talk
>Idle chatter between us, i point out firstly she's not allowed to bleed all over me and she knows that's been a rule since like forever.
>She doesn't plan on it
>Already broke that rule though, i've got a bit on my sleeves
>I don't mind, i've never seen her get a nosebleed before.
>Learn something new about her every week.
>It's idle chatter, i fill her in on what she slept through
>Desert
>Desert
>Some shurbs
>Ect
>Blondie passes her a soda and we all kind of pass another hour before we see a city up in the distance
>It's a rather big one, but it starts out low
>Gets taller as we get closer
>And has an avenue of tall buildings right in the middle.
>Our first stop on our trip, was the city that never sleeps.
>Except this one was in the middle of a desert.

That's all for tonight anons, thanks beetlebro for making us make a new thread for the last post.
I'll have a bigger update tomorrow, thursday 22nd, at 8:00 PM (pst)

To tide you over, here's some fancy images of the girls in animu form.
http://imgur.com/a/8tlUL

Update #4 : May 22nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11801043

>Las Vegas
>The real city that never sleeps, because fuck i've been to new-york and shit just closes at 9:00 like everywhere else on the planet.
>This was technically a detour from our final destination, north was not east, but it was a thousand times more entertaining in our heads.
>Every time we talked about our plans with our parents though, they just gave us a little knowing smile.
>As if they had been there, done that once in a lifetime before.
>That loving kind of "You'll find out soon enough" grin. That's what we kept getting.
>But who am i kidding, we were hyped.
>Las Vegas, specially the strip, is weird.
>You're driving up to the city, you're in a desert.
>You see sandy hard ground everywhere, and shrubs and small desert trees.
>And then a city just starts, but it's still absolute sparse.
>Pockets of houses
>All the same kind of design, in little cute groups
>Then more pockets of desert
>Just big open empty swaths of nothing between little housing clusters.
>Sand, rocks, nothing.
>Then the city looks like its starting up
>You see houses, stores, shops
>No more desert ground
>Some taller buildings but nothing too big.
>And then it gets shorter.
>And it STOPS AGAIN.

>It does this twice, and then you take a turn off onto Las Vegas boulevard, and you're back in a desert.
>Then you see parking lots, buildings and an airport.

>More desert
>And then all of a sudden it hits you
>A wall of buildings
>Towers
>Spires
>Skyscrapers of reflective glass
>Lights, sounds
>Music flooding into the street like crashing waves.
>Avenues of lights and wonder, for pedestrians only.
>Fountains, a bustle of traffic, food and restaurants glimmering out of the mess like delicious diamonds.
>Then after a couple blocks it just stops.
>It's just houses and homes, normal stores and places past that.
>Then ten or so more miles and it's just a desert again.
>Patches of houses, but mostly barren
>Like some miraculous uprising, an oasis in a sea of sand.

>We drove up and down the strip three times
>It's really just one road that's got everything on it
>Just looking
>Eyes plastered to the windows
>Like kids at a candy store.
>And much like children, we made all the right sounds too.
>Exclamations at different things
>"We should go there!" or "Ohh that looks yummy!"
>Even the basics,simple words of "Wow!" or "Cool!"
>We were very much 10 again at heart.
>But it doesn't matter, because everyone agrees it looks like we've made a great choice
>There's crowds on the streets and we want to join them
>So Freckles pulls out the little-brown binder and starts going over the places we wanted to look at for hotels.
>Not too far away, a couple minutes drive from the strip.
>Perfect
>And then blondie interrupts
>The secret that she's been keeping
>"Hey...guys you know my dad?"

>She's rather timid, its a quiet question.
>Course we know her father
>he's the owner of a rather large food production company.
>Can't tell you which one, but you probably enjoy what they make in some way or form, even to this day.

>I can't tell where this question is going however, and the quizzical blue, green, green and brown eyes are staring her down.
>She continues
>"Well one of his golfing buddies owns part of a casino"
>Oh shit
>This better be going where i hope its going
>"He got us rooms at the Bellagio, for really cheap too"
>She pulls out little stubs and waves them around.
>But we don't see her
>Or hear what she says next
>Because the entire car has burst into treats.

>Candy everywhere, it's a halloween paradise.
>Ever been in a car with multiple screaming cheering women anon?
>[spoiler]Its really loud[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But it's that good kind of loud, where everyone's yelling and it makes you feel good[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Makes you want to yell too, i'm pretty sure i did[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Must remember to tip glasses for not crashing the car[/spoiler]
>Now the funny thing is that we had no clue what casino this was.
>None of us were from las vegas, we had no clue what any of these buildings were
>They were just shiny towers, we thought we were going to stay in some neat little couple story highrise with the silly colored spires we saw on the way in.
>Nope
>Blondie gives us directions, and as we're driving past a near block-long lake, she tells us to turn right.
>Obviously attempting to have us drive off the road and into the water
>Drowning us all
>But glasses is sensible and just takes the road that comes up next
>Its lined with trees
>And towering over it is a giant casino, right next to a lake with overhanging buildings connected
>It's fucking huge, and looks expensive as hell.
>Jaws Drop

>There's no way we're staying here
>It's just silence as we pull up to the front, underneath this giant overhanging canopy that's way above the road.
>Holyshitholyshitholyshitwefuckinfinelivinhere
>A valet guy comes up in some swanky outfit
>(and we ask first to make sure it's the right place)
>Tells us he can either park for us, or we can park in the complex so we know where our car is.
>We pick the second option and spend 10 minutes figuring out where to park, where we've parked and how the hell we get to the main building.

>Which is like, the worst part of anything car related i swear.
>Then the women spend another 10 minutes trying to figure out what they should bring up to the room
>Which, i lied, is the worst part.
>So carrying about a million different bags, we tumbled down to the entrance and went in the front.
>Glasses mentions we left our jaws in the car.

>Crazy high ceilings
>Criss crossed beams and lights
>Tons of shit to look at, like these giant glass star, flower, shape things on the ceiling.
>Like an upside down field of giant tie-dyed daisies
>Flowers, restaurants, and signs to go places
>And then the best part was the floors, they were shiny as fuck
>I could see my own reflection in them, shiniest floors i've ever seen.
>I mean everything else was pretty fancy
>But those floors
>[spoiler]Who cares if rustle traces them[/spoiler]
>That's just what i remember the most
>Check-in goes smooth, whatever the stubs are they have enough information to confirm we're who we say we are
>They give us a bunch of these annoying card-things and send us towards the elevators.
>Ends up we've got two rooms side by side around midway up the building.
>Cards are split up. Raven/Myself/Blondie in one room, Gadget/Freckles/Glasses in the other.
>It takes us a good minute to make the stupid cards pass correctly through the door locks to click and make this buzzing sound, then we get let in.
>Consecutive gasps and "Ahhs" from both doorways as we pile inside our respective rooms.
>It's the normal rush of checking out everything as the bags are thrown willy-nilly and we have to
>HAVE TO, check every inch of the room

>Bathrooms are gorgeous, tile everything with giant glass showers and a big separate tub.
>[spoiler]It's pretty funny they look like birthday's master bath[/spoiler]
>Two beds, someone's gonna have to double up
>Then we get to the windows
>We open the Curtains and there's just a crazy view of a huge part of the strip
>Plus this giant lake thing in front of the casino, and then a god-damn eiffel tower across the street.
>Pretty Zeus damn awesome
>I feel like these rooms cost a fortune
>[spoiler]I was wrong[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The rooms were actually rather cheap, even if you don't have friends in the business[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Casinos typically make more money off you in the tables, so they lure you in with inexpensive rooms[/spoiler]
>Raven's taking stock of the freebies
>If you're in a hotel everyone does this, don't lie
>I walk over to this weird door in the middle of the wall
>I unlock it and try to open it, but its just stuck.
>I try an unlock charm, no dice
>So i can't even roll.

>I bang it a few times, trying to figure out what's up with it and why it's here
>Then it just opens
>There's a girl standing there with glasses on
>She's grinning
>Oh fuck, the rooms are connected
>I duck my head in to make sure they got the same room as we did
>Everything seems the same, gadget is digging through her bags on the bed and freckles is over by the other bed with her shirt off changing.
>Which is pretty interesting, because i didn't realize freckles even had decently sized breasts until that point.
>She's always got on really concealing shirts that just hide it all
>But i can see her bra now, and realize she's decently endowed.
>Except
>Uh oh
>She sees me.

>I try to duck my head out
>It's too late
>I'm dodging shoes like george bush
>She's screaming about me being a pervert
>Glasses has just propped the door permanently open and walked away.
>I'm yelling about it being an accident, and that i was sorry.
>She's not having any of it.
>Practically trying to get gadget to agree i raped her.
>Our argument gets even more absurd from between the rooms
>The other girls are just ignoring us and going about getting everything in order.
>I hear yells from freckles about me being a "Pedophile"
>What?
>fuck you, that's not even fair, i start yelling at her.
>"Technically you're older than me!"
>She doesn't miss a beat
>"Yeah but i'm still UNDERAGE!"
>I swear to god woman, this isn't how any of these mechanics work.

>We keep it up, i'm genuinely entertained
>I think she's really mad though

>Secretly i'm just waiting on raven as she changes out of her semi blood-soaked attire.
>Just dried brown splotches now
>She's got no shame undressing in front of me, Still doesn't wear a bra very often.
>I love her chest, perfect mouthfuls.
>She doesn't like it very much though, for quite a few reasons.
>The biggest one, is that the spaghetti strap top she's just put on, makes her look like she's 12.
>I politely point it out
>It's not a mean thing, i just tell her that her that eternal youth in a place like this could be a curse.
>She agrees, throws on a padded Bra, could probably pass for 18 now.
>Blondie looks like she wants to change too, into a rather nice dressy top.
>I stare her down
>Waiting, watching.
>Grin to reach the heavens across my face
>She smiles, sticks her tongue out and vanishes into the bathroom
>Doesn't even close the door.
>My laughter follows her, but i remain on the bed.

>Lots of reasons i don't chase her down for a peek
>I'm not on great terms with her,
>That wasn't actually an invitation to watch
>[spoiler]She was testing how trustworthy i was going to be on this trip[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]By leaving the door open, she was gauging how much she could trust me, and how much of a chore i was going to make sharing a room[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i know, women, tricky[/spoiler]
>And lastly i already tried that avenue and mucked it up, so no point in re-opening old wounds.
>This is all pretending the girl behind me is completely fine with it too, which she's not.
>My life on this trip is going to just be politics politics politics
>I don't mind
>I'm used to it, much better with women than i was last time if you haven't noticed.
>Except for the redhead next room over still yelling about castrating me
>Raven sits down next to me
>Whispers into my ear
>"She sounds like she needs a hug, want to do the honors?"
>Hahaha
>Yeah alright

>I'm up and across the room, waltzing into the other one through the open door
>Raven's close behind
>I mention for glasses and gadget to join us in sneaking up on the unsuspecting freckles who's looking out the window and still angrily muttering.
>She gets group tackle hugged to the bed
>She's screaming rape
>(not really, it's more just like angry squealing and shouts)
>But it's pretty much a lewd XXX hug gangbang.
>Poor girl has me facing her, the bane of her existence got the front-hug slot
>She stops shouting
>And starts crying
>Tears about how i'm touching her, and how she can't stand me
>As much as we were all a giggling mess of teenagers trying to be mean and hug her so she realizes she was being a big spoilsport for the trip.
>Crying girls, are everyone's weakness.
>I felt pretty bad
>I was technically forcing contact with her.
>We all let go and left her a crying mess on the bed
>But i knew better
>I told her to shut the fuck up and stop acting.

>She stopped
>She went back to hate mode the instant she realized sob story wasn't working.

>It's beyond ridiculous how quickly women can change moods to influence you like that.
>I'm done with this shit though
>"Alright, is there any reason we should stay here, or can we go walk around while it's still light outside?"
>No objections
>Freckles is muttering something
>I don't hear it
>Gadget does, and she giggles though
>But still no objections
>We grab the room cards to get back into the rooms, and vanish into the hotel

>The place is huge
>We end up lost, and downstairs
>Hallways of entertainment leading us in every direction.
>One of the crazy things that i always tell people about las vegas is that the air inside casinos feels different.
>Its a mixture of cigarette smoke, and that feeling you get in the morning when you wake up.
>Like you're more awake, colors are more vivid, everything is brighter and happier when you're there.
>It's a rather weird sensation
>The entire time we were downstairs we were laughing and giggling
>We found a chocolate shop with this rather interestingly shaped chocolate fountain, and it seemed so cool, so amazing at the time.
>Even though really it was just a ton of melted chocolate.
>I mean it was pretty cool, but not as cool as we were making it out to be.
>Like everything was funny, or great, and we were wide awake like we hadn't even been in a car all day.

>We tried to wander around to the gambling areas (but they stopped us real quick) and we eventually ran out of places to explore and stepped outside.
>And the air changed
>[spoiler]There's always rumors that Casinos in Las Vegas pump in oxygen to keep gamblers awake and spending money longer.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Every website of rumors and myths will tell you it's false, that it's just an urban legend.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I call bullshit[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]If you've ever been, and you're not completely out of tune with what your body is telling you.[/spoiler]
>You can tell
>We end up walking
>Up one road
>Up another
>Down an avenue covered in shops

>Down another
>We're not even sure where we're going, just following the sights and sounds.
>Casinos, Clubs, Bars, Strip joints, restaurants, more gambling, more gambling
>Left, Right
>We're actually encountering a slight problem
>We don't seem to be OLD enough to do any of these things.
>There's an absolutely massive amount of cool stuff to do here.
>But it takes reservations, dinner plans, or being 21.
>Fuck

>I begin to realize why everyone smiled when we said we wanted to go to vegas
>They knew
>There's nothing here for non-adults
>We end up catching a late lunch/early dinner, the sun's rather low in the sky and the night-life seems to be starting up.
>Which would be awesome if we could be a part of it.
>We end up doing window shopping through the various stores
>All touristy stuff, kinda fun but not our thing really
>Fucking nothing to do
>A shopkeeper overhears us complaining
>He's a pretty cool guy, understands the whole "nothing to do as teenagers" thing.
>He tells us to go find a place pretty nearby, i have no recollection at what the name was.
>Gives us rough directions and we say fuck it and head for it.
>It's not really that far away, most the city is rather walkable.
>Then we end up at some kind of mall-ish area
>Uggh.. this isn't what we wanted

>But we walk in anyway
>It's not a mall
>Its a giant building full of old style arcade games
>Two floors
>fucking motherlode
>It uses these crazy credit card money keeping systems
>We've found our home, where we belong.
>We waste two hours playing everything.
>Glasses carries me through a good round of time crisis
>I kick Blondie's ass at some motorbike racing game.
>Raven and I run through at least thirteen levels of some crazy genetic experiment island dual shooter where we're on a car.
>Then at the end it gives us our score, and it ends up it was a relationship compatibility test.
>We got a 30% or something
>That's really awful
>Seemingly it meant even though we completely beasted the game, we weren't ever shooting at

the same things as one another.
>That pretty much sounds like raven and me anyway.
>It's fucking great though
>Blow through 40$ all together
>We're not even mad, we just went to las vegas to play video games.

>We end up heading back to the rooms at the bellagio
>Kind of happy with ourselves, and kinda just plain angry.
>It's only about 7:30, we're really just bored of the place already.
>We all end up piled on one bed, backs down, feet on the ground.
>Fuck what do we do?
>Raven mentions some giant outdoor avenue with a big TV screen draped all across it
>We all agree that sounds cool, supposed to play shows every hour.
>Still not sure there would be anything to do there
>Gadget has a solution
>She digs into the suitcase she brought in
>Pulls out a bottle of gin
>Hah, alcohol that's just what we need
>Ends up our tech savvy gal-friend ordered it online
>They just ship it to you in a box and don't check IDs or anything.
>W... why didn't i ever think of that?

>We've kind of discovered our own personal tolerances by now
>So, no worries about drinking a bit
>We all end up at two shots each, more or less
>And the coolest thing, we had kinda been missing them or getting the ending parts of the fountain shows
>But as we were drinking one started right up
>The lake right in front of the hotel just burst into sprays and jumping jets of water
>And they were blaring music across the entire area.
>Rather cool, we were all piled against the window trying to watch
>Completely forgetting we had another room with a window too.
>The rest of it was actually rather blurry
>Not hangover blurry mind you, just a nice kind of fuzz over the entire thing.

>We ended up downstairs, found some kind of limo taxi and piled in
>someone knew what the place was called, and we ended up at a huge avenue of places full of interesting things.
>Loud music, lights, sounds.
>The floor was covered in thousands of business cards

>Well, if you considered them businesses.
>Strippers, hookers, casinos, "Lounges", bars i suddenly knew where the rainforests were going.
>I picked up a handful because i found them entertaining, shoved em in my pocket.
>Wanted to read them later, or keep them as souvenirs
>Gin was the proper drink for this experience
>We wasted a good couple hours, there was an outside concert or something nearby and we wandered over to that, and back, and forth.
>Eventually we got split up, i ended up with freckles somehow and nobody else
>I would explain how that happened, but i really don't know.
>She wasn't that bad actually
>we were too enamoured with some of the shops for her to notice she was tipsy and spending time with a boy.
>Until she stumbled on a curb and tripped
>Then i reminded her.

>A pretty innocent girl, just asking to be saved.
>I start to ravage her.

>I offer freckles my hand
>"Here, let me help you up"
>I watch the look of horror cross her face.
>"I insist" I hint, as i turn my palm upwards
>Her heart rate increases
>She can feel the oppression washing over her
>The stares of nearby men piercing her with their eyes as i held out my hand to offer male assistance in her time of need.
>She places her hand in mine, trembling.
>Clearly this is her first time.
>I savor the quiet dry heaves as i help her to her feet.
>I smile, and lean over to the clearly distraught girl, whispering into her ear
>"It was my privilege"

>She's rather quiet after i help her up, i don't expect to understand why because we weren't talking much.
>But i get a phone call, it's glasses and she says we should meet up again.
>Locations are given (ones we kind of know) and we show up in a group again
>Glasses, Raven and Gadget are all holding red cups of more liquor as far as i can tell.
>Ends up they got some older guys to bring them some
>Then they snuck off.
>Lucky Bastards.
>Being girls is cheating i swear
>Raven asks where blondie is.
>My words exactly
>"What do you mean?"
>Her words exactly
>"Well, she went with you guys"
>Oh
>My word exactly
>"Fuck"

>I just turn around and rush off to retrace our steps.
>i don't even take any of the girls with me, i guess i'm thinking that i have a phone and can just call them if anything happens.
>That's a dumb thing for me to do
>I rush around for five, six minutes before i figure out where we left her
>She was talking to some guys and we didn't even realize it, i head back to the musician stage we were by.
>It's rather tough to search for someone when there's a huge crowd of people everywhere, but i tried my hardest.
>She was shorter than most the crowd though, so it was really tough.
>Even though not too many girls had blonde hair, i couldn't spot that.

>The give away that i caught was her legs.
>I spotted smooth white legs in a crowd of older guys and headed over
>Lo and behold, i found blondie with an older guy , hands around her waist.
>Not just "Older" this was some mid-twenties scumbag
>Two other guys were walking with them, and they seemed to be heading off and out towards a car somewhere.
>I ran over and attempted to greet blondie and ask what was up, but she kind of gave me this apathetic look like she didn't recognize me.
>Or didn't care
>Which, is never a good sign.

>So i tried some things that i was too young to realize wouldn't work at the time
>I started saying she was rather drunk and i was going to make sure she got home.
>The guy who was holding her waist just asked "Who the fuck is this kid" and rushes blondie off.
>and one of his friends just slams me up against a nearby wall and throttles me.
>He tells me to fuck off, and jabs me in the stomach hard
>Then drops me, and strides off to catch up with his pals
>Leaves me heaving on the ground
>It didn't really hurt, like he didn't put much force into it, but it was a hit nothenless.
>i'm like half their fucking size, i can't fight this
>Not sure exactly what i'm supposed to do, calling the other girls won't help since they don't know where i am
>and if they get her in a car that's bad news bears.
>So i pick the stupid option
>I run up behind them
>The big guy has his hand on blondie's chest instead of her waist now, and one of them is making jokes about her being a fine piece.
>Isn't any doubt in my mind that they're up to no good.
>Well here goes nothing.
>I yell as loud as i can
>"HEY, FAGGOTS"

>I'm pretty sure my voice cracked, but it didn't matter.
>They turn around quick
>Hah, fooled them, they must have been faggots!
>Quicker than i thought they would, my plan is looking like shit now, but whatever
>The trick when you're trying to start a fight you can't win, is never play fair.
>So i don't
>I cast pocket sand.
>Except i don't have sand in my pocket, what i end up throwing is those cardboard business cards
>Which seem to be really, really sharp, and aerodynamic.
>Just blessed by the heavens because a handful of them manages to poke the big guy right in his eye.
>Lucky as all hell, i know.
>Would probably have been fucked if that didn't work
>But he kneels over screaming "FUCK YOU" and i manage to close the distance and knee the other standing guy in the balls and try to take take blondie's hand before the third realizes.
>We don't get more than a few feet before the third guy has pulled out a knife.
>Which, considering we were off by the parking lots in a rather quiet area, i could probably be stabbed here without a hitch.

>I don't know how to fight
>I really don't
>And i'm going to be attacked with a knife.
>I have no clue what to do
>The fucker lunges at us and i kinda just stick out my leg trying to kick him
>Im sure i looked pathetic and hilarious
>just awkwardly stuck out my leg
>But whatever i was doing, whatever perfect angle i was at, i hit his shin
>He tripped
>I watched a glint of the steel
>And he kinda tumbled over
>I don't feel like he stabbed me, so i pulled blondie after me and we ran.

>Her legs seemed to work just fine
>We ran until we got back to the giant crowds of people, and until we could just hide in a shop.
>And we stopped, and sat down on a bench in an ice cream parlor.
>Heart beat pretty much all i could hear, no music, nothing.
>I was terrified, there were so many ways that could have gone wrong
>and blondie didn't make any sense, why was she just going along with them
>It was only after we stopped running that i realized she was all cuddly
>pawing my jacket like she was a kitten pawing for more milk.
>Hands in and out of my pockets
>She kept repeating "Its soft" and "It feels so good" as she ran her hands over my clothes.
>Zero experience with most drugs, but it was pretty obvious they'd slipped her something.
>and i could smell whiskey on her breath, which means she drank more, probably something they gave her.
>Stupid fucking girl.
>The strike to my ego comes next.
>I didn't win that fight
>Alcohol won it for me, those blokes were probably drunk, and high as shit
>As much as i want to pretend i stopped that guy with a knife, its more likely he just got surprised when he felt my foot and tripped over himself.
>It still counts though, right?

>Unlike those guys who boast about how good it feels to win a 1v3, i wasn't feeling very good.
>Mostly i was worried trying to make sure i really didn't get stabbed
>As far as i could tell i still had all my blood
>The pounding reminded me of that.
>I gave the girls a call and told them where we were, i didn't mention anything else.
>Then i started on blondie
>Her blue eyes are cloudy, glazed over and staring into the distance.
>I had to hold her hands, because she kept trying to loosen her shirt or feel up mine.

>I didn't really understand what she took, but i tried asking her
>She didn't seem to know, or want to give a response.
>Then i asked her a different question
>"Why were you going with them?"
>And i get a rather un-blondie response
>"Because they were fun! Duh."
>"We were going to a party!"
>She's completely serious

>I try to ask again differently
>"But you know what they wanted right? They were just going to-
>and she interrupts me, her singsong voice back
>"Yeah silly! That's what i wanted"
>Really?
>I give her that look
>That "Did you really just say what i heard you say?"
>Then she kind of smiles, and continues
>"I wouldn't have minded anyway..."
>I don't have any response
>I just say what i'm thinking
>"You would have minded later"
>I rather blurt that out, i guess in my mind she's still an innocent princess
>Her smile changes to a frown
>Then i get a "Maybe...but atleast they liked me" before she curls up into my shoulder and closes her eyes.
>[spoiler]Implying she's not[/spoiler]

>The other girls show up, and questions are asked about what happened
>I don't answer them
>We haul blondie back to a main road and grab another taxi
>She's back to trying to take off her clothes, i have no clue why
>It takes all my effort to keep her hands in modest places, for her sake and to make sure the driver doesn't crash.
>I explain the events, editing it slightly for the female audience
>Aka, i tell them i just found her and they let me take her back to the parlor without a fight.
>Telling them i was dumb and heroic isn't positive points
>No matter how much you think it is.
>It's blondie's story to tell anyway, almost getting drugged and raped is not a point of pride.
>If you got lured off to get raped and your friend came and saved your ass.
>Do you really want him to come back boasting about how great he is and how stupid you are?
>Or do you want him to stay silent, let it be a quiet point of solidarity between you.
>An "I owe you one"
>She is obviously on something though, Gadget determines it's MDMA, which seems to be

pretty popular where she came from.
>I guess liking or hating the feel of clothing, false intimacy and blurting suppressed emotions were pretty common effects.

>There's tons of night events as we're driving back
>Billboards for magic shows, concerts, parades in the street
>There was even a group of dancing street guys performing on one of the corners.
>lolicatgirls.swf
>The night-life in vegas seems far more alive than the day life, but we're done
>We end back up at the hotel.
>We have to smuggle the rather obviously drunk and drugged girl through the lobby and back up to the room
>We do an awful job
>We're giggling and laughing the entire way.
>The bellboy noticed
>The people at the front desk noticed
>But they didn't say anything
>We don't even bother opening both the doors, just one and we pile in.
>Middle door is still open anyway
>We're all dead tired, beds are sorted out
>Blondie keeps trying to take off clothes, and frankly i'm inclined to let her.
>But glasses and raven kind of wrap her up in a blanket so she can't move, and put her in the bed in our room.
>She seems to be sleeping
>Like instantly
>Freckles went on for like, 15 minutes about how she didn't want the door open between the rooms while we slept
>Said i was going to sneak into the other room and molest someone or something
>Specially after i was so irresponsible earlier.
>Gadget tells her to calm down unless she wants a group kiss next time, and it stops.
>I'm pretty sure glasses would be more likely to sneak in on me, but i don't say this.
>I don't know what the sleeping arrangements are going to be, but raven's probably in the other bed with me
>So i just slip under the blankets, all-clothes on, and conk out
>I don't know what the girls did after.

That's all for tonight anons, im falling asleep. Ideally Sunday should be the next update. I have weekend things to do. 8:00 PM, pst, .

Update #5 : May 25th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11847687

Day 2
>I wake up to raven sleeping on my arm
>It's nearly completely numb, like an awkward piece of rubber at my side.
>God damn hate when that happens, i thought we had learned by now.
>Gotta shove the partner's arm under the pillow, or atleast crook it properly.
>It's no big deal, i just roll her slightly to the side and wrap my arms around her properly
>Don't even need to open my eyes, i could already tell from a peek that it's way too early to get up.
>Sun was barely lighting up the sky
>My body was telling me i needed more sleep
>But
>This god damn arm is numb as hell, can't feel anything
>Gonna tingle like fuck in a minute.
>My hands rest on her bare stomach and i realize she's rather warm with my one-feeling hand.
>Also not wearing clothes
>Also i'm not wearing clothes
>I can feel my hardon poking her in the bum
>The fuck did you do last night raven
>How much more of that bottle did you guys drink when i went to sleep
>It doesn't matter to me, i'll get her to fill me in later.
>Probably after i wake her up
>The way i want to wake her up *wink*
>Least that's what i was thinking
>I slide my hand (the one i can feel with still) lower.

>She was warmer than she usually was
>I chalked it up to drinking, raises your skin temperature if i remembered correctly
>Fingers playing the traveling game, tickling creases and valleys of her skin.
>Then lower and lower.
>Bring me a shrubbery!
>The familiar tangle of bush i'm so used to.
>To the valley of nectar hidden in the jungle depths.
>Except the mountain spring was dry, there had been no rains this season.
>The drought causing the crops to wilt in their fields
>the villagers suffering a severe famine.

>As principle rain god, it was my duty t...
>[spoiler]I feel like that euphemism got slightly out of hand[/spoiler]
>You get the point though.
>I started playing with her, doing my best to bring her to a happy "Good Morning"
>It's not a violent effort, the trick with sleeping women is to be rather slow.
>There's a method
>I teased her folds, dipping a finger around and into each one
>I rubbed each of her lower lips, squeezed and pulled them lightly.
>I tickled the entire vulva, just with teases until i could swear i felt goosebumps across her skin.
>I dipped just a bit into her wetness to slick a finger, and used it to circle her clit.
>Slowly, all of it so very slowly.
>I was careful, you have to do it right.
>The major rule of a good morning wakeup, is no penetration before the girl is awake.

>It's an important rule, you want to get them off right as they open their eyes.
>Anything before is wasted
>anything too late isn't a surprise.
>You don't want to give them that chance to prepare for the oncoming storm.
>All girls seem to go through the same steps of wakeup though
>First it's nearly nothing, just you, them, and calm breathing from the both of you.
>Then her body temperature changes, or maybe your body temperature lowers, whatever it is she feels warmer to the touch than you are.
>This lasts a couple minutes as my fingers are doing the rain-god's work, and raven is positively dripping
>Then the breathing changes, it's nothing big; Each breath she takes get slightly shallower, faster.
>You only notice because you're so close, paying so much attention just to her.
>Then comes a squirm or two
>It's really up to you to decide if this means she's awake or not, but i didn't feel the appropriate amount of movements, so i figured she was close to getting off.
>I slowed my fingers down, and repositioned her leg upwards with my other hand
>It was kind of hard to do slowly, my hand was still numb so she felt heavier than usual, and i had to do it very calmly to stop her from waking up.
>But i get the leg up, and i press myself forward, happily nestling my cock between her legs
>No penetration mind you, that's against the rules this early, i just nestle it across her entire slit
>Her hair actually tickles, man i can't remember the last time that happened

>I suppress a giggle and return my fingers to their duty and ministrations.
>She's soaking, and i'm pretty sure she's rather close
>So instead of continuing like i had been, i change up the pace
>I press harder
>I rub a little faster
>I alternate speeds

>This will be sure to wake her up
>I press myself up against her, my head into her long hair, eyes closed i savor the scent
>Oak, it must be the fancy shampoo they had here after she took a shower.
>It smells lovely, and i'm lost in thinking that before i feel her legs shift
>They open wider
>She's awake
>I plunge two fingers into her, use a trick with my thumb to rub her clit off just a tad at the same time.

>Within seconds of waking, i had her writhing
>Her legs squeezed together trapping my hand and my hardon in a vice
>Little shakes and spasms crossed the entirety of her back
>Her breathing was harsh and uneven, each breath a gasp of surprise
>Then was a squeal, a rather un-raven like squeal.
>It means i did an amazing job, she was usually rather quiet.
>Best i always expected were gasps and whispers of appreciation, but when i made her squeal i know i did it very very right.
>I smiled to myself, she would be in a great mood all day from this
>I guess i should take my reward now
>I pulled my now not-so-numb hand up to her chest, cupped more than a handful of tender flesh.
>pulled my crotch back, positioned myself at her entrance
>I felt her tense up, instead of relax
>Which was weird
>It made me second guess myself
>I froze
>Which meant all the details caught up.
>I exhaled dejectedly.
>Shazbot
>Well that was it, the end of me
>I'm fucking doomed, in a load of shit i'm never going to escape from
>It's only the second day and i'm not going to make it out alive.
>I've made a terrible mistake haven't i.
>Raven didn't have more than a handful of chest to grab.

>I should have known really
>I knew Raven, i knew ALL of Raven.
>This girl's skin was a different texture, she smelled like soft oak, she breathed differently, her curves were in the wrong places, her bum was slightly bigger, she was just a bit taller.
>Even her pubic hair was a different texture, softer and less thick.
>I should have been able to tell just from the way she was lying across my arm when i woke up, but i didn't.
>retreated with my hands, to safer positions.

>I had a rough idea of who it was, atleast i hoped i did.
>I was formulating battle plans in my head, eyes still screwed shut.
>Neither of us are moving, even though i know she's awake.
>If i had realized before she was awake, i would be fine i could have escaped, but i just gave one of three girls a very "Good" morning.

>My plans were as follows
>If its Glasses, i'm probably fine and won't be dead. I'd beg her to pretend it didn't happen and she'd hold it over me until she managed to seduce me again. I really didn't want that.
>Still it would postpone death, i could live with that temporarily.
>If it was Gadget it would be tricky. My best bet would be to just say i thought she was Raven and ask her to keep it a happy secret between us.
>I didn't have another plan if she didn't accept that, but she was rather loyal so i hoped it would work.
>And Freckles...
>Well if i've currently just woken up Freckles with a happy ending, i'm not getting out of that.
>Losing my balls, going to jail, or dying, one of the three no matter what.
>If its Freckles, i'll just hatefuck her and hope i can make it good enough to escape, there are no other options.
>I squint my eyes open to check the hair color, praying its not red.
>Its worse
>I squeeze my eyelids back closed
>Hope, Deleted.
>Its all over.
>Blonde

>Ok... don't panic
>What do i do
>Pretend to be asleep, this'll work
>I don't move, eyes closed.
>Maybe one day it'll work, but not today.
>It lasts about 10 seconds
>She rolls over to face me, i can feel hot breath on my cheek as she speaks
>"Did we... you know... last night?"
>Its a breathless whisper, but i feel every breath.
>I open my eyes to meet hers
>Piercing sky blue, staring directly into mine, i can read all of her emotions.
>Resignation, Curiosity, and then something else. Like hope but not exactly.
>I see a way out of this though
>Blondie was going to blab to everyone, there's no way she wouldn't tell
>It wouldn't be mean or intentional, she would just get excited and let it slip. She did that far too often.
>and its not like she would keep a secret for me anyway

>Unless...
>I could make her feel guilty and embarrassed for what happened, and she wouldn't ever mention it.
>The smallest chance of her not ruining my life.
>So i took the chance
>"Probably... yeah"

>Her eyes widened
>Surprise, maybe a bit of a smile on her face.
>She breaks it with more whispering
>"So... then..."
>And she stops
>I watch her nose scrunch up and her mouth tilt to the side, an obvious "Wait a minute" thinking pose.
>"No we didn't! Jerk!"
>[spoiler]Fuck[/spoiler]
>Her eyes darken, her mouth curls, she's angry at me now.
>Bluff called, i guess she remembered
>She actually remembers everything, she recites her version of what happened last night.
>Down to the tiniest detail, everything after the Ecstasy kicked in
>She knew what each of the guys was wearing, how many steps they took
>Everything she said and everything they said.
>She said i got cut by the guy's knife (i double check my side, nope).
>Even what flavors of ice cream there were when we finally stopped running.
>She wasn't scowling anymore, or angry at me.
>I hoped she was thankful i risked getting slightly murdered to get her away from them.
>I asked her what she was thinking, why she was doing it, and she just gave me a blank look
>she couldn't remember anything she was thinking, at all.
>Just what happened
>Wierd
>[spoiler]Not really, we're pretty sure she was given some mixture of MDMA and a beta blocker or adderall[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Really fucking dangerous, before you even think of trying it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But the point was to make her feel good, and not think about anything before doing it.[/spoiler]

>She continues to descriptions of shops we drove by, and the details of people in the hotel lobby she was giggling at.
>Then up in the room, and everything about her clothing being itchy, and us wrapping her up and her falling asleep.
>Then the part i didn't know
>She said she woke up in a bed with raven sleeping ontop of it, and thought it was the wrong one

>Then everything felt like it was holding her skin from feeling (she pretty much said those words exactly)
>So she ended up in bed with me.
>She stops explaining
>But that doesn't actually explain the last part
>"Why was I naked?"
>She's quiet
>She starts blushing, a crimson so deep she was starting go go infared at the edges and turn invisible.
>"Your clothes were itching me too..."

>I sigh
>Yeah, well thanks a ton Blondie.
>I'm somewhat impressed she managed to undress me while i was sleeping, but everyone tells me alcohol makes me kinda hard to wake up.
>She's still deep crimson, and asks the ever-so-important question
>"So... if we didn't, then why were you..."
>It's cute, like she doesn't want to say it, admit it happened.
>There's plenty of things i could say here, but i pick the truth
>"I thought you were raven, sorry~"
>I try to make myself sound sincere, i really was.
>I mean what else was i going to do, i was pretty much screwed here.
>Only had a couple seconds before she got up crying, or screaming or something.
>I must be completely misreading the situation however, because she doesn't seem like any of those things are going to happen.
>Instead she kinda looks at me with a very funny look on her face.
>This is the kind of look you either run from, or run from, or run from if you're not romantically involved with the girl giving it to you.
>This is the kind of look a 15 year old gives you at a party and you about face and pretend to be gay.
>I wasn't wearing my thinking cap this early in the morning
>She starts
>"Is that what waking up next to someone who loves you is like...?"
>That question caught me off guard, and she follows it up pretty fast with a correction
>"I mean, is that how you usually wake her up?"
>She sounds remorseful, i can't read her nearly as well as i would like to.

>I answer honestly
>"No...not as often as i would like"
>Really the truth was that i had been trying extra hard the last couple months
>I had internal doubts that Raven actually enjoyed our time together as much as i did, and i had made as much effort as possible to try to make sure she did.
>It's a really hard balance

>Trying not to come off as clingy, while making time you do have together that "Extra special" that you assume she wants.
>Blondie realizes what my response implies, even if she doesn't get the rest of my mental laps of logic.
>She changes to a soft smile
>"She's lucky to have you"
>That tiny bit of jealousy shines through
>"She'd be green with envy when she finds out you woke me up instead"

>Ifuckingknewit
>I'm so fucked
>She's not trying to blackmail me anons, she just...
>Well let's just say we're pretty sure we know all her secrets, she just blabs them out sometimes.
>But i had to treat it like blackmail anyway,
>I grab her shoulders, and force her to really stare me in the eyes.
>"You can't tell anyone, it was an innocent mistake"
>I'm dead serious, i couldn't imagine the shitstorm this would cause
>If any of the girls learned, raven would learn, and all my work to try to salvage us from rocky slopes would be gone.
>She actually looks at me hurt, like i just yelled out that i don't trust her.
>I don't
>she knows that
>She still gets angry at me like it was some kind of big news or something
>They always do.
>In an almost defiant speech she gives me.
>"I won't tell... i know what that would do!"
>I want to believe her
>She's not got a mean bone in her body, unless the topic involves boys.
>Which i'm pretty sure in this case involves me.
>hence doomed

>I just want to know what she wants from me so that she absolutely won't tell, she's really bad at this blackmail thing.
>I start listing
>"Do you want me to buy you something? Finish you off again? Be your slave for a day?"
>Racking my mind for things i can offer that won't get me in too much shit
>She's really hurt now
>"Stop! I don't want anything, just..."
>Just what
>She's gonna want something
>Watch
>Just you watch

>They always do.
>"Just, let's go back to sleep, i'll make up an excuse when everyone else wakes up?"
>She's curls up into my arms when she says that
>I'm painfully aware that she's still very naked, and is pressing all her girly soft parts up against my manly hard parts.
>Pretty much suicide to go along with her request, so i push her away softly
>"You know i can't"
>My words mean a lot of things
>I hope she takes the softest ones.
>I get up, roll out of bed and take stock of where my clothes are
>The first thing i see is raven, sleeping upside down feet on the pillows on blondie's previous bed, she's sprawled out mouth-half-open in a silent snore.
>Hahahahaha
>I stifle a laugh

>I get around to finding my clothes on the floor
>there's quite a few articles
>Most of blondie's outfit is here, along with a pile of what seems to be three different bras
>One is raven's, i recognize the design and know she hates wearing them to sleep.
>[spoiler]Most girls don't wear them to sleep actually[/spoiler]
>One obviously belongs to blondie, but the other could be anyone else
>I peek into the other room to check sleeping arrangements for clues
>Glasses and Gadget are sleeping facing away from one another on one bed and freckles is on the other alone
>Haha, serves her right, like anyone would want to willingly sleep near her.
>Gadget however is cute as fuck, she's got her hood pulled up and her headphones on
>Cute little face curled into an innocent smile
>I squirm a little almost in anime-style "This is so fucking cute"
>Only person i know who can go to sleep listening to music
>I've tried, i can't do it.
>Her brain just operates on a level higher than everyone else i swear.

>I sneak away and find my underwear and pants
>no clue where my shirt or jacket are, takes a bit of searching to find them on the OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.
>God damnit blondie
>I pick them up and start to put the shirt on, and i stop
>It's got a huge gash down the side
>So does the jacket
>Holy fuck
>What the hell happened
>I remember blondie said she thought the guy cut me with the knife
>He got THAT CLOSE?

>I turn around and she's still watching me without any expression on her face
>I show her the cut in the shirt, pointing and grinning like a fool
>She doesn't smile, it's more of a full-white mask with wide eyes as all the blood drains from her cheeks.
>I mouth "You owe me" and she doesn't even move.
>This is good enough for guilt, she won't tell.
>fully clothed i grab a big pillow and lift raven's head up and place it under.
>Then i wrap the blanket around backwards, slide in beside her (still upside down) wrap us up and hold her close.
>As if the harder i squeeze, the more what i just did goes away.

>I actually don't sleep
>I'm pretty sure i can feel blondie's eyes staring at the back of my head the entire time
>I just pretend to be asleep when raven wakes up.
>She has to pull out a crowbar and pry me off
>But i blink my eyes a couple time and catch a smile
>I did good i hope
>She tries to escape off the bed after prying me off
>Which i stop by grabbing her ankle
>And rather forcibly dragging her back, hand over hand through squirming and kicking until she's back beside me.
>Then i hug her again
>Tight, a warm loving head over shoulders embrace
>Then i release her
>"Ok you can go now"
>Like i said, i had been trying extra hard this past couple months to make any time spent together special.
>In my mind it was working
>She let out a squeak though, and the good old fall-back when women want to pretend they aren't embarrassed (in a good sort of way) by what you've just done.
>"If you squeeze any harder i'm going to pee"
>Me too raven
>Me too

>She heads to the bathroom, and i rummage around in our bags for the proper ziplock bag of toiletries
>I show up and start brushing my teeth, admiring the bathroom as she tinkles away with utmost concentration.
>i don't know when this stopped being embarrassing for either of us, but it happened.
>I don't even peek, she just gets up and scootches me out of the way and brushes her teeth too.
>No romance, teeth must be brushed first before kisses can happen
>Except she just leaves and i don't get a kiss when she's done

>):
>Awe that's why i was here
>oh well, i need a shower
>I offer a joint ops mission, but the female squad leader refuses and says she's good
>Alright then, i throw together some clothes and slide into the bathroom and begin to close the door behind me
>When i'm stopped
>with a foot in the door
>Raven? Yes!
>I follow the leg upwards
>Girl, girl
>"i wouldn't mind"
>Oh no its definitely not raven
>It's glasses
>I don't have time to react before she shoves me inside and locks the door
>NO
>RAVEN PLEASE HELP

>It's actually not as dramatic as i make it sound, because i kind of slip around her open the door and peek out at raven and make puppy dog "Please help me" eyes
>Im not going to take a shower with glasses without her knowing i'm completely against the idea.
>She sees them and also meets the eyes of glasses who has stuck her head out above mine
>"Yeah Rave, i need to borrow your boyfriend for boy related things, you don't mind right?"
>I MIND
>Raven doesn't, she gives a shrug
>Probably trusts glasses
>I DONT
>Im trying to silently tap SOS on the bathroom wall, but i get grabbed by my collar and dragged kicking and screaming back into the bathroom.
>Now it's as dramatic as i made it sound
>As Glasses stands between me in the door and grins her evil grin.
>Eyes flashing a crimson amber for just a moment.
>Then its gone.
>I gather up as much willpower as i have left, and turn away from her and start undressing.
>There's just enough to survive a shower if i ration it over the entire thing.
>I know she's probably naked already behind me
>God damnit glasses
>I get to my underwear and i stop
>Glasses asks me "What you doing? Put these on"
>I turn around
>She's holding out my swimming trunks, and she's wearing a two piece bathing suit
>Rather loudly she announces its new, and she wants my opinion on it.

>This is a far more innocent premise for a shower than i initially thought.

>She gets a flash of my butt as i change
>Then i'm clothed enough, shower can commence
>It's actually rather innocent
>I pass her the soap, she soaps up arms, legs, non perverted things
>I wash my hair, she washes hers
>Normal shower stuff, the shower even has this huge nozzle so we don't even have to stand close.
>I don't have to use any willpower, besides a tiny-tiny bit to keep the boner down.
>Then ten minutes in, she reminds me why she got in with me
>"How do you like my new swimsuit?"
>She says this doing a little pirouette, and flourishes it with a grab of her boobs and a pull upwards so they bounce as they drop.
>This gets my attention, but i snap my eyes away and try to judge the suit itself and not the girl in it

>It was rather nice, different color flower print in cyan, purple, white and a couple other swimsuity colors.
>Two piece Bikini really, she had the body for it.
>It looked fine, but she didn't want to hear that
>She wanted me to tell her she was ravishing, beautiful, jaw-dropping, you know.
>Girls never want your opinion on the bikini, they want it on how good they look IN it.

>I pick my words carefully
>"I think it rather nicely completes the package"
>Good start, now i gotta take the shot.
>Give her a compliment she won't forget, that doesn't involve me at all.
>"You're going to make all the girlfriends jealous when the boys they're with can't keep their eyes off you"
>She's beaming
>Alright time to finish it with a slam dunk
>"Then they'll bitch to their bros later, asking why their own girlfriends can't ever be that ravishing"
>Hah, perfect compliment
>Her ego is inflated to near popping status
>That's why she brought me in here anyway, she just wanted compliments.
>But remember, i've grown up with girls all my life, and trust me on this one.
>You can't just compliment them, you absolutely have to pull them down a little.
>If you just compliment a girl constantly and put yourself down time and time again, eventually they'll believe it.
>And they won't pick you up from your lows, they'll let you wallow
>Really believe they're as good as you tell them. Better than you. Too good for you.
>So as her good m8, i do my duty
>I smile, and reach out my hand.
>I set the basketball hoop on fire.
>"But in my opinion, you could lose a little bit of weight"
>I pinch her belly, there's really not too much to pinch.
>She's not overweight, but she's not anorexic either, she's in that happy middle curve where every girl should be happy to be (but aren't).
>She knows her weight is fine
>But her eyes change from serene and joyful, to fiery.
>I yank my hand away and make a run for it.

>I don't make it far, heel up in the air she grabs it, and without friction on the floor just slides me on one foot back to where she's standing
>She sets me upright and glares me down
>I can hear what she's thinking
>"YOU COME TO MY KINGDOM, AND INSULT MY QUEEN..."

>It's ok, i can take whatever's coming
>She smiles
>Then as if nothing happened at all, she goes back to asking about different parts of her suit
>w... what?
>No fiery death?
>Alright, i can handle not fiery dying.
>She goes on about how much she loves the pattern
>Our shower continues as normal
>And then she gets to how soft it is, and how good it feels on her skin compared to the old elastic suit.
>I don't have any comments about that
>That's kinda lewd in itself
>It's all touching private areas
>But she assures me the inside is silk and feels wonderful
>I want to take her word for it
>But she doesn't let me, she takes my hand and goes "no here, feel for yourself" and places it flat on her breast.
>I concentrate on the fabric and not the delicious skin beneath.
>Which is hard, because a rather pointy nipple greets me.

>I mention it feels "Nice" and pull my hand away, but she continues
>"Oh, actually it's only on the inside, here feel it!"
>She flips open the left part of her top, revealing a lovely breast, and a white expanse of cloth behind the bikini top.
>I've already got a boner, there was no fighting it
>She looked absolutely beautiful with her hair down and wet everywhere, and i realized my willpower was going to have to make some high rolls to get me out of this one intact.
>But she doesn't even let me make a roll for my life, she just takes my hand
>Leads it over, and places it on the smooth fabric on the inside of the top
>To be honest, yeah it was silk
>And yeah it felt really nice
>I was barely even noticing the yelling off in the distance though.
>She didn't give me much of a chance because she let go of the left portion of her top, and it snapped back, along with my hand, right against her chest.
>I snap my hand away, but the deed was done
>Lewd touching over, she strikes like a cobra
>I'm against the wall, her face is inches away from mine, her hand on my crotch.
>She whispers, her trademarked sultry voice i desperately wanted to avoid
>"So... do you think i'm worth ravishing?"
>I've got no willpower i realize
>I had a hardon all morning for blondie, and i didn't even get off once
>I was pretty much instantly raring to go, and in my mind it was probably fine if i did.
>Fuck the consequences, she'd been working on me for months, it was amazing i held out this

long
>She seals the deal
>"I know a great way you can help me work off those extra pounds..."
>I fail my dex check to roll away to safety, and my will save to shrug off the mermaid's charms.

>But i don't fail the int check
>Not right away, i push her off lightly and she moves when i say her name "Glasses..."
>I sink to my knees and end up sitting against the wall of the shower, looking up at her.
>I realize the tent in my pants is nearly taller than i am.
>I give her my ultimatum, my resignation.
>"Listen, glasses... if you really want me to do this, fuck it, come down here."
>She started to kneel
>"But... i mean only if you really want me to just ruin this entire thing right now, you've been trying to get me to cheat on Raven for like half a year now."
>I'm just shrugging this entire time, i feel like shit but whatever its better she hears it.
>"I mean i trust there's some reason, something you're not telling me or won't tell me, and i'm just too stupid to realize it"
>I'm blabbing out more than i wanted to say at this point
>"But seriously, if we're just gonna screw behind our best friend's back, fine let's fucking do it."
>I'm just kinda at that point
>That was my break, i was done with fighting this stupid shit.
>She doesn't seem to have kneeled however, just staring at me
>I don't really see her eyes because of the glare of the light
>But she kneels down
>She's actually got a ridiculously solemn and serious face on, like she's going to break the news that one of my relatives had died.
>That's another face you should always run away from if a girl makes it at you anons.
>She's got an awful sad look on
>I don't want whatever news she's going to give me
>"Listen.... there's something i have to tell you"
>Those fucking words

>That yelling in the background had a perfect dramatic entrance, as banging of multiple women seems to have arrived on the door
>"Hey! I want to get opinions on my suit too!",
>i think its gadget?
>"You know you have to say mine looks the best"
>Obviously raven.
>as is usual, my maxxed luck rolls save the day.
>Glasses stops
>"...It's not my place to tell you anyway."
>And she leaves to open the door
>Bad news adverted

>I can pretend its not a thing right.
>Nothing is wrong
>repeat, NOTHING is WRONG
>I CANT HEAR YOU, PART OF MY MIND THAT'S GOT HORRIBLE DOUBTS
>OR YOU ANONS, TELLING ME EVERYTHING'S GOING WRONG
>*whistles loudly internally*

>I get greeted by the other two girls as the door is opened.
>To say "Swimsuits" is kind of pushing it.
>Because Raven is wearing a one piece with a t-shirt over it.
>And Gadget is wearing a t-shirt, what looks to be a one piece top, and boys swim trunks down below.
>God dammit you guys
>They still seem to think the choices are valid and demand compliments though as they join us in the shower and start posing.
>I've devoted half my mind to loudly whistling dixie and the other half i go through the motions of empty compliments.
>They notice
>Raven pokes me a couple times and asks what's wrong
>"Nothing!" I squeak and try to pay full attention to her.
>Wait a second
>You've got fucking pads underneath your shirt
>I tackle her and wrestle them out from under the suit
>As i thought, my hands contact the same silicon pads she uses to try to look older in a bra
>I swear to god raven
>"I like your chest! Why do you always try to make yourself look sexier when you know i like you just the way you are!"
>I realize that actually came out as an accusation
>I don't think she notices, she's just giggling and fighting me back trying to wrest them away and put them back
>She wouldn't need them if they were for me.
>The whistling gets louder, humming this time too.

>I enjoy the tickling, wrestling and squirming we seem to cause as i try to get her to at least take off her shirt
>She swam with me all the time without a shirt on, there was no big deal besides her chest-envy.
>Gadget is onlooking with an air of entertainment and a slight bit of worry
>I see her eyes catch mine
>"You better not try to take mine off too...."
>But it comes with a smile
>Either a challenge, or she's laughing at how i've pinned raven into a tickling embrace.
>I smile back

>"Naw, that's the most of your skin i've ever seen"
>Then i grin, partially from raven's fingers digging into my ribs, and partially because i find what i'm going to say rather funny.
>"But you sure have some nice legs"
>She blushes four feet into the air and hides behind glasses
>What is with these girls and self-image issues
>I manage to pin raven in the corner
>I've got her arms and legs, she can't move
>I go in for a kiss
>she dodges
>I go in for another
>that's another miss
>Third times a charm
>I get her on the nose and she smiles proudly as i let go.
>It was a rather lovely shower, a happy cheerful memory of everyone's smiling faces.

And that my dear anons, is where we end tonight. More 8:00 PST Tuesday probably. Also theme song over. Enjoy your happy moment anons.

Update #6 : May 28th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11881471

>Wake up with my beautiful bird perched upon her arm
>Vegas night drinking the birdbath.
>Sing her my best song for a vegas morning too.
>My ornithology skills are lacking
>That's a Goldfinch, not a Raven.
>She got the wrong two finger morning salute.
>Atleast its not a Cardinal, I wouldn't survive that sin.
>Goldie knows where i keep the birdseed
>Gonna tweet it to everybody
>I Cheep my best tune
>Hope for the best and leave the nest
>Change roosts, hug the proper bird
>A mistake that shall happen nevermore
>Morning hoots and rituals,
>Showers, alone, until
>Don't mind me, just watering my owl.
>How many licks would it take? I'm ready to find out.
>But Hedwig is the messenger
>The eventual bearer of the curse of death.
>Interrupted by a Pitohui and a Raven
>Frocking feathers and preening beauty
>The echoes of happy songbirds
>All in one Anon's attempts to survive a road trip with 5 teenage Avians* (Females).
(I usually don't include these, but if you didn't realize i have usually a themed recap of the last chapter on the thread, i liked this one, so i put it here too).

>It ended up being a rather long shower
>Lots of water flinging, soapy suds throwing, laughing, giggling
>I mostly managed to forget whatever it was i worried about
>Instead i concentrated on the wet women showering with me.
>It's a neat thing showering with female friends, for a couple different reasons.
>One, it's an excuse to see them soaking wet
>Two, you've got a boner the entire time
>Three, they know you've got a boner the entire time
>Couple more rules about you getting to touch them, and them not minding because face it everyone likes physical contact.
>You know, letting you soap them up, ect.
>But those didn't happen for me, because i knew i wouldn't be able to resist
>I kept my hands on Raven, and i used her to soap up the other girls for me.
>Instead of soap, i got to do the honors of shampooing and conditioning raven's summer frock of hair.
>I rather enjoyed it, first you lather it up into a bun atop her head
>My fingers scratching and massaging her scalp as she purred like a kitten.

>She always loves my nails on her scalp, i swear she's just a big cat.
>Then i forced her under the stream of water and she scrunched her eyes up tight as i made sure all of it was gone before she opened them again
>Her hair gets that sticky consistency, when you've successfully washed away all the oils, and you can feel the friction of every strand on your fingers.

>Then the conditioner, which is slippery and brings it right back to being silky again, as you scrub it in and absent mindedly massage it in for five minutes as you let it sit.
>You know how to get her hair all silky and smooth?
>Well on the back of the bottle, it says "Lather, Rinse, Repeat"
>I repeat.
>I took my time to think about it
>I was lovingly washing the hair of probably the most important person in my life
>Seems boring, but i can't state how important it was to me.
>And it wasn't even sexual, i was just giving her attention, and care.
>That whole "Make her feel Special" plan i had been working on.
>I took every detail into account, the texture of her skin, the curve of her shoulders, the sounds she made.
>The way the water cascaded down her back.
>The way she relaxed into my arms
>Made it all an important memory in my mind, and hopefully hers too
>Something i always feel is important to every relationship
>Non sexual physical contact, it's sometimes better than anything else.
>It made me feel strong, responsible, like i was caring for the girl in my arms.
>That subtle message that she could trust me, that i would always take care of her.

>It's an interesting feeling, i assume it comes with all serious relationships
>Self importance a little bit, that image that you matter to someone else.
>The same thing for them, that they matter too.
>Not like your parents telling you they love you, this is tangible
>You can feel when it starts, you can almost measure it.
>You care about everything they do, you get mad at the things they get angry at, you listen to every story they tell you like it's the most important thing.
>Even if you don't care, you still listen.
>The most important part is that the person you're holding in your arms matters to you.
>Not in a passing manner, it's just the way i always describe what feeling love is really like
>What the easiest measurement of loving someone really is.
>It's giving them the keys to your heart
>Investing all your thoughts, emotions and feelings into them and for them.
>Giving them the power to hurt you worse than you've ever been hurt before.
>And trusting them not to.

>Glasses left the shower first, said she was getting wrinkly and vanished into the other room

>I had finished the conditioning part of raven's hair, so i went in for a real kiss
>I figured gadget wouldn't mind
>I didn't get to find out if she would or not, because raven dodged my kiss
>Gave me a blank face, fluttered her eyelids, and left the shower.
>Awe.
>She even closed the door behind her
>I turn around to look at gadget
>I have a terrible boner, i'm hot and bothered.
>I try to make it a "I'm going to ravish you and there's nothing you can do to stop it" look
>But it comes out as a pouty face
>I'm actually not in the mood, i really wanted that kiss):
>Gadget was smiling and now she's not
>She gives me a pout in return, lip curled under perfectly.
>I forgot to mention how cute Gadget was
>Probably the only time any of us were going to see her without her trademarked outfit
>She had deceptively long hair, always had it hidden in hood with just the bangs showing, but here you could see it was down to mid-back.
>It was dark brown, almost black in the water, but she had reddish streaks in different places
>I never asked if it was natural, or if it was hilights, but they were usually hidden so i didn't see how it was the latter.
>I wouldn't put it past her on the former though, she had her mysteries.

>If her skin color was exotic before, it was breathtaking now
>Coffee with lots of cream was everything she left uncovered, but as you traveled up her legs it got lighter and lighter, with hints of caramel mixed in.
>But that ended at about mid-thigh where the shorts started, and her t-shirt stopped me from getting more than two thirds up her arms with my eyes.
>This was as much of her skin as i'd ever seen, and frankly if i was in a better mood i would have wiggled into being able to see more.
>She didn't catch me staring because i was pouting though (try it sometime, it works)
>I caught her eyes, and she offered up a conversation.
>"Did you figure out why she's so back and forth with you yet?"
>It was kind of obvious that raven and i weren't as lovey dovey as we should be, or as i wanted us to be at least.
>But uncle Gadget was also my secret confident, i told her all about our relationship troubles or the ones i thought we had.
>I shook my head, caught her eyes again
>I don't know if i ever described gadget's eyes properly, they were three colors
>Greenish blue on the outside, yellow next, and then brown in the very middle.
>Really, that's what "Hazel" is in eye color, but everyone always thinks it brown.
>They were really cool to stare into, my second favorite pair of eyes in the world.
>And they understood me, or gave me the impression they did.
>She twirled her fingers around in a circle and offered to wash my back, and continued the

conversation at the same time.

>Now you can pretend gadget had some secret thing for me and this was a romantic gesture.
>But her hands were tentative, she wasn't comfortable touching me and i could tell.
>She moved her hands just to where they needed to go, no farther.
>It was a gesture of selfless physical contact for comfort only, as we discussed all the reasons that were flowing through my head.
>I didn't mention what glasses had said earlier, but i quoted all my fears.
>Cheating mostly
>She had guy friends that i didn't really hang out with, but she did on occasion.
>I couldn't figure out how she could be seeing any of them though, unless she was lying to me when she did other things.
>Those little bits of thought are really what tears you apart in this kind of situation.
>It's almost got nothing to do with what she actually did.
>Just how bad you make yourself feel about her doing it behind your back.
>Gadget reminded me that we'd been over this and we were pretty sure she wasn't and that it must be something else.
>We had formulated a master plan together; back when raven ignored me the first time for asking what was wrong.

>And by master plan, i mean absolutely awful.
>i had come back to raven begging and pleading
>I told her the only reason i got all clingy and protective was because i thought she was cheating with another guy
>Went on an on about how it was pretty much shredding me apart with that thought.
>Honestly the "Being with another guy" part wasn't what got me.
>I always considered "Sex" and "Making Love" two entirely different things
>Important distinction to make, sex without love is just empty entertainment, and it's not always when you're in the best state of mind.
>While fucking another guy would hurt, i had too much of an ego to believe she really loved someone else more.
>Even though i told her time and time again that's what i was worried about
>and time and time again she told me that wasn't the case.
>It wore on me, so gadget suggested a plan
>That maybe raven was scared of how i would react, and i should offer her an out.

>So i proposed an "Open" relationship if she wanted it.
>I offered her a chance to just tell me if she was seeing anyone behind my back, and i could go try someone else and we would be even and fine.
>My thoughts and hopes were that there was an element of forbidden-ness to seeing someone else, that would go away when i made it fine in my book.
>And she would realize i was the best choice and come running fully back.
>Little full of myself there, i know.

>It didn't matter
>It didn't really take hold
>She just got insulted
>Made everything worse, told me that i didn't trust her.
>I gave it up, told her it was just following the advice of a friend and told her i would trust her if she gave me her word.
>Pushed it out of my mind
>But you know, a wise woman once said
>"I guess once you start doubting, there's no end to it"

>Showertime over, i gave gadget a hug
>Mostly for listening
>Partially for washing my back.
>But i wanted a hug and it was a good excuse to steal one for myself.
>Then she's off to brush her teeth while i get dressed.
>She doesn't peek, not once.
>In some part of mind, i appreciate that, i need more girls not trying to jump my bones in my life.
>I leave to figure out what everyone else is doing
>Raven and Glasses are fully dressed chatting up a storm, the pile of the clothes on the ground has vanished
>The third Bra is gone too, lets me narrow it down a little more.
>I peek into the other room, the shower is running in here too, and freckles is still asleep, mouth wide open.
>I guess blondie is showering, i might as well poke the bee's nest
>I knew better than to torment freckles
>But it was just too damn entertaining
>I stood over her and ripped the sheets back yelling "Rise and shine!"
>Wake up and smell the ashes.

>She wasn't wearing nearly as much clothing as i thought she was
>A long T-Shirt and panties, both rather loose
>The screams confirmed that
>And then the chasing, i run like hell
>i close the door between the rooms barely in time, lock it.
>Back to the door, barricading it against the banging.
>I look at glasses and raven with a pleading look, like its not my fault
>They look at me with the "We know its your fault and we aren't helping" patented girl look.
>Eyes with the glint of entertainment in them.
>Then the banging stops
>Uh oh
>Thirty seconds later the front door of the room opens
>There's an angry redhead at the door

>OH NO
>WAIT A MINUTE THAT CARD
>I left a keycard in there.

>The next couple of minutes are me getting chased around the room
>I'm jumping over beds, dodging between the other women.
>Raven and Glasses are just smiling and enjoying it
>Freckles is screaming profanity and things she's going to do when she catches me.
>Holy fuck she's fast, but i manage to squirm free every time she grabs me.
>I grab the metal bowl off the counter in the bathroom, squeeze under her arms and out the door and run down the hallway.
>It's a hotel, so the hallways are huge, covered in ugly carpet, well lit, and empty as hell.
>I hear screaming, i know i'm being chased
>I find the big machine down the hallway, the one in the little alcove all hotels seem to have.
>I put the bowl under it and it starts grinding
>Its the perfect plan
>She needs to cool off

>I get two thirds of the bowl full of ice before she's pummeling me.
>Good enough i guess
>I pull her into the alcove and press her up against the wall.
>We're pretty out of sight from the hallway, i hope.
>She's still hitting me, slaps and punches are connecting and she's screaming
>I slap one hand over her mouth, the other i grab a handful of ice and drop the bucket
>It lounds with a dull thud on its side and a clatter as the ice falls out.
>Then i drop my hand down under her shirt, pull back her panties and drop what must be five or six cubes right into the crotch before i let the elastic snap back.
>This was my plan all along, so i have my legs forcing hers apart so she can't squirm
>She squeals through my hand, but then it stops
>I see a look of recognition on her eyes, and blatant defiance as she moves her hands.
>I catch them, pinning them against the wall too
>She looks as if she's going to start screaming again
>Her eyes are sure screaming
>That glimmering fiery green again
>But she doesn't, maybe because we're in a public hallway and she's barely dressed it registers in her mind.
>Instead she gives me an angry statement
>"You asshole, let me GO!"
>But i watch as the heat drains out of her eyes and she starts to shiver.

>I feel like a serious asshole for doing this
>But i mean she slapped me a couple times and i feel like being an asshole to her.
>I give her the ultimatum

>"Say you're sorry for hitting me"
>Easy goal, she can do it.
>I'm firm, stare her in the eyes
>Still that quiet defiance
>She starts trying to squirm, i can tell it's freezing
>I'm still stronger, she won't get out of it that easily.
>"N.. no you pig, you're hurting m...me"
>She was shivering now
>I was counting in my head, or trying to
>30 seconds had passed, she was still trying to struggle and escape.
>I could imagine how cold her privates were feeling right now.

>"i... i'll k... kill y... you"
>Teeth chattering.
>I've got a grin on, but she's nearing the minute mark.
>I bet everything's going numb, she's still struggling but its weaker than before.
>I don't want to cause lasting damage, two minutes at most if she didn't apologize.
>I could guess how sensitive girl parts are, i would be crying for mercy at a minute thirty for sure.
>She spits in my face
>Mercy? I'm afraid my condition has left me cold to your pleas of mercy.
>Three minutes is fine by me too!
>Her stare doesn't let up, still unrelenting.
>I'll be honest, i was the one who was wavering.
>She doesn't even say anything, just glares at me like it's a contest of wills as to who will win.
>I'm half enjoying this, half listening out for anyone else.
>Such great payback for all the other things she'd done to me.
>For half a year she'd been trying to break up Raven and myself with rumors, claimed i was cheating with other girls behind my back but always played it off as "Rumors" she'd heard
>I knew it was her
>I always told everyone it was her
>Nobody ever believed me though, and she just fucking smirked every time, got away with it.
>Get away with it now bitch.

>I realize i might have some pent up rage against this girl
>I couldn't be sure i didn't blame her for fucking up my relationship with raven in the first place.
>Or sowing that fucking seed of doubt by trying to tell me she was dating someone else.
>Minute 45 mark, and she's not wavering
>"I... i'm n... not... s...orr..y, a...ss...h...ol...e"
>Her teeth are chattering up a storm and i realize she's not going to give up until i cause some major damage
>It's three or four minutes for major frostbite and 2:30 for minor.

>I'm not heartless
> i count out the last 15 seconds and let go.
>Her hands snap down to her underwear and rip them down
>I step back right as i hear a crackling ripping sound
>And she lets out a yelp, clasps her hands over her crotch and sinks to the floor.

>I have no clue what that would be, i'm worried its not skin or something.
>I could swear i had been able to keep a consistent count
>Kneeling down i take a look at the panties
>The ice cubes are stuck to them, and covered in red hair.
>Oh fuck
>They had melted, stuck to her hair and then refrozen again
>I tumble over laughing
>I can't stop, oh man that's too good
>Awful, i feel like a major ass
>But that's too good
>She's just sitting with her hands clasped over her rather numb and tender loins
>I hear her mumbling "I hate you, i hate you, i hate you"
>over and over.
>Yeah i fucking hate you too freckles, but that's probably payback enough for most the shit you've done lately.

>Since i'm male, we're pretty much best bros now that we've fought properly.
>That doesn't mean she agrees, but i've temporarily chosen to forget her crimes against me.
>Plus, i was feeling a little bad, even if i was smiling.
>I grab her panties and give them a shake, the ice cubes peel off and clatter to the floor as the fabric changes shape.
>Just gonna let the janitor deal with those.
>I grab one of her arms and force her to her feet the other still clasped over her crotch.
>She complains the entire time
>"DON'T TOUCH ME!"
>and
>"I HATE YOU"
>Both back to full volume.
>Guess that's the way the cookie crumbles.
>I ignore her compliments, and tell her to lift her leg up, which she does surprisingly enough.
>I help her put one leg and then another, through and pull them up
>I'm a gentleman, i don't look down, but i see her face cringe as the cold and wet spot touches her skin again.
>Then i look at her eyes, they're stormy and a shallow shale gray
>she's crying

>Fuck, i feel really bad now
>She mumbles out a couple more "I hate you"s
>Then a pained "It's still numb but it stings"
>Tears are streaming down her face as i help her waddle down the hallway.
>Then she gives my favorite freckles quote, one i'll remember forever
>"You broke it"
>Hahhahahaha
>Manage to not laugh in her face though
>Barely
>I just tell her to rub it to make it feel better
>Laughing even harder internally
>We get to the door and i knock calmly a couple times
>Freckles has had her hands in her panties the entire time,
>She rips them away when glasses answers the door.
>Which doesn't help much as we both come inside, because she's still shivering, and has nipples pointing towards the heavens through her shirt.
>I just inform the other two girls i'll tell them later, and shove freckles into the bathroom and close the door behind me.

>She's instantly got her hands back in her panties, i'm worried i did far more harm than i intended
>That's not all i get.
>I also get a "FUCK YOU, GET OUT" and a "IM GOING TO KILL YOU"
>Yeah yeah we know
>I turn the sink to hot and grab a small towel off the rack and put it in the basin, then i turn around and demand she takes off her panties.
>More screaming, about me being a pervert, some things about me being gay, a couple words about the size of my penis and i think she says my nose is ugly.
>I just rip her underwear down
>She screams about bloody murder rape
>God i think the entire floor of the building can hear her
>The girls outside are laughing though
>I'm really glad, they would really complicate things if they believed her.
>I don't give Freckles a chance to bitch at me or start hitting again, i grab the washcloth which is rather hot now.
>Then just slap it onto her crotch and hold it there.
>She stops yelling
>Squirming
>Everything
>Even relaxes a little

>I start talking
>I point out i know about all the nasty shit she's done against me

>I point out i've been trying to be nothing but nice to her, and she's just attacked me and hit me multiple times in two days.
>I point out she's going to have to man the fuck up and put up with me if we're going on this trip
>And i point out that i feel like she deserved everything i just did to her
>Which she starts to respond to, with the beginnings of exceptionally angry words, but i stop her
>"But i'm sorry about the hair, i didn't mean to do that"
>She stops
>She's crying again
>Blubbering even, goes back into her generic feminism speech bullshit
>"You're disgusting, all men are the same" blah blah blah.
>Yeah whatever
>I interrupt her with first order of business
>"Yeah ok i got that already; Do you want me to take a look at you down there, or should i get another girl?"
>She growls at me through gritted teeth
>"What do you think?"
>Ahh fate, why do you tempt me so.

>I don't give in, i place her hand on the washcloth and call for glasses.
>She shows up with a curious, but worried look on her face.
>Yeah this'll be fun to explain
>I whisper the jist of it in her ear
>She gives me a look
>A beautiful mixture of what the fuck, and are you sure that's what happened.
>I just nod, and she vanishes into the bathroom to do a girly part check up.
>I sit silently down on the bed next to the onlooking listeners blondie and raven.
>They give me another look
>Juicy details please
>I make it short
>"I shoved ice down her panties, i think we're better friends now"
>They mirror the look glasses had earlier
>Ahh today is going to be a great day.

>Nothing too interesting happens for the rest of the morning as we get packed again
>Well, not after glasses comes out of the bathroom shaking her head sadly and going "She's not going to make it"
>To the tune of giggles from everyone else.
>Miss Firecrotchety was fine though.
>I'm not sure peace was ever an option, but atleast we understood one another better.
>Maybe
>We packed up, got the rooms sorted out
>Did all the usual things you do when you leave a hotel room
>stole all the freebies
>Raven complained she couldn't find her hairbrush, glasses her makeup case and freckles claimed i'd stolen her underwear.
>Gadget just pointed out we probably put it in somebody's bag, and we'd find it later.
>So normal room-leaving-things with women, if you haven't ever done it.
>we were back in the car before 10:00
>Everyone was starving, so we got some goodbye vegas junk food, and we settled on our final seating order for the day.
>Freckles was driving, Glasses and Gadget riding back, Raven shotgun and Blondie/Myself middle.

>Blondie went through a small retelling of her events the previous night
>She skipped out on the stabbing parts, or the embarrassing parts about being damn close to raped in some car somewhere.
>Which meant i wasn't really gonna get any hero points with the group.

>Technically i got bad-guy points for losing her in the first place
>Yeah, such is the storybro life.
>I still got some serious points with blondie though
>She made it clear with a whisper of "Thank you...twice" a mixture of actual appreciation, and a tad bit of sadness in her voice.
>I was sitting next to her for the next however many hours
>Might as well keep her in a good mood
>I whisper back an "Any time" hopefully she takes that for the saving-from-kidnapping, and not the other thing
>She blushes
>Oh damnit
>Freckles gives me the occasional glare in the rearview mirror, i bet her crotch is still sore, but she doesn't speak up about it.
>Instead glasses points out there's actually nothing for the next couple hours, so we might as well talk about something interesting.
>We're heading southeast into a desert, so there really is nothing.
>I start suggesting topics.
>Which goes on for about what, fifteen minutes
>And we just completely run out of things to say.

>We just end up silent until we reach the city limits
>And silent for a while after that
>I'm almost ready to grab a blanket and go to sleep with blondie as a pillow, i had enough excitement for the day anyway.
>Until raven suggests video games, and that's instantly accepted as to what we're doing.
>She pulls out her bag, passes out a magical wifi-thingy and four PSPs and the games.
>Myself, Glasses, Gadget and Raven get one
>Blondie gets to watch until one of us dies.
>Its Untold Legends (which was an awesome game btw)
>We all kind of picked different characters and ran off together to kill things on what it said was the hardest difficulty.
>Blondie curled up beside me with a blanket, leaning on my arm and watching.
>She was pretty cute, but no time for girls, video games are srs business.

>The difficulty was pretty much hell, we all died and passed it off between whoever didn't have a PSP at the time.
>My character was absolutely awful though, some alchemist or something.
>Literally couldn't survive on his own

>Why that always happens in dungeon crawlers, i don't know, but i'm awful at them.
>We trade until freckles gives us a shout to shape up and pay attention
>We're heading up to the hoover dam
>Neat
>Nothing to really describe, it was tall as fuck, scary to look down and i only thought about shoving freckles over once.
>Glasses makes a comment about being scared to look down because they might fall off.
>It wasn't actually as cool as i wanted it to be, felt like i'd been here before.
>Plus i had totally been here in HL1

>We pile back into the car and i decide i've had enough dying on the PSP
> i curl up and use blondie's shoulder as a pillow (with her permission) and catch up on some much needed sleep.
>Except i'm awful at sleeping in cars, so i just close my eyes and listen to the sounds of the car for a while
>The various exclamations as girls beat different things to a bloody pulp
>The cheers for cool loot drops, or the bickering between who should trade what to whom.
>I stay pretend sleeping until glasses gives a cry of dismay as the PSP does its blinky light thing and they realize they forgot to charge it all the way.
>Then everyone else stops
>Go go gadget saves the day with a car charger, but there's not enough juice to start up again yet.
>I assume they'll talk about something interesting while i'm "sleeping" but they never do.
>It's just another couple miles before the blanket shifts and i realize blondie is fully under it too.
>Then i feel her hand slide over across my pants, and land at the waistband of my jeans.
>It slowly starts sliding down, and i grab it calmly
>She jumps, an inch or two in her seat, she didn't expect me to be awake.
>I get a whispered excuse
>"I just wanted to return the favor..."
>I don't stop pretending to be asleep, but i return her hand to her own lap and then above her waistband.
>I slide her ow hand into her pants and press it down firmly, move it in a small circle.
>She's completely hidden by the blanket, so nobody can see.
>But i whisper back
>"Keep your hands to yourself"
>This is going to be a long ride indeed.

That's all for tonight anons, Thursday 8:00 PST ideally will be the next update.

Update #7 : May 30th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11922742

>I don't really know what blondie did under that blanket.
>I pulled my hand away, and had it resting on her stomach for a while, before i fully pulled it back.
>I didn't see the blanket move through my half-slit eyes.
>I didn't feel the shoulder i was leaning on squirm
>I'm pretty sure she didn't
>The girl i was using as a pillow was still blondie, and she was still far too intensely self conscious to schlick in a car.
>I still don't sleep
>I end up giving up, it becomes one of those cat naps instead
>Where you lie down, close your eyes, and don't ever drift off, but you feel better when you finally open them again.
>No amount of decent time had passed
>Chatter had died down to a couple attempts at 20 questions
>But 20 questions is only fun for about 10 minutes before we appropriately guessed "Sand" for the third time.
>There being nothing out here was an understatement
>It was us, the other cars, the road, shrubs, mountains, and nothing.
>If you ever plan a car trip to vegas, remember there's absolutely nothing for miles.
>And miles.
>[spoiler]Really just fucking nothing[/spoiler]

>I pretend to wake up
>Gotta put on a show, to everyone else blondie and i haven't got along for years.
>Her letting me sleep on her was probably sketch.
>I'm either paranoid, or completely right in thinking that the other girls are going to notice something's up, and i try to fix it.
>Do that fake yawn thing and wrap my arm up and around Blondie's shoulder to pull her closer
>That good ol trick you use when you want the girl to know you want to touch her but don't have the balls to just do it.
>Aka its not sneaky at all, and everyone in the car who was looking forward (Gadget, Glasses, Blondie) saw it happen.
>It's part of my master plan
>I've pretty much never had a master plan go the way i want, and this is no exception.
>Nowhere close to what i wanted.
>I end up sitting there with my arm around blondie, and she doesn't say a peep
>Doesn't shrug me off, doesn't say anything.
>She even scoots slightly into the crook of my arm, and i feel like a mama bird protecting a

youngling.
>All the girls are looking at us, just not raven yet.
>God damnit blondie

>I whisper to her, best i can without anyone noticing
>"You're supposed to hate me"
>I'm trying to be quiet, i don't know if i convey the proper meaning
>But i see a tiny glimmer of understanding in the eye i could see
>A little flash from blue, to white, to blue again
>She was always clever, i never understood blonde jokes around her.
>Then she shoved me
>Along with a shrill yell "KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF"
>Oh man, 10/10
>Absolutely perfect acting blondie
>Except she shoved me really hard
>Really really hard, stronger than i wanted
>It was the right spectacle though, i could see every girl's pair of eyes in the rearview mirror
>As my momentum carried me upright, to leaning right
>Emerald, Hazel, Brown, Topaz.
>I didn't have anything but a lap belt, there were no brakes.
>I throw out my arms
>Too late, wrong angle
>I see the corner of the ice cooler coming at my face
>I do turn my head, don't end up hitting my eye
>Just the side of my skull
>That enjoyable plastic thump
>Then i go limp
>I always forget that part.
>How did the Blonde try to kill the bird?
>By throwing it off a cliff.

>As painful as hitting the cooler was (which i didn't remember)
>Freckles screeching something and almost hitting the car in front of us.
>Someone grabbing me and shaking me awake.
>As fun as all that momentary drama was, it did two great things.
>One, my plan was finally a success, even if it went badly
>I didn't mean to get blondie to try to kill me
>Its just she wasn't acting blondie proper
>I mentioned i didn't get along with (kinda) one of the girls, and blondie was that kinda
>She usually didn't get along with me either
>Yet i had just fallen asleep on her arm like a sister, we were sitting together like best friends
>And she had tried to give me a handjob like a bored cousin in the backseat of a redneck pickup.

>You see how that probably looked to everyone else
>I could feel the judgemental stares from here

>Or maybe i was just paranoid
>I still felt like it was rather obvious we weren't on awful terms today and we were before, so i didn't expect that paranoia to not be truth soon.
>If the other girls started asking questions...
>Well like i said, i wasn't sure blondie wasn't going to tell, or wouldn't tell on accident or something.
>Maybe she would tell the drug story and get carried away into the morning after, and i couldn't have that.
>The less questions they asked the better
>So even though she just bashed my head into a drink cooler, it was a good thing.
>The second great thing was that it entertained everyone
>Hah yeah we were that bored
>No not really
>If that doesn't count there was really no second thing
>I didn't get any extra points with any of the women, because although glasses had unbuckled her seatbelt and picked me up and put all my pieces back together
>It was widely accepted i deserved it.
>And freckles nearly crashed the car
>And for some reason i was in deep shit for that, and not the girl who shoved me
>Freckles wasn't worried about me, her "GIRLS ARE BEING OPPRESSED BY MEN" senses were tingling
>It's scary how real those things are
>Like she was on edge the entire time i was in the car, and blondie yelling with me next to her instantly meant i was the one at fault.
>I've stopped questioning girl logic, i just accept it

>Humpty Dumpty with his pieces back together, the car righted itself along with everyone inside
>I get a hushed apology from blondie, before she crosses her arms, gives a "Hmmph" and turns the other way.
>I suggested swapping seats.
>Blondie agrees
>Perfect
>I'm about to suggest i swap with glasses
>Glasses offers to swap first
>With Blondie
>Nopenopenope
>Blondie agrees
>NOPENOPENOPE
>I throw the blanket up in the air as a distraction, but mostly just throw it over myself and blondie again.

>Snake my hand under, a firm grip of the back of her pants
>She doesn't realize, Tries to get up and swap places
>She can't
>I hold her down
>She realizes now, gives me a glare
>I glare back
>Pleading

>Her eyes soften, and she realizes i don't want her to go
>Awe so romantic
>Don't leave me blondie, i want you to stay with me!
>This is probably what her brain is yelling.
>Not me, i diffuse the situation as best i can
>"Raven, let me ride shotgun"
>I can hear blondie's delusions of important shatter
>Also mine too.
>Raven turns me down.
>"You should have just called it yourself earlier, no."
>): Shotgun blocked
>She was still mad at me about something
>I could have suggested we sit together, but i had the feeling that wouldn't happen, also illegal.
>Instead i just sit back down with blondie
>Not gonna move i guess
>I didn't mind blondie anyway, i just didn't want her to pretend we weren't getting along anymore
>Once was enough, i had a huge lump where she hit me
>I was interrupted from one of the bros in the back
>The maniacal one
>Glasses
>"Come sit back here with us!"

>Y... no i don't really want to
>I just make a sigh and say i'd rather just stay here
>Gadget insists
>Glasses insists
>I put my foot down and change the topic, say we should watch a movie or something
>Which is widely accepted as a good idea
>Raven informs me of the location of the lost DVD treasures and the laptop
>In her bag in the back
>Which i have to go get
>*sigh*
>I unbuckle, crawl over and end up leaned almost entirely over the back seat between the two girls.

>The laptop is under piles of raven's clothing, including socks, underwear and frilly things i've never seen her wear before.
>It's an adventure indeed
>I'm ready and expecting to get a slap on the butt
>Anything
>But it never happens
>I'm just wiggling out there and not a single touch from either of the women
>That's a good thing, i just was surprised at glasses is all.
>Maybe she's got it out of her system
>I sink into the middle seat to unfold the laptop, the cords, and our selection of movies
>And i get whispered to, in my right ear
>"Sit with us during the movie, or i tell them your secret from last night"

>I sigh internally
>Stare at Glasses, i can't see her eyes
>The lighting in the car just kind of bounces off the window and makes the lenses shiny
>I would be worried
>But i don't know of any secrets i had last night
>Technically that blondie one, but there's no way she would know i almost got stabbed, and that's not even a thing i'm worried about.
>I have that brief moment of contemplation
>You know, that one where you go "Go ahead, tell them" because you don't think its going to be too bad.
>But then i really really think about it
>I know better
>Sigh
>I give her a defeated look and agree to stay.

>I'll have to poke and prod her for details later, but i'm not going in unprepared
>I suggest blondie come back here with us too, either four in a row, or she can sit on a lap or something.
>More girls back here, the better for not getting teased the entire car ride.
>I offer raven too, but she's not interested for some reason
>We're already breaking laws, she can have my lap if she wants.
>I offer
>No dice
>Alright then i guess.
>We decide if nobody is going to be on the front two seats, we'll fold them down
>Makes the entire middle of the car flat floored, really cool actually.
>Snacks and drinks are passed out
>We scoot the cooler into the middle, everyone gets to stretch legs out flat, laptop goes on top of cooler

>Blondie at first tries to sit down as the fourth member of the row
>Which is really tight, and we decide isn't very comfy
>So instead she decides to lie down across us all.
>Which doesn't work at all
>Then she tries laps
>Which doesn't really work at all either
>I won't let her sit in mine, she's a bigger girl than gadget so that doesn't work out, and glasses has to lean at an awkward angle to see the laptop.
>Gadget ends up on my lap, Glasses to my right, blondie to my left
>Gadget is shorter than me, sits in my lap nicely and doesn't fiddle too much
>Perfect
>I try to find an innocent place for my hands
>That's not a thing that's possible
>I can't get my hands to my lap, and that would be on her butt so that's off limits anyway.
>Her lap isn't really anything but feels wrong to me
>Wrapping my arms around her feels wrong too
>Leaving my hands at my side just as limp wet noodles was a choice, but glasses was wearing a skirt, better not risk that.
>I find the perfect place to put them.
>I wrap my arms halfway around, and sink them into gadget's jacket pockets.

>I bet it looked cute
>It would have looked cuter if they could have seen what went on under the blanket blondie threw over everyone.
>Gadget dropped her hands down to her pockets too
>Surprised me, put them right on top of mine
>Fingers neatly but softly interlocking
>Adorable
>Gadget and i were... wierd
>That's not an easy thing to explain.
>"Friendzone" is the closest approximation, if you want to pretend i was alpha enough to friendzone her.
>But it was really all her.
>More like a lack of worry she wanted me as anything more than a friend.
>Blondie, was always worried i would slip up and give her the wrong idea, always playing that line from before.
>Glasses wanted me to give her the D, and Freckles wanted to give me the D.
>All politics all the time with everyone else it seemed
>But not gadget
>I liked that, she could wash my back and talk and not have it be sexual, she could hold my hands in her pockets because it's just a nice way to watch a movie.
>And she could watch me get a blowjob as i stared into her e...
>Yeah fuck, alright i liked her.

>Shut up.

>Consider her a sister though, off limits
>No matter how adorable the hand holding was
>What wasn't so adorable was the movie we were going to watch
>The girls decided on the 2006 casino royale (james bond)
>I was in for two hours of them telling me how hot daniel craig was.
>They didn't disappoint
>They love his face, they love his eyes
>Raven's even commenting and she's not even watching
>Trying to make me jealous maybe
>How can i be jealous
>Really though, he was pretty hot.
>You guys know i love eyes, and that guy has some really nice eyes
>Just don't tell anyone i said that.

>Fantasizing about daniel craig while i'm covered in girls, hell yeah this is the life
>Was the life
>Because about an hour in, glasses started fiddling around
>Yeah i knew pure relaxing movie watching wasn't going to end well
>I feel her hand find mine, i couldn't snap out of the pockets fast enough
>She finds out
>No grins, no smiles
>Glasses gives gadget and my combined worried faces a frown.
>Which changes gadget to horrified, her hands snapped away and on her lap.
>It wasn't really anything perverted, just innocent
>I can't read minds, but i guess gadget felt bad for giving me advice for raven all the time, and then holding my hands.
>I don't know, in my mind i could explain my way out of this easily
>Raven wouldn't care
>But i could see how it probably looked
>More politics, now it seemed like i was secretly romancing Gadget.
>Great.

>Hurt eyes, sad, sorrowful amber
>That's what i saw as Glasses pretended to watch the movie.
>But her mind was whirring, i could hear it.
>Little gears and mechanisms inside her head with plans i couldn't even imagine.
>Wait for it
>Wait for it.
>More of the movie passes, it was alright, not the best.
>Then glasses leans over
>Here it fucking was

>"Hey... if you don't want me to-"
>"What!" i whisper back interrupting her
>I realize probably gadget can hear everything i'm saying, even if i'm quiet
>So i clap my hands over her hood where her ears should be, and i start whispering up a god damn flurry.
>"What are you going to fucking do, blackmail me"

>I don't stop with just that
>I knew exactly what she was going to do
>"I bet you just took off your panties right now, that's what all that squirming was"
>"Then you were going to threaten to tell i was holding another girl's hand if i didn't finger you or something"
>"Even though you know i don't want to fucking break up with raven, and you know i'm not cheating, i bet you'd spread that just thin enough to make it seem i'm a shit person for some reason or other huh?"
>Ice hot fire, i spit that.
>I give her as much of a piece of mind as whispering will allow
>I accuse her of all kinds of dirty things, or low down schemes
>I can see the spittle flying out of my own mouth, landing on her cheek
>She's not saying anything
>Not even fully looking at me
>I talk until i'm out of breath, breathe, go silent ,and talk more.
>I end it off with threatening to tell everyone that she's been trying to seduce me.
>She looks sad
>I feel like shit
>But whatever, i called her ploy
>Aint giving in to her shit right now.

>She stops, stares off into the distance for a bit
>I've still got my hands clapped over gadget's ears, but she's not struggling
>She understands
>i bet Blondie heard a couple choice words, but nothing too important.
>Movie drowned most it out, road sounds the rest.
>Glasses turns to face me
>And Smiles
>I realize i've lost somehow, some horrible way
>I don't know how
>But i've lost
>I drop my glare, and she finally speaks
>"No, i just have to go to the bathroom"
>Which she mirrors, to our driver up front.
>Wow

>I'm a dick

>I stop talking.
>I'm so embarrassed, i wish everybody else was dead.
>We decide to pull over at a town for lunch, and a rest stop.
>When i say a town, i mean its the first town we've seen.
>I've long since let go of gadget's ears, and she doesn't say anything so i'm pretty sure she didn't hear.
>Blondie just starts talking up about how cool Daniel craig is some more, so i'm pretty damn sure she didn't hear anything.
>I get a couple odd looks from Raven as we pull into a Gas station.
>I know she didn't hear, there's no way
>We all kind of pile out, atleast i do
>Freckles too, on gas duty.
>I use the bathroom and check the food selections, poor.
>I ask if there's any great places around we can get food, and he points out a market up the street.
>I return to the car and outline the market situation.
>Which brings sighs of relief, because it seems more than half of them had to pee and didn't want to use the gas station.
>i point out it was fairly clean for a gas station
>They don't care.
>I would say "Women" but really i expect it by now.

>We end up at the market
>I don't go in, i'm sulking
>I thought i finally won against glasses, but i didn't
>Wasted all my steam
>Now i was just back to being sad
>Gadget stays too, everyone else leaves
>Raven is in charge of scouring lunch, so we let her do her thing.
>I just lie down on the flat space in the middle of the car
>Doors close, girls vanish into the store
>And i remember gadget is in here when she talks
>"You did that on purpose, right?"
>w. what? What did i do on purpose
>Now i'm worried
>What did i do
>I ask, she responds
>"You mean you did not? I thought... you wanted me to hear."
>Fuck gadget, what the hell did i do now.
>"Your hands were not on my ears"
>Oh.

Update #8 : June 1st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11951285

>That's a revelation
>"Oh"
>I respond with that
>I kinda think about it for a while, couple minutes atleast
>She's silent, i'm silent
>I'm pretty sure she doesn't want to talk first because it's a bombshell.
>That's the other half of the picture gadget never saw, i only discussed the possibilities of my partner being disloyal.
>Not the pressure i was under to be disloyal myself.
>I spread my arms wide and put them up so she can see them
>"Welcome to the club."
>In my mind, there was no way this was going to end in any way that could even resemble well.
>Better make light of the situation because it's all going to hell real soon.
>I didn't tell mostly because glasses was still my friend, and it wasn't the kind of thing you tell on a friend.
>Because now gadget knew she was essentially a cutthroat backstabbing bitch.
>Which Raven had no clue about
>You don't pretend to be a girl's best friend and try to seduce her boyfriend
>It happens, and lots of times they can play it off casually with a "I was just testing him" kind of thing.
>But not here, Uncle Gadget heard everything i said.
>You can't play out of this one.
>To her, Glasses was now Dr.Claw

>This is one of those places where the next couple of sentences are going to decide exactly how hard our group is going to fall apart.
>Which countries will get involved
>Every weapon in our nuclear arsenal primed and ready to go.
>Missiles that should never have been launched, devastating secrets, insults, and miles of hurt feelings raining down on the others in a firestorm.
>How much real nuclear damage there's going to be.
>Who's going to be able to get to the fallout shelters in time
>Who's going to be hung out to dry in the ensuing battle.
>We should be popping our potassium iodide tablets now, and hiding.
>Guessing, just at how long
>How long this nuclear winter was going to last.
>Glasses was a pretty strong pillar of our group, and it was mutual assured destruction to attack

her.
>I felt like curling up into a ball and just hiding under a blanket in the back.
>Really, i mean what else was i going to do.

>I could throw down a rundown on how everything from this point was going to go, but there were only four real possibilities
>One, gadget tells Raven.
>It's my fault for not telling her sooner
>Because i've been hiding it instead of being honest, it's reasonable to assume i've probably been cheating
>I could hear her screaming about it already in my head
>"YOU didn't tell ME? I thought WE were HONEST with EACH OTHER"
>It's not really girl logic as much as relationship logic.
>You find out your partner's been keeping secrets and you re-evaluate everything in a different light
>You find possibilities of crimes that didn't even occur to you before.
>Doesn't matter if they're true or not, when you find out someone's lying it just makes everything they say in the future harder to believe, and everything in the past suspect.
>That would be a relationship Game Over
>we would break up because of how serious she always makes it out that we're being loyal to one another
>Doesn't matter if i didn't cheat, i was keeping that secret so she can't believe me if i say i didn't.
>Glasses could back me up and take the hit, but i mean she would have even less credibility.
>Raven wouldn't even talk to her, Gadget wouldn't even talk to her, She would probably be expelled from the group, the trip would probably cancel and we'd end up flying back or something.

>That's just one possibility.
>She could confront Glasses, and that would either turn into a secretive power struggle between them, or blow up into something where at best #1 would happen.
>At worst? Gadget was putting herself in the firing line there
>Probably would lose too, Glasses always wins every game she plays.
>Option Number three, she could tell freckles or blondie and ask for help.
>Blondie would blab it out eventually, freckles would find a way to make it even more my fault than it could ever possibly be.
>Nothing worst than someone who hates you introducing reasons to hate you even more
>First she would start with the appetizer.
>"Hey Raven~, i just wanted to let you know that we just found out your boyfriend and best friend have totally been fucking behind your back for like the last year."
>Then the entree
>"And i was just trying to do the right thing and tell you, because the only reason he was found out was because he was trying to convince gadget to join too and twist that knife they plunged into your back harder!"

>Then the kicker
>"I'm sooo sorry you had to find out about it like this, but i just wanted to tell you because i'm your FRIEND and FRIENDS tell one another these kinds of things~"
>Welcome to the world of manipulation anons, enjoy your stay.
>Option number four
>It's simple
>We kill the [spoiler]Did you hear they're making a heath ledger alarm clock?[/spoiler]

>Hide the body, pretend she left and never came back.
>Really is never an option though, i left my good set of clamps at home.
>they were all covered in snitch juice anyway.
>It's time to sit back and wait for her next words
>They'll tell me where it's going to land, which country attacks first.
>She's quiet for a bit, then not so quiet in a flurry of a question, quick and loud
>"Did you cheat on Raven?"
>Ahh and that's it folks
>Nuclear launch detected.
>She's chosen all out war with glasses
>Nothing i can do now, but i might as well try to make my grave as shallow as possible.
>I hold up my thumb and forefinger, about an inch apart
>"This close, if you hadn't joined the shower i might have."
>Honesty is the best policy here, because in this case it's just believable enough
>I don't look at her
>Don't try to read her eyes, i'd just dread what she was going to say even more.

>"Wow"
>It's quiet, almost a sigh
>As if she'd just realized something heavy and important had fallen upon her shoulders.
>it definitely had.
>I just relax lying back flat again, stare upwards at the car's ceiling.
>It's really not the same
>Just doesn't do the trick, the texture is wrong, it's too close.
>Can't blot out the world.
>Can't pretend nothing is happening when you can count the bits of fuzz on the ceiling
>"You should have told me..."
>There it is, time for it to be my fault
>I stay silent, no need to respond to that.
>Come on gadget, i know you've got it in you
>Go ahead, say it
>"I shall just make sure i am always around so she can't get you alone, ok?"
>I sit up
>She's fiddling with something on the floor i can't see, and she's not looking at me
>Yeah...

>That's uhh
>hmmm
>"That might work... actually"

>Maybe it would work in someone else's life, but probably not mine
>It wasn't some magical other option
>It was still confronting glasses, just indirectly
>Less dramatic than all the other choices, but i didn't really get why she wasn't going to tell.
>It felt like that kind of thing you tell when you learn about
>I tried to ask her this in a sideways manner, not make it too obvious like it wasn't a choice
>Doesn't work, i end up full blown asking why she's not going to tell anyone
>Pretty much dig myself a bigger hole and giving her ideas
>But then she just has a logical answer
>"Well... why did you not tell?"
>Yeah, a million reasons
>I list some of them
>She nods
>"Those too"
>Yep
>It's funny because i was talking to the most logical girl i knew, and i was expecting her to pull the same bullshit anyone else would have.
>Maybe even i would have.

>"So what, does this mean i'm in your protective custody now?!"
>I'm not sure how this entire thing is going to work, but i could probably live with handcuffs
>"No silly! I am your guard dog!"
>i don't think we have handcuffs anyway
>She pulls both arms against her chest straight up, flips the hands down and gives a smile
>that pretend dog-begging pose
>Then she lolls her tongue out a bit and makes a silly sound
>"Au, Au!"
>It kinda sounded like "Ow ow"
>I have no clue what it meant, but it sounded pretty happy and seemed like a dog impression of some sort.
>She drops her arms
>I see her move a bit forward, fiddle with something in her pocket and then crawl over to me
>Her hood falls back, reveals that long dark hair, and i get to see her smile.
>Then i get hugged
>It's always that great friendly hug she gives, wraps her arms around you and puts her head beside you, ear to ear
>You end up listening to one anothers thought's every time.
>But i couldn't hear hers, or mine even
>I heard music

>She had earbuds in
>Typical gadget really
>I guess we stay like that for a bit, it's easy because it's like listening to a warm-half-set of earthphones
>Until the door opened and i found Raven with a rather curious look staring at us.
>"Geeze woman, do you ever knock?"
>and yeah, i actually said something along those lines.

>I get a quizzical look in return
>Raven raises an eyebrow and poses the question of "Do tell..."
>I give gadget a tiny-tiny probably painful jab in the ribs
>just so she would let go and see raven
>The other doors of the car are opening now too, other women arriving.
>I don't really think i'm doomed though
>Gadget gives these awesome cute hugs that don't look very sexual, so i was probably safe
>She's even got an innocent explanation for everyone
>"He just reminded me of a memory that made me really happy."
>I don't know what, but i watch Blondie/freckles/glasses give different nods, or looks of not-caring, so i figured i was safe.
>Raven keeps up the quizzical look, and then it softens
>"Well, you two look cute together"
>n.
>you shouldn't even
>n...
>You didn't even
>NO
>raven was mad at me.
>FUCK

>The girls brought back sandwich fixings, bread, cheese, meat, some spreads, lettuce
>I'm ready, closed heart, empty stomach.
>In the words of my uncle
>"Allez Cuisine!"
>We bustle around making a lunch, cars doors open, Blondie our resident chef of kitchen stadium
>Secret ingredient, Ham.
>We give her fifteen minutes and she's prepared a five star feast for us as we lounge around talking
>Judges give her five stars
>I don't vote, i'm too lost in thought
>I just scarf down sandwichbro, he doesn't get the respect he deserves.
>I'm racking my mind for what could have possibly pissed off raven
>I just can't figure it out, i haven't done anything

>Well.. i've done everything, but really i don't know of any reason she would be passive aggressive mad at me for.
>Maybe i'm wrong, maybe she's not mad at me
>I scootch over to sit next to her and do a test wrap my arm around
>I get it all the way, she doesn't seem to have any objections
>Obviously i was wrong
>Just overreacti-
>She shrugs my arm off and scoots away
>Fuck.

>I get up and stretch my legs around the car for a bit
>Do a couple laps, and end up standing over to the side with Glasses and Blondie chatting up a storm about something
>I Get closer
>It's Daniel craig again
>I just stroll up and join the conversation nonchalantly
>Start talking about how he's got a great set of pecs when he's topless, and what i wouldn't give to rub my hands up and down them
>I do this all the time when girls are discussing boys
>One, it's a great way to enter a conversation
>Two, you can pretend you're one of them
>Maybe they wont notice, you can blend in.
>They notice
>I get a knowing smile from glasses, and blondie just gives me a "What i didn't know you were gay" look.
>don't look at me like that blondie):
>i change the topic and address both of them quietly
>"Hey do you know why raven has been mad at me all day?"
>Blondie just shakes her head, seems she didn't even notice
>But glasses gives me a glare
>Whispers a mean sounding "I told her" and leaves
>w... told her what
>what the fuck
>I put up my hands and ask blondie if she told glasses anything and she shakes her head.
>That was it, all i could imagine she told her, what the fuck.
>TOLD HER WHAT.

>Oh man now i'm just fucked
>I'm going to have to ask raven herself, and we're all done with lunch
>No real chance to do that, so i just return to sitting in the back.
>She bustles around the car for a bit with blondie putting things away
>Pops the back and they rustle around, need something or other we left back there.
>I don't pay attention, i'm back to sulking

>Racking my mind for things i've done
>I mean was glasses really trying to test me? and she told raven i almost cheated
>Really?
>That's all i've got
>I'm brought from thinking by raven screaming at the top of her lungs
>I really don't know how my mind works when that happens
>But as far as i could tell, i was just there, right beside her behind the back of the car seconds later.
>Teleported maybe
>When someone important screams, you're there, every time.
>Superpowers when women you love are involved i guess.
>Tears were welling up out of her eyes and she was holding her hand up and in an awkward position
>Blondie was doing her best to look helpless, apologizing profusely

>I don't remember talking, but i growled at her demanding answers
>She tried to close the back of the car after they were done
>On Raven's fingers
>Ouch
>I gave the hand a quick check over, nothing broken i was pretty sure
>Bruised maybe, but the top of the back was glass and not that heavy.
>Just extremely painful
>I Glare down blondie until she shrinks into a small small girl and lead raven away
>My poor bird is crying, wincing every time she moves her hand
>):
>The entire area is red, blotchy , and the way she's holding it makes it look rather painful
>Just thinking of getting my fingers slammed in the back door.
>It makes my hand hurt imagining it
>I try to shove that thought out of my head
>I can't
>owww
>[spoiler]My hands hurt right now just thinking about it[/spoiler]

>I grab a cold soda from the cooler and have her press it lightly against where the fingers got hit
>I try to hold her hand gently, be caring, compassionate, all that jazz
>But it was that, and a bit of being afraid of her
>She was letting me touch her, but between the blotches of red on her cheeks, the tears, and her thousand yard glare.
>She was pissed
>At me
>I could see it in her eyes
>Emerald, like attack ships on fire off the shoulder of orion.
>Glowing, like c-beams glitter in the dark near the tannhauser gate.

>This girl needed chocolate
>or a box of kittens, stat.
>I just don't understand what i did
>Often enough i could guess, but i was just out of the loop here, it was something small that i probably didn't even think was important.
>She doesn't let me touch her very long, she pulls the usual
>"I've got it"
>Those words that mean you can stop touching me because i'm angry.
>I'm dying inside trying to figure out what she's angry at me about, but i just don't have a chance to ask.
>She ends up back in the front, nursing the fingers softly against the cold drink.
>I end up in the back, really nothing about the seating order changes
>I just end up in the corner instead of the middle, with gadget curled up in a way that just plain stopped Glasses from even whispering to me.
>poor glasses decided she wouldn't even bother, and ended up on the other side, blondie in the middle.
>So i guess technically the seating order changed completely.

>We finished the bond movie, town long behind us
>Still fucking nothing out here

>Desert, Shrubs
>We would pass a mountain sometimes i guess, uphill then downhill for a bit.
>When we planned this trip we just didn't know HOW boring it would be.
>Another movie i guess, laptop had about 60% charge left
>Raven wanted to watch this one, and crawled out of the front seat back to us
>Her fingers were better, but she winced a couple times crawling
>Blondie apologized more
>But we all knew the truth.
>Interdimensional time traveling murdering assassins
>I gave gadget a nudge, pointed out she had to give up the throne for the rightful queen.
>She was fine with that, started to get up before raven stopped her
>"No, it's fine, ill sit over here"
>She ends up curled up on Glasses lap
>N... no):
>I can tell blondie feels awkward squeezed in the middle.
>Poor thing, we needed to pick her up a cute boy along the way to keep in her lap
>I offered to share gadget since that's the closest thing we had, but she refuses.
>*shrug* your loss
>Blankets go back, and although i'm tempted i don't try to hold gadget's hands
>Weirdest thing, i can't remember a damn thing about the movie
>I don't think i cared, and we all know what happens when i'm watching a movie i don't care about.
>My hands wander

>Problem is, i was sitting next to blondie, and gadget was on my lap
>I pick the girl in my lap.
>It's not intentional though, it's like a mindless thing i've done with raven for ages
>I don't even realize i'm doing it
>My hands end up in different places, legs, stomach
>She's got clothes on, and really it wasn't much of feeling anything
>I don't know, hands on a leg
>Maybe a stroke along the inside of a thigh
>I end up looking over watching Raven as i'm doing it.
>Her cheeks are still blotchy and flushed from when she was crying earlier
>I saw her give a squirm every once in a while too, i could only imagine glasses wasn't very comfy, but she was dead-staring at the movie
>Intent on capturing every moment
>It's only when i slip my hands under the jacket of the girl in my lap, and place them on the bare flesh of her stomach...
>It's only then that she tenses up
>and i realize i've been feeling her up the entire time.

>I freeze up, mostly in surprise with myself
>I don't get a chance to continue, or even consider continuing because suddenly gadget goes all limp-like and slides down farther into my lap.
>It means my hands move just a bit further up her stomach, and then off to the sides and i'm no longer touching her.
>Her head is lower than mine, and she looks up and backwards
>Her eyes meet mine, serious circles of color glaring at me
>I know that look
>It's a "What do you think you're doing" look.
>I give her a silent sorry
>She scoots back up, my hands have been thwarted
>Leans up and to my left between me and the window, like its a pillow or something.
>I realize that she's actually opened herself up more to touching than she was before

>Practically sprawled out entirely under the blanket, even up to her chest now
>She's giving me a rather funny look
>Those eyes are shining, not angry, i hope i'm not in too much trouble
>She leans upwards, brings her lips to my ear
>Lightly whispers
>"...not your girlfriend..."
>Yeah
>I know, i'm sorry
>I'm about to whisper that back before her second words
>"No touching without permission."
>That ones soft
>i uhh... wait
>If i didn't know any better, i would say she was flirting with me.

>Well... i don't know how to handle that
>If this was any other girl, i would say that was a flirt
>Most girls that would even give me permission to touch them, or a sneaky beg for you to ask them nicely so they can turn you down until you beg.
>But this one just put on her headset and curled up into my arm and closed her eyes.
>I didn't risk it, and i wasn't really sure i wanted to push her anywhere like that anyway.
>I look over at raven, she's concentrating on whatever the movie is
>It's some chick flick and someone's professing romantic love or something at that moment
>Plot development, you can tell because all of the girls were staring at it intently and biting their upper lip.
>Well glasses and raven were, blondie looked kind of bored
>I called out to raven to ask her if she wanted to-
>It doesn't really matter what i was asking, she jumps like half a foot off glasses lap
>Glares at me the second she's landed
>Blondie and i both catch equal parts of the glare and turn to look the other way

>Terrifying i tell you

>Its a long silent time we spend not looking at raven
>I turn back and catch blondie's eyes, she's not even watching the movie anymore
>Fear in her eyes
>I tell you raven was terrifying when she wanted to be
>We just quietly cower in the corner for the rest of the movie
>The credits aren't even rolling before raven is back in the front of the car.
>Laptop's too low on juice for another movie, so that's over i guess.
>I rouse gadget, reposition everything, put the middle seats back up, and take the middle window seat.
>Mostly because there's finally not-desert outside
>Trees
>Green, glorious trees
>Happened sometime during the last movie i guess, we were passing through a national park.
>Trees, Trees and more trees
>Glasses started to get up to try to sit next to me, but Gadget cut her off and stole the middle seat
>Went back to curling up and sleeping, instantly
>It was nice, i could listen to her music now the movie wasn't playing.
>We all ended up talking again
>20 Questions was played until the answer came up as "trees" and then we stopped
>Trees are great, but there was really nothing that interesting

>Freckles told us that this car trip was reminding us of her childhood
>She lived somewhere in the middle of the country to begin with, i guess it was relatable as being "Flat and boring" most the time.
>I found that pretty funny
>Freckles was pretty flat and boring after all
>hah
>hah
>I didn't tell her this
>Past that we had nothing to talk about
>We pass a couple of towns, its mostly silently looking out the windows
>A big dried up lakebed, that was kinda neat
>Then another town
>And then
>Nooooo
>More shrubs
>No more trees
>Slowly back to the desert
>This is suffering, absolutely awful, at least trees were kinda bearable.

>We had been in the car for hours already
>But then it just got worse here
>The next hour was desert
>And then the next hour was even more desert
>and then the next
>We even ran out of things to talk about.
>Shit we were so bored everyone was dying
>Gadget was fucking cheating with that sleeping i tell you
>I ended up waking her up and demanding earphones, which made it slightly better.
>For the first hour we exhausted all our snacks in the car
>Then our drinks
>Then we told our life stories and trust me, blondie had a real tear-jerker of a childhood.
>J/k we all had boring childhoods, least the ones we shared.
>I promise i would share if someone had something interesting happen when they were younger
>We wasted the rest of the charges on the PSPs
>We sat there for an hour silently, became delusional with boredom.
>We told campfire stories
>We roasted marshmallows
>We went fishing

>Captain's Log, stardate 23.9, rounded off to the... nearest decimal point.
>It's been three hours since we've last encountered the species known as "Trees"
>Supplies are low, we're out of food
>Running low on water
>The crew has low morale, can't go on much longer like this.
>We spot a rest stop
>We all have to pee
>Everyone gets out, the captains change places
>Glasses wants to drive, since we're a little more than halfway.
>Fuuucck, it's like, 5PM or something, we've been driving for ages.
>We get drinks, snacks, i think i get a coffee
>Raven sits up front again, then blondie takes up a spot in the middle next to gadget and i take the back because blondie stole my seat.
>Jerk):
>Its fine i can kick her in the back of the chair the whole way if i wanted to, i sit over next to the window and curl up
>I realize i'm sitting alone back here
>Oh man i could totally fap and nobody would know
>I chuckle to myself with the thought
>I could use it, but i'd have to wait until we got moving again
>I relax, wait for the girls to finish up whatever they were doing
>The door opens to the middle right, and freckles crawls in with a drink
>Oh wait a second
>She looks at me
>MISTAKES WERE MADE
>She sits down at the window across from me
>GRAVES WERE DUG
>then she looks at me again
>and scoots over to the middle of the back chair
>She whispers
>"I think we need to have a little talk."
>Glasses' car still has claw marks on the back left window to this day.

That's all for tonight anons. Or... actually....

>After the initial frantic hamster attempts to escape finish
>Really wasn't very long
>Freckles only had to file down my claws so that i couldn't carve a hole in the window to freedom
>And gag me with a handkerchief so that i couldn't gnaw my way through the seatbelt holding me back.
>Rubber band my pincers so i couldn't crab tunnel out
>Clip my wings, take my spare tire, drain all the gas out of my tank.

>Even took away my reagents so i couldn't cast a greater globe of invulnerability.
>She was pretty good at it, it took about a minute for me to give up the struggle to escape and realize none of the other girls were going to save me.
>I even saw raven's eyes glint with an evil smile in the mirror.
>Alright, fuck it
>What's the worst she could do.
>I put my hands up behind my head and lean back
>Come at me
>She does
>Fist right into my crotch

>Now i'll be honest
>She missed
>There were at least three demigods, the janitor from olympus and probably a lesser god themselves watching over me, because she gets my leg with her fist
>Doesn't really matter
>I still go down
>She thinks she's won, she thinks she's paid me back from what i did before
>I duck down, feign pain
>I don't make a sound though
>that should have given it away
>If she was smarter she would have realized where her fist hit
>Or not, i mean she had no experience with men (or so she said).
>It gives me the advantage, i go down only long enough to think, and then i've got my seatbelt off
>And i'm up again
>The look of surprise on her face is priceless
>I could swear those eyes doubled in size
>Then i had my hand over her mouth, and i wrenched her downwards
>It didn't really work out how i wanted it

>That thing that girls do when you're trying to force them to move in ways they don't want to move
>What's it called?
>Struggling? Rape? Non Consensual Movement?
>I think as Freckles would say, i was oppressing her.
>Freckles wouldn't stop resisting the oppression, so she just didn't end up how i wanted
>Instead she ended up nearly upside down, with her head in my lap looking up with me with those glaring eyes.
>I could feel the color in her eyes drain the color out of mine, that's how hard she was trying to fire beams of energy out of them and murder me on the spot.
>She couldn't say anything though because i was doing rather well at muffling the sounds she

was making
>And then i realized if she started screaming i would be shit out of luck
>I didn't really know what to do about that
>Threats maybe
>I leaned down and said the first mean thing that popped into my head
>"Scream and i'll cut ya"
>Except not really, i wish
>I told her i that if she wanted to keep the rest of her pubic hair she would be quiet.
>"Hehehehe"
>Oddly enough this got laughter from her
>Except it wasn't from her
>I look up
>Blondie has the biggest grin, and is watching us from over the seat giggling.
>She realizes i see her and just asks "The rest?"
>Hahahahaha
>Ill tell you later blondie

>I feel really mean
>It's like somehow i just keep proving all her male stereotypes true
>And then making them worse
>I don't feel bad about it
>She's asking for it
>I just feel mean
>The part that really gets me though, is not so much as her actions
>it was Blondie mostly, she was not only enjoying it, i think she thought freckles deserved it.
>Freckles was back to flailing at me, i don't think the threat worked
>Because i can't hold her mouth and her arms at the same time, she gets multiple hits off, and a scuffle ensues
>Glasses yells from the front of the car "What's going on back there?"
>This leaves us both frozen in place
>I'm sitting up and i have her arms pinned down against the seat while she's lying on her back, my stomach is over her face.
>Blondie just turns around
>"Freckles tried to punch storybro in the nuts, i think he's going to rape her"
>Mind you she couldn't keep a straight face through that, she was giggling hard at the end
>Freckles starts yelling at a that, and i have to pin her mouth closed again

>I hear raven respond with something like "Shame she missed, still.... she deserves it"
>Thanks raven, root for the opposite team at the same time why dontcha
>Glasses was more understanding
>"There will be absolutely no rape in this car young man!"
>Awe... but mom
>The thing was it was all a big joke to us

>I stop laughing at glasses and turn back to look at the girl i was pinning down
>Make some stupid comment like "Awe, looks like you're in luck today"
>Then i leaned back and met her eyes
>She was terrified
>Not fake terrified, not fake crying like she usually did
>The fact that i was
>A). Male
>2). Holding her down
>#). She couldn't do anything about it
>It really got to her
>I was holding her mouth, covering her face, but her eyes said plenty
>They were those eyes that i never wanted to see
>The eyes of a scared little girl

>That brought back memories i didn't want back
>Specially the green
>I didn't ever want to see those eyes in green again
>I backed away, took my seat again
>She was still lying down, had her legs pulled up so she would fit
>I guess she was staring at the ceiling
>Hah, she was more li-
>She had flipped over and somehow had her hands around my throat
>Like half a second
>Holy fuck let my guard down.
>I managed to yelp and kind of kick away and back, but there was a window there and i just banged my head
>Slumped right back down and ended up lying lengthways on the seat like she had been earlier, and she was on top trying to strangle me.
>The words "I'll kill you" ringing through my ears
>ALLL RIGHTY THEN

>I don't really know if she really could act that well with her eyes
>Or that was real fear of me
>But when it ends up with her trying to strangle me, all bets are off
>No more mister nice guy
>Glasses takes the chance to yell back a "Don't get blood on the seats"
>Which... wasn't exactly "No killing allowed in this car missy"
>So you know, glasses was mad at me too
>Thanks glasses
>No time to think about that, i knew blondie would probably save me if i was actually in danger of dying
>But these hands around my throat were rather tight, so i made good on my earlier threat
>I shoved my right hand into her pants, panties and all

>Say hello
>Grabbed a fistfull of hair and pulled it slightly away from the sensitive skin of her pelvis
>Not enough to rip it out or anything
>But enough to start that stinging feeling of hair being pulled, and enough for her to stop the strangling almost instantly
>To my little friend

>I got to watch all of her reactions when i grabbed her pubes
>Her eyes got reaaal wide first, like she'd just seen the truth from another dimension
>Then there was a bit of fear, but not fear of helplessness or anything, just pain
>It was mixed with a glare and a grimace at the sensation of my fingers tugging on the tangle of hair.
>She kind of lowered her hips to try to reduce the pressure i was placing on the hair, but because i had it gripped she couldn't fix that.
>Her hands went from my throat, to my shoulders, and then collapsed along with her hips
>Because she was lying atop me, her chest pressed into mine
>Along with other feminine parts
>And i had my hand in a very warm, very private place
>I didn't have a boner, but it could happen

>vocally i didn't hear anything much
>A whimper, a bite of her lip, and then finally a
>"You jerk..."
>I still had a firm grip, i wasn't sure if i was supposed to demand an apology and not get one, or just hold on like this for the rest of the ride
>I could see her face, and i could see her wince a tiny bit every time we went over a bump and my hand jiggled
>I could see her eyes and she wasn't scared anymore, probably because she was the one holding me down
>Maybe that was the secret.
>She was on top, but i was the one in control, how fun
>I'm not going to make any moves however, i'd rather survive this.
>Blondie comes to the rescue with a comment that makes me laugh
>It's just a whisper, i'm pretty sure glasses and raven couldn't hear
>"So... are you two going to kiss or what?"
>I laugh pretty loudly
>They both heard that
>I can only assume it looks like we're beating the shit out of one another back here
>As it should
>But i feel like blondie's advice is fundamentally sound
>What could go wrong
>I want to see her reaction, i think it'll be worth it.
>I lean upwards and give Freckles a peck on the lips

>Truth be told lots of things could go wrong
>I pull back and blondie is giving a little "Teehee"
>Almost a cackle.
>The girl above me wasn't screaming
>Or attempting to murder me
>Obviously she liked it
>Or she had someone with a firm grip on her pubic hair, one or the other
>We can pretend it was the former.
>Her eyes don't scream malice however, they're back to light green and softer
>Maybe understanding, recognition, and possibly curiosity
>She wasn't smiling, but she wasn't frowning either.
>I had to test it
>So i leaned upwards to give her another kiss
>She pulled back, just enough to let me know she didn't want it
>Not that far though, it's like she just suddenly stopped after she pulled back an inch
>I'd like to pretend that was reconsidering too, but remember where i had a firm grip.
>I contact her lips again

>This time it was a deeper kiss
>The major difference was that it wasn't just lip to lip, she pressed back
>I could have also been pulling
>But at that point i was pretty sure she was willingly kissing me.
>It was very reserved at first, and then just opened up rather quickly
>Before i knew it her tongue was in my throat, and i had to fight off her advances with twirls and dancing of my own
>I managed to fight back though, represent for my male brethren and get into her mouth a couple times, but not for very long before she was back in mine again
>I'd never actually had a kiss like this before
>Where one side just needs to win so badly they don't give you any chance to fight back
>I tried, i really did, but i think i lost over all
>Until i made advantage of where my hand naturally was
>Eh, it was close, couldn't hurt
>I released the grip i had on her hair and dropped my fingers lower
>I found her slit and it wasn't actually wet (Sadface), it was moist at best
>I set to rubbing to fix that
>Her change in demeanor was instant, it was like she lost concentration all of a sudden
>My troops have room to attack, and i chase her tongue back into her own mouth
>Which was just a trap, because the second i get my tongue far enough into her mouth to get a good taste, she bites it.

>Ow ow ow im moaning into her mouth
>Not a good hurt

>She won't let up, and it's really hard to think through the pain, so i just do what comes first
>I grab a patch of pubic hair and make good on my threat, rip a good chunk out.
>She exhales instantly into my lungs
>Hot air
>A muffled yelp
>But she stops biting
>I see a tear well up in her eyes, too bad
>I can taste blood
>Mmm, mercury, sweetest of the transition metals.
>[spoiler]Don't correct it, it's a great reference you jerk[/spoiler]
>I return to kissing and she follows
>I give a little tug on the hair i haven't pulled out, and give her tongue a little nip
>It's a message, she understands, no more biting or else.
>So what have we got involved in this kiss
>Blood, Tears, probably some sweat, saliva, an onlooker, pubic hair pulling and fingering
>All in a car with your girlfriend in the front seat.
>This is probably what it's like to chew 5 gum.

>This war continues, great casualties on both sides, and i try my best to get her off
>All my tricks, two fingers, thumb clit play
>i really do try, and as far as i can tell she's wet and enjoying it.
>I even see her starting to squirm and twitch a little
>Close
>I see her finally start to grin, like she's enjoying it.
>Or not
>The kissing just stops, she gives me a funny look and pulls back
>Almost rips my hand off taking it out of her pants
>Then just sits upright
>Not even quietly, just announces right to my face
>"Yeah it's not doing it for me, girls are just better"
>W... WAIT a damn second
>you were close you bitch i fucking saw it in your eyes
>FUCK
>I hear glasses in the front of the car ask who won.
>Blondie gives us a whisper, tells us "That was hot"
>I remember she'd been watching the entire time
>I give her a wink
>She could keep my secret
>Could always make it up to her la~
>"They just made out, it was pretty hot"
>It's blondie's lovely singsong voice.
>Thanks blondie.

>Well, hmm
>There's really no way out of that
>Goodbye world
>There can be only none!
>I sit upright
>My hairs a mess, i'm covered in saliva
>It's obvious i was making out with freckles, she's pretty messy too
>I just wipe my face off
>Give my death speech
>Which isn't really a death speech as much as a bit of whimpering
>Great last words i guess.
>Freckles didn't seem like she was actually going to tell in the first place, but makes her own announcement.
>"Well i was going to keep it a secret, but you guys already know, and he was an awful kisser anyway"
>Thanks freckles
>I guess confirming Blondie's previous statement
>Glasses announces, more of a booming kind of voice
>"Yeah, i guess you win"

>Wait, what
>She's looking at Raven
>What
>EXPLAIN
>EXPLAIN
>Nobody seems to see my priceless "Why am i not dead yet" face
>It's really good
>I'll get you guys a picture sometime
>Freckles was matching it with a really good "Why is he not dead yet" face
>Not as good as mine was, but close
>We were both giving off confused looks
>Which are made better even more confused seconds later
>"It's in my purse"
>Glasses, both her hands still on the wheel
>Raven picks it out of the middle seat divider, and pulls out three 10$ bills and pockets them.
>Blondie hands her the same amount
>"Wait"
>It's glasses
>She directs a question towards Freckles
>"Did he get you off?"
>Freckles just laughs and says no, not even close
>Fuck you , i almost had you there i kinda mumble/say loud enough for everyone to hear.
>Raven exclaims "Damn"

>Hands 10$ back to glasses.
>THIS IS SOME BULLSHIT

>Freckles realizes at about the same time that i do
>We were the subject of a bet
>Fucking harlots and traitors in the front seats
>Except for gadget who seems to be snoozing or listening to music or probably both and not paying attention.
>Alright fuck ill bite
>"You guys... aren't going to kill me?"
>This gets a laugh from both glasses and raven
>Almost mirrored
>Scary
>Blondie's the one who talks though
>No... why do you think we were egging you two on.
>W... what no you guys weren...
>Wait a second
>Yeah they were
>Glasses pipes in
>"Yeah, Blondie bet if you two were together one of you would seriously try to kill the other and we would have to intervene, "
>"I bet you would just stop her from doing anything, and Raven..."
>Glasses stops talking
>Raven perks up
>"I bet you would make out with her and get her off once or twice"
>She blushes when she says that.

>Only twice
>I'm insulted
>But not really
>I'm more insulted that i've been manipulated somehow
>Maybe
>But it felt like i was the only one who did anything bad
>Even though technically the girls chose the seating without me thinking about it, and then yelled encouragement back when we were fighting.
>And blondie was the one who
>Wait a second

>Blondie lost her bet on purpose by telling us to kiss
>I wouldn't have even done anything if she didn't suggest it.
>I don't have time to come to terms with blondie's interest in seeing me kiss other women, because freckles is PIST
>"You TRICKED ME INTO KISSING HIM?"
>"I HATE YOU ALL, LET ME OUT"
>She's banging on the door of the car
>We're on a highway and i half expect her to actually open it
>Even if it's amazingly dumb, she would do it just to be dramatic
>I grab her and pull her to the back
>"Is... the bet still open? I could get her off and win you that cash back if you wa-"
>Glasses, Blondie and raven yell a "No, its over" in unison.

>Raven chimes in a couple words
>"You think i would let you on this trip and not realize you might make out with some girls? it's fine really."
>Then she pauses
>I see her eyes harden as she's turned around staring at me.
>"But that's not permission, they have to beg me first."
>Stone cold killa
>Yeah, it's ok, i gave her those balls for safekeeping
>I have freckles somewhat pinned, and she's mumbling angry things about how the other girls egged her on outside
>Conspiracies, the patriarchy, all that.
>I'm rather annoyed at everything
>I feel awful for cheating, like i deserve to be punished or something
>But then the girls seem to think they did it
>I don't... know what to think about that.
>I'm pretty sure Raven's going to be furious at me later and i just haven't realized it yet.
>Aka PRETEND THAT WONT HAPPEN.
>Maybe that i shouldn't poke that hive and just let them imagine they were that good at manipulation.
>And then freckles
>She pulled away right before i got her off, i know she did
>I try to ask her this in a whisper
>I know i almost had her, i swear, my ego is at stake.
>What i was expecting her to say? I don't know
>Because she gives the only answer freckles in my universe would ever give
>"I've had stuffed animals that were better"
>Augh
>My ego!
>It's gone! Crushed!

>Alright, might as well go for the last question on my mind
>Zealotry aside, i need to know
>"Raven... does that mean you weren't mad at me?"
>My life for aiur!
>"You just won me 50$..."
>Yes, i knew she was just preten-
>"But yeah you're still in deep shit for earlier"
>W...
>Come on what
>"What did i do earlier!?"
>That's a squeak, i'm pretty sure my voice cracks
>God damnit glasses, telling raven i'm doing shit i never did i swear to god
>"You and blondie, we're going to talk later"
>That's glasses, she's dead fucking serious
>Wh
>"BLONDIE"
>I'm hollering at her
>"WHAT DID YOU TELL THEM"
>She's got her hands up in the air like i've got a gun
>"Ididn'ttellthemanything"
>It comes out as a really high pitched one word
>GOD DAMNIT BLONDIE

Update #9 : June 4th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/11992973

>Present day! Present Time!
>Hahahahahaha!
>Blondie's death at my hands was rather swift and painless
>Well not really either of those
>But she probably liked it
>We'd discussed the ways we'd like to die before, it wasn't too difficult to comply with her demands
>Even if they were kind of complicated, we had the materials around.
>They could use the leather belt i had in my bag
>Raven had black hair already
> just a bit of eyeliner and lipstick and she fit the part.
>Gadget provided the music, played her favorite song
>Glasses sang her the lyrics

>Freckles even did a bit of a dance
>all was good in the world as i choked a bitch out.

>As any good pimp knows, you gotta keep your bitches alive to make you the green.
>Aint nobody told me that, but freckles stopped me from killin a Hoe for snitchin
>Plus it's hard to strangle people from across a car
>I didn't technically get my hands even close
>We can pretend though, i throttled her good for telling the girls whatever she told them.
>Freckles pinned me back into my chair, forcibly
>I'm pretty sure she enjoyed the chance, that little glint of a smile.
>Blondie was upset at me
>Mostly that i was accusing and attempting to rough her up from over the chair
>I didn't know if she actually told them anything or not
>Or even what she told them, really what could she have told them.
>But she actually had a pretty sincere set of eyes when she said she didn't say anything
>Guess i should believe her.
>Maybe -.-
>I didn't know what was wrong, or what they could have possibly decided i had done.
>I asked a couple more times, but they either ignored it, or changed the subject entirely
>I could see glares every once in a while from raven in the mirror
>She was trying to be sneaky, but i saw them.
>I pouted back every time.

>Lots of little details i kept seeming to miss
>Things i should have noticed, or caught at the time
>I knew better than to even pretend what had just happened went well.
>There is no such thing as a free pass
>But i would practically need my own embassy to chart out ways to solve the political quagmire that i'd just thrown myself willingly into.
>Or not
>But it's never not
>Women don't tend to forget, even if they forgive.
>I would have to grovel at someone's feet before the day was over, i knew that was a fact
>Who exactly i was bending over for? That was up for grabs.
>I ended up sitting quietly in that seat, freckles didn't even move away
>I asked her again of course, if she secretly wanted me to finish her off

>Moved my hand to her lap and offered, rubbed a couple circles over cloth before my hand was stopped
>I think the words she used were "I'll never enjoy your clumsy fingers"
>Got to hand it to Raven, she knew me pretty damn well for that bet
>It kinda leeched all the fun out of the experience, the idea that i hadn't actually done (what i felt) was my job

>It's kind of a psychological thing, where it's satisfying in its own right
>The idea that they're enjoying something you did, that you're the bringer of pleasure
>That the girl herself owes you, even just a bit for what you've done.
>Freckles in her male-hating mastermind ways, completely took away all the fun in taking away any satisfaction of her own
>Maybe she knew, or was punishing herself, or i'm just delusional and she hated the entire experience.
>Kissing, fondling, all those fun things are just empty as hell without that mental aspect for the guy.
>Whatever it was, she left me emotionally, mentally and physically unsatisfied
>I contemplated a rage-fap, the girl next to me could enjoy the show
>But the anger just wasn't in the right place, hard to do that kind of thing when you're mad at yourself.
>Serves me right

>We took another handful of hours to get wherever we were heading
>It was desert the entire way
>We were bored to tears
>Fools we were i tell you, fools to think we could entertain one another in a car
>Fools
>It didn't go very well at all
>We started arguing
>That phase where everyone's just a tad bit irked at one another, and they take it out with insignificant quibbles until everyone else is irked even more.
>Freckles was the start
>She had a beef with Blondie, blamed her for baiting her into even sitting back here with me.
>They argued
>About nothing, for what must have been half an hour
>You know how it is, you argue about something that's meaningless because you're really having that background fight
>Trying to win over the other one, prove you're right, or dominance, or simply that you can make the other person give up
>They didn't care who won, but they argued, long enough to give Raven a headache
>I had one too, but i knew better than to speak up.
>Everyone else just stared out the windows pretending to not be listening
>Except for raven, who told blondie eventually that she needed to "Shut up"
>Which didn't go over so well with glasses, who happened to be on great terms with blondie still.
>You also don't tell women to shut up unless you want to argue with them.
>So never.

>Raven and Glasses argued for a bit
>Wasn't even nice arguing, or pointless arguing, this one had substance
>They started bitching about flaws with one another

>Insignificant things that had happened in the past
>It seems that once raven had chosen to take me to the movies instead of glasses
>#Wow, #whoah, such a big deal
>And once upon a long time ago, Glasses didn't offer to buy raven lunch when she didn't have any cash.
>Probably her own fault too
>I only mention these because they were the least insignificant problems they had with one another
>To an outsider they sounded like an old married couple bickering
>I guess with them knowing one another for so long, you have a couple thousand skeletons in the closet to out
>I heard stories about things i was never present for but heard about secondhand
>Mistakes that were made in the most insignificant places
>Juicy details i could probably use to my advantage later, eventually
>But i mean i wasn't going to even begin to take sides.
>It got pretty loud and heated
>I was watching Glasses even begin to swerve a tiny bit in her lane every time she bickered back
>Never a good thing, arguing with the driver.
>So i did the right thing
>Which was the wrong thing
>I told them they should argue about it later, when we got there
>Which did nothing to solve or delay the argument, simply pulled me into it.
>"Yeah? Why don't i tell your BOYFRIEND your big secret?"
>Glasses cackles with glee, a nefarious tone of voice

>Everyone in the car visibly perked up
>Even gadget, who supposedly wasn't even listening
>I could see those ears twitch forward, listening like a cat.
>Ughh, please no
>This is going to be like days of our lives isn't it
>Raven's going to secretly be my sister, and have murdered my other sister
>Who was also blondie's sister, or mother, or something.
>Thus why blondie has had to murder us this entire time, as revenge
>For the family fortune, or something
>Even though the other sister secretly didn't die and is freckles or something.
>I'll just be honest, whatever glasses was going to tell was probably juicy enough to crash the car.
>She was also bluffing, she had to be
>We were just aggravating one another this entire time.
>Whatever it was, i wanted to know, but it would probably be over-dramatic and completely send everyone into tantrum spirals
>Half expected blondie to lock herself up in a workshop and start demanding elephant tusks,

human skulls, harpy bones and flawless rubies.
>Come out a week later with nothing to show for it, but she suddenly knew how to play the guitar like a pro.
>So i didn't want to know
>If i just fingered my long lost dead sister in the backseat, i could live without knowing right at this very moment
>So i pulled a good old trick, one i'd learned ages ago
>"We're not going to talk about THAT right now"
>I punctuated it with a glare in glasses' direction

>I don't know if she saw the glare, but the ploy worked
>It bought me time
>It's one of those hit or miss things
>a little clever manipulation trick i'd learned over the years
>I didn't want her to talk about it, but if i'd said something like "Yeah she told me"
>It's too blunt, the point of that sentence is "I know the secret"
>and when you tell someone that you know a secret, they make sure you really know the secret.
>So instead of making the point "I know", i made the point "Yeah, i don't want to talk about it"
>That's kind of an overlay of shame about it, and an underlying i-know.
>The shame is the big part
>Unlucky for me it was a huge clue
>And so was Raven, she looked at me with genuine worry in her eyes
>I didn't see that often
>Now i was just secretly angry
>Fucking of course it's some really bad thing
>God damnit giving myself clues even though i didn't want them
>I raged a little bit internally
>Told everyone we were just not going to talk and cool down for the next hour
>We didn't talk until we got to the city we were staying the night at.

>We were driving for like eight hours in total
>It was just, so god damn far, nothing to do, and we were at one another's throats during the last bits
>Dying of boredom we arrived in Albuquerque new-mexico, i think
>Well not really we ended up at some city to the north
>Something freckles knew about that we made reservations for ages in advance, one of those little secret places you don't even realize exist until you get there.
>I don't remember the name, but it was called <Something> Springs
>Anons correctly guessed that it was called Jamez Springs, wow i couldn't even remember it.
>The reason we were here was because freckles had the foresight to realize we would all hate one another already and would need a good soak.
>The town had natural hot springs, which sounded amazing right then.
>Or she didn't have foresight at all and it's just luck

>She still gets the points though, it was probably what we needed
>Whatever it was, we got there late, and it took us even longer to get the place we were staying sorted out
>Rooms only had 1 bed each and the owners didn't have double rooms available or something.
>Accidentally booked at a couple's retreat, great.

>(It was actually a bed and breakfast)
>(Also they technically didn't allow "Kids" but we had booked it breforehand and they thought we were of appropriate age or something)
>We didn't deal with it right at that moment ,because we had reservations for the hot springs that freckles called in while we were en-route
>Guess you had to call in to make sure they kept it open for you or something, but we got a 1 hour slot between 10-11
>We rushed a quick dinner, take out from a nearby market/resturaunt/place
>Showed up at the springs a couple minutes early
>shame the signs said "Bathing suits Required"

>The hot springs was different than i thought it would be
>It was like a giant clay-encased murky swimming pool that smelled like sulfur
>Next to a rivery stream thing that seemed to flow through the entire town
>In the middle of the city, like the place was built around it.
>But it was more of a valley-type city, and we didn't see much of it on the way in because of how dark it was.
>But it was actually pretty private and we were the only ones there.
>We all donned the swimsuits you heard so much about earlier
>I applied the appropriate level of swim trunks
>Raven had a one piece with a shirt, Gadget was wearing a two piece under a shirt and shorts.
>Glasses, Freckles and Blondie had nearly identical two-piece Swim suits, aside from color, design and relative size
>What they were wearing didn't really matter because like i said, the water was murky as hell
>It was this crazy deep sea-green blue color that you could see about a foot or two into before it just ended.
>Then it had this little bubbling brook that was cackling softly as it poured water into the pool
>And a Buddha statue
>Whatever, what the place looked like doesn't really matter, it was pretty damn cool
>The water was hot and relaxing.
>I could only see the chests of everyone, nothing much lower.
>Important bits, in spark notes form.

>The guy there for the day was practically sleeping on the job
>It was late, he'd been doing reservations all day/night, and it was one of the specials they had where we could swim this late
>Because my capable male self can get dressed about 20x faster than women, i was out and

chatting to him before anyone else came out
>He was pretty damn tired, and asked if we would actually be needing anything
>We were pretty good, he mentioned me might close up early, or just go to sleep until we left
>Then the girls arrived and we nearly tackled the water head on
>Which was an AWFUL IDEA
>Hot water does that burning thing all over your face, it's awful
>We forgot this as soon as the splashing started
>And then Blondie let off the appropriate squeals and complaints to remind us not to splash her in the face because it was hot.
>There's a magical quality of a hot springs that just stops horse play real quick, it's just too hot to exert yourself
>So we ended up lying against our respective walls and relaxing, just soaking in the water.
>Of course we all bitched about how much we ached or felt bad in different places, that's just what you do
>Sore backs, shoulders, chests, ect
>As the complaints rolled off, so did the stress, and the negative mood we'd been harboring faded away
>So i made a peace offering to Raven
>"Hey, commere and i'll give you a backrub"

>She was quick, a glare and a "No Thanks!"
>C... come the fuck on
>I offer it again
>and i make it really clear this time
>"Listen i just want to give you, my CURRENT SIGNIFICANT OTHER, a relaxing massage in this lovely hot springs"
>Im being sarcastic as fuck
>Everyone can hear it
>But i mean it's true, i want to give her a massage
>It's a romantic gesture on my part, or just an "I care about you" gesture and i know she sees it.
>But she still refuses, and i just get a glare
>She won't even let me close
>I just sigh, loudly
>It's actually really nice to let out loud sighs in a hot spring
>Relaxing, like the air in your lungs is cooler than the air outside
>I try my jealousy card
>I really have my head set on relaxing with raven, and she's ruining it
>"Alright, one more time. I really to give you, raven, a back massage because you're important to me... Join me?"
>I'm loud, clear
>Say it with confidence as i swim towards her
>She'll let me
>I can hear blondie and gadget letting out "aweeess" in the background.

>And freckles pouting
>And then me pouting makes an audible sound when glasses swims between us and proverbially puts her foot down and won't let me close.

>Raven doesn't make any effort to come closer to me and she's off in a little alcove, so i swim away and say "Fuck it" out loud
>Seriously i mean if you're gonna be like that, just why am i even bothering dating you raven
>And fucking glasses, you too what's the problem.
>I just yell out
>"Next girl who swims over here gets a backrub, and i'll give you the spectacular massage i was going to give Raven"
>Yeah, i say that, or something really close
>Nobody misses the implications, we're not that innocent
>Whoever swam over was getting a happy happy fun time
>While raven watched
>Payback's a bitch
>Either way i was pretty sure it was glasses who was going to swim over, she was the most likely.
>I just stared her down waiting for her move

>She didn't move at all
>Just glared
>I don't understand what she was angry at, but whatever
>The girl who does start to swim over is blondie
>Which i didn't expect, but i was fine with
>I already gave her a good morning, she could have an evening too.
>But miss-glasses stopped her too, just swam between us
>I couldn't see her face, she was looking away from me at blondie
>But blondie went from cheerful to sad real quick
>Blue eyes to cloudy day
>I frowned back, my massage choices were slimming quickly
>But then she smiled and ducked under water
>Haha
>And then air bubbles came up from the spot she went under, and she surfaced again
>"Oww that was your knee!"
>Glasses just shoves her back and growls "No"
>I... don't understand
>"Come on glasses, what the fuck this isn't coo-
>She just snaps at me
>"Stay away from her"

>See now i just don't understand at all
>I realize i'm not even going to get to give anyone a message because i've seriously wronged

glasses in a past life.
>I shoot a sad look around and i catch gadget's eyes
>She takes pity and swims over
>Glasses doesn't stop her
>At all
>Glasses and Raven don't even look like they care that gadget swam over
>Not even a reaction
>I'm just absolutely lost with what's happening
>Things start to click
>They think i did something? To Blondie?
>That suddenly makes far too much sense
>Overprotectiveness, anger at me
>It must have to do with the night in vegas, i'd have to explain what happened and they would know nothing is in the wrong.
>I try to start but they gave me that look
>That one that reminds you talking is just going to make things worse, so i shut up.
>A glare or two gets sent my way, Freckles is enjoying me being ostracized
>Gadget curls up on my lap and i wrap an arm around her, but she's not going to get the same treatment blondie was going to get.
>She knows this
>I whisper a couple comments to gadget anyway
>"They think i did something to blondie, i just realized"
>She nods, she figured it out too
>But i get the question back "Well did you?"

>"Really gadget... really?"
>She giggles
>It sure looks like i just tickled her, but i haven't moved my hands at all yet
>"Well i can't ever be too sure with you... but i don't think you would hurt her"
>She's being honest, that kind of breathy whisper that lets you know they believe and trust you
>Sigh of relief on my end
>I look up at the other women
>They're eying us cautiously
>Me mostly, like i'm a dangerous shark in the pool with them
>It's too hot to pretend to be a shark and grab ankles
>I want to point this out, but the humor would be lost.
>For whatever reason now, Raven and Glasses were whispering to freckles
>And now i had three angry stares in my direction
>Goldilocks now had three bears protecting her
>This is the wrong story and i don't want to be a part of it.

>I ask the all important question to gadget
>"So... i was going to give blondie the same i was going to give to Raven. But you're different,

hows just a normal massage sound?"
>I get a smile and a purr in return "That would be lovely"
>Her accent shines through for a minute, it's usually rather subtle but it showed there
>Obviously adorable and i'm about to start before i remember what she said in the car earlier
>I ask her nicely
>"Permission to touch?"
>This gets a reaction i wasn't expecting out of her
>She breaks out into a beaming smile with eyes positively glowing
>Turns all the way around and hugs the hell out of me
>I just kind of weakly hug back
>What did i do?!
>Her next words make a little bit more sense
>"Thanks for asking."
>Cultural maybe, i didn't know
>But i responded with a meek "Always" and turned her around and got to work

>Massages in pools are nice
>Bathtubs or Hottubs are better
>But hot springs it's got flavor
>It's the water really, it's got this amazing consistency you just don't get anywhere else, minerals and things soaking in and making you feel different, oily but dry at the same time.
>Then the smells just add on to the experience
>Making my best effort to keep my hands busy
>Her hair was floating around on the dense water in a cloud behind her black, brown and red strands and clumps
>I could smell the shampoo she used in the shower earlier, lavender or something sweet and flowery.
>It wasn't very strong, but i was pretty close
>Hands on her back, i realize the shirt's really in the way if she wants a backrub
>I try to pull it up and over, but she chicken wings her arms and stops me
>I see, i'll just have to be clever then.
>I just roll up the entire back as well as i can, not as good, but it'll work.

>Her skin is much lighter under the cloth
>More milk than coffee
>Insert comments about wanting to drink it up here
>The real truth is i'm more intent on giving a good massage
>I don't want to pay attention to everyone else, and keeping my hands busy is the best fix for that
>So i play with the muscles, the knots and creases
>Shoulder bones, segments of the spine
>I really did love giving massages
>It was intimate and innocent at the same time, you could do it in public and the girl would purr

like they were in your bedroom.
>Gadget made all the right sounds
>Really just the content ones
>I wasn't trying for sexual, and any time my hands got anywhere close to her breasts she tensed up
>But there's important muscles there, and she relaxed and purred every time i rubbed those too
>She didn't have any knots really
>So i just rubbed until she completely turned into pudding in my arms
>Is there ever a bad time for pudding?

>The answer is no, and i effectively put the girl in my arms to sleep
>Pudding can't fill the emptiness inside me.... but it'll help!
>I held her upright and leaned back and just relaxed
>Looked at the night sky, tons of stars
>Way more than out in our city, i mean you could see everything.
>I don't know what the other girls were doing, but i'm afraid there wasn't nearly as much lewd as i wanted
>Before we knew it technically our time was up, and the guy hollered at us that they needed to close up and he wanted to go home
>Complaining, whining and such was had
>Until the girls realized they had raisn toes
>Then they were up and out of the springs instantly and back to get dressed
>Everyone except the sleeping girl in my arms and blondie

>I shook gadget a bit, but she seemed really comfortable, so i just stuck my hands under her butt and started to heave her out of the water
>She could sleep, no big deal
>She wasn't too heavy
>I decided to go the easy way out but it looked slippery so i asked blondie to get behind me and make sure i didn't fall as i was getting out
>She swam up behind me and
>I couldn't really take it, but she held my shoulder and i used her as support as i hauled gadget up and out
>I don't really know what happened
>She slipped
>Or she let go
>Or i slipped
>But suddenly i was leaning backwards into hands that were no longer there to support me
>On slippery clay steps
>Holding a sleeping girl in my arms
>I wanted it to be cute, or just nice or something.
>But no i was now upside down

>I hit the water with a splash, it was hot as hell and i hit my shoulder on something sharp
>Then i got kicked in the chest by the now-surprised-scared-and-awake girl i was holding

>There's quite a few thoughts i had underwater
>Mostly on how i still haven't learned my lesson about putting my life in blondie's hands
>This seems to be an attempt on gadget too though
>I didn't realize she wanted gadget dead, collateral damage maybe?
>I don't really have time to think because it's just a tangle of kicking legs and bodies underwater
>Someone above me, someone below me
>Complete mess
>So i sort out the legs and push up to the surface
>My eyes burn like hell
>Fucking hot water i swear
>Gadget is there with an angry face on for waking her up
>Im sorry gadget! It was blondie's fault
>I look around
>And then i look around again
>You fucking
>Blondie's not here

>Gadget has no clue what's happening, but i come to the conclusion quick
>She's still underwater
>Fuck the burning, i dive under and find her lying face down on the bottom
>I can't see anything but i can feel her, and i grab the first thing i can find, which seems to be the top strap of her bikini
>Perfect handle for grabbing girls
>I yank her upwards and of course the flimsy as shit thing snaps
>Not meant to support the weight of a full female being yanked upwards, so i grab the next closest thing
>Which is her hair, and that happily supports her weight as i yank her head above the surface
>I'm sure it hurt like hell too
>She comes up coughing and sputtering
>She wasn't out or anything, but the first thing that happens is she starts clinging to me like a drowning rat
>She was panicking to all hell
>I don't know if you've ever had to deal with drowning or panicking people in water
>But they'll drown you
>They'll shove you under trying to stay above the surface
>We weren't even in a deep pool and she was doing a damn fine job of shoving me back under and splashing.

>Pretty sure she was making up for the earlier failed murder attempt because i swallow a good half gallon of hot water

>It was crazy hard to concentrate because every time she crawled up me i sank and the hot water was like a shock
>Eventually i feel her get pulled off and i can surface and get a clear breath
>Which is all coughing and sputtering from me
>Lungs are burning
>Gadget had lifeguard training at one point, so she knew where to grab panicking swimmers
>[spoiler]You grab them from behind, one arm around them and under the armpits, they can't struggle and hit you as easily from there[/spoiler]
>We all end up at the edge of the pool and blondie hauls herself out and i follow
>We're all coughing up water, except gadget who's banging me on the back to make it come up easier
>Im not sure it's helping, but i appreciate it
>Then blondie stumbles up and runs off and around the corner
>I don't know if she's scared or in shock, or who knows what
>Probably met cthulhu down there
>I still stumble to my feet and chase her around the corner
>Which count my blessings, has glasses standing there
>You know, just saw blondie come running around the corner coughing, probably looked like she was crying, and topless
>And here i am following her!
>I get punched in the stomach, and back to the floor coughing and sputtering i go.

>Aint no rest for the wicked
>But today i'm done with glasses' shit
>Ever wanted to punch your best friend in the gut?
>Today i did.
>I catch a breath and stand again
>Punch her in the stomach, hard as i can
>She gives off this glorious sound
>"Kwoomfh" i think
>Really satisfying

>Air escaping her lungs, surprise, a mixture of all of it
>I guess she moves in kind of a weird way too, because her glasses fall to the floor and clatter away.
>I notice because i can see her eyes, i can never really just see her eyes
>But she's surprised, hurt, yeah well fuck you too.
>I don't give her a chance to even stand up correctly again, i just wail on her
>"I JUST"
>Bang i hit her in the stomach again
>"SAVED HER LIFE"
>i give her a third jab, it's not really strong anymore but i think it knocks the wind out of her because she stops struggling entirely and slumps over.
>"AGAIN."
>and then i'm back up and off chasing in the direction blondie went

>I find her in the middle of some trees literally half a block away, topless and just walking around confused
>I catch up to her and grab her
>Lots of struggling until i can pin her arms into a hug and hold on to her for a second
>She was just full panic mode
>I knew why, she told us the story a couple times before
>She was little, and in a big public pool with lots of people
>Parents being negligent or something
>Obviously the idea was that she was safe with lifeguards and everything around, but that's pretty far from the truth
>Because people were horsing and splashing around, she swallowed a wave of water accidentally from someone jumping in
>Went under

>And the water up top was rough, so nobody could see she was down there.
>I guess when you're pretty young and learning how to swim decently, you can get disoriented underwater really easily
>Or she was sick, or something to do with her inner ear
>She got lost underwater, swam down instead of up or left instead of right, you could imagine how panicked a little girl would be in that kind of situation
>Three minutes, four minutes, that's how long she was under before they found her and pulled her up
>She got the whole drowning experience, and i guess the part about being lost underwater was really the worst
>Probably what happened just then, she went under and couldn't figure out where she was and went back in time to that moment.
>Traumatic stuff
>She was in hysterics right now
>I hugged her against me until she calmed down enough to start breathing properly

>I was very aware of how topless and soft she was
>Luckily, my willpower had fully recharged and i was capable of rational thought
>Or so i thought
>She pulled back, and i got to see clear sapphire eyes
>Tears running down her cheek
>"You saved me, again"
>Then again, the willpower went away quick
>Because that damned girl got on her tiptoes and kissed me.

>Lots of thoughts went through my mind
>God damnit
>You're a fucking idiot blondie
>This is an awful idea
>"Oh no not again" was the major one
>But that one played twice
>Because the next thing i knew there was a hand on my hair
>Then i was yanked backwards off my feet
>Hit the ground back first, knocked the wind out of me
>It was all dirt and twigs and leaves, didn't hurt that bad, but it did hurt
>And above me was a girl with one hand holding my hair, and the other an upraised fist
>No empathy, no love, no care in her face
>Just anger.
>You ever seen boron burn anons?
>[spoiler]A bright green, burning, flickering emerald color[/spoiler]
>That was the color of her eyes.

>"Give me one reason i shouldn't beat you to a bloody pulp right now"
>Those were the first words i heard
>I started to respond, i could give her plenty of reasons
>Didn't matter, the second my lips moved her fist raised even higher and i stopped
>I threw out my hands infront of me trying to stop the blow, but it was too late
>Blondie wasn't though
>She stopped the fist by wrapping her arms around it and pulling back
>"No! Don't! He saved me!"
>Of course her voice had emotion in it
>She wouldn't get paid if she let someone else kill me
>The girl with the green eyes just growled
>"This DISGUSTING PIG beat the SHIT out of GLASSES, i found her coughing and gasping ON THE FLOOR"
>Blondie froze
>Looked at me as if she was seeing me in a new light
>Wide eyes
>Horror

>And then they were off, blondie was lead away by the arm
>She didn't resist
>She didn't try to help me up
>I just watch the tips of their hair flick with momentum as they leave.
>The green eyed girl calling me all sorts of names.
>Disgusting, Pig, Chauvinistic Bastard

>I get to stare up at the ceiling
>It's not really a ceiling, it's a canopy of leaves
>It's dark, there's really only the moon illuminating everything
>Wind kind of rustling everything along
>It's an interesting atmosphere, i just relax and listen to it all
>Stare up and watch the leaves rustle
>Pieces of sky shine through
>Then it's blocked by a face, dark, can't see who
>A hand, creamy brown
>Gadget
>Still wearing her bathing outfit
>"Here you are, i was looking all over for where that yelling was coming from"
>She helps me up, we're both still soaking wet and it's actually sort of chilly out
>"Come on, let's go get dressed, its cold"
>We head over to the changing rooms and find the pile of everyone's clothes missing, great they probably have it at the car
>I realize gadget is looking pretty depressed, i ask whats up
>Ends up glasses and raven yelled at her about something and she doesn't know what
>They think she's an accomplice, or something
>I've got no clue what that means
>It's fine, we just have to find them and explain everything
>We limp over barefoot to the parking lot, the ground sucks to walk on because there's little tiny rocks everywhere
>It's also pretty cold out, colder than we realized in the hot springs
>Bastards have our shoes and clothes
>We get there turn the corner and i'm about to shout out that they're assholes
>they know already though
>They really know
>Because the car isn't in the parking lot anymore.

>We just stand there for a while
>Waiting
>Hoping they'll come back, that it's all a joke
>Ha Ha, very funny guys
>Right?
>Right???

>We sit down, shivering
>I wrap my arms around gadget but that's not gonna do shit
>We're both wearing soaking bathing suits and it's just getting colder, later and darker
>The guy in charge of the hot springs is gone, the place is locked up because he thought we all left
>I mean we could sneak around back into the water, but that was a dumb idea
>I end up suggesting the smartest thing at the time
>I tell her to lift her arms up and i undress her, partially
>The shirt and shorts atleast, they won't dry very quickly, the suit will be fine
>We wring out her clothes and she considers donning them again, but then just wraps and ties them in a bundle around her waist
>Too cold
>She grabs my hand and leads me off and down the street
>"Guess we're on our own then?"
>Yeah
>Fuck

>We get maybe a hundred feet
>To the T intersection where we turned in here
>I look up it
>I look down it
>I ask gadget if she remembers which way we came from, which way the place we were staying was
>She looks up
>She looks down
>We don't know, we guess
>We head Up
>I feel pretty fucking abandoned
>People i trust, people i cared about and that cared about me just left us in the middle of a place we'd never been to, miles away from our hotel, without shoes, in soaking clothing.
>It was suddenly pretty questionable if they actually cared about us at all
>I still cared about them, but fuck if i was ever going to trust them again
>And blondie, atleast blondie should have talked sense into them right
>Told them what happened
>And why gadget
>What did she even do to deserve this
>What did i do
>It was pretty crushing really, walking down that road in the middle of the night
>As it got later, and colder
>Our feet numb with the little rocks and pebbles we had to step across
>That was probably the best part
>We didn't know

>But the hotel was the other direction

I think that's where we end for tonight More Friday at 8:00 PST

Update #10 : June 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12018021

Up for a challenge anons? Here's a true reference overdose. The recap is "Artist" themed, all musical. How many can you find? Some are flat out word for word, and others might be a little tricky. Mite be fun with comments.

Update: Because it was TOO FUN WITH COMMENTS (and they were spanning half the document), we moved it here.
https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ZSEICEEprqYAB2xPwx8dIbWNbrTynpsM6hmnkgnWI6g/edit
Where you can comment ALL YOU WANT!

I really enjoyed most of these artists and girls in the group liked some of the others (*cough gadget and her electro*), hopefully there's something for everyone. Oh and there's 65 different artists. Ill post a list after the update is done.

>When we left off, Gadget and Myself had taken off on an adventure
>Not an adventure we wanted to be on mind you.
>Left alone at the hot springs, we were left cold, wet and barefoot to find our way to the place we were staying.
>We knew what it looked like, was a cute little mexican-themed bed and breakfast, but which direction it was and how far it was? We didn't know.
>It's not really on your mind to pay attention to where you are and which direction you came from when someone else is driving.

>We left a little copse of trees and hit the main road, two directions up hill or downhill
>A little inn right next to where we came out, and we figured we could ask for directions.
>Nobody answered the door, it was locked, and i think it was temporarily closed for repairs. Lights weren't even on.
>Or we were knocking in the wrong place or something.
>Another building across the street was pretty dark, so we didn't even bother trying it, the side there were lights on didn't look very welcoming.
>We just stuck to the left side of the road and started walking.
>It was amazingly dark, i mean i don't think lots of city folks realize how dark towns in the middle of nowhere get at night.
>We had moonlight and could see the road, maybe 10 feet off the sides of the in every direction until we just couldn't tell what was what.
>Well that and pretty neat cliffs or mountains off to the sides put a pretty tall silhouette for the sky off in the distance.
>I mean they would be neat
>If i wasn't COLD and we weren't stepping barefoot on gravely ROCKS.

>We do see a lit up building off ahead
>It's a restaurant, i think it called itself a "Saloon" or bar or something. Some spanish name, Los Orjas or Ojas
>It looked about as welcoming as the DMV in a shady part of town
>Parking lot full of a couple trucks and motorbikes. Mexican motif, rocks everywhere with an old fashioned wood porch.
>I don't know, bars always look daunting and scary, especially when you're young
>The entire front of them is covered in signs for things you can't drink
>This one even had metal bars on the windows, a fact that made me chuckle
>Can't throw any cowboys out the window during a barfight!
>I'm perfectly willing to brave the damn place in just my swimming trunks and ask for directions
>But gadget isn't, she stops me from even crossing the road when i mention it.
>I even point out i can go in alone if she doesn't want to, but she just points out she's pretty sure the place we were staying was just ahead.
>I believe her
>Didn't seem like we could get that lost, it was supposed to be a small town
>Like one road, how lost could we get

>Even if we weren't lost (which we totally were) it was awful
>The air was cool, freezing actually
>But then the wind would cover us in warm wafts every once in a while and stop the shivering for a moment or two.
>Then it was back, worse than ever.
>Plenty of buildings along the way, houses and things i think
>But i mean we weren't freezing to death just uncomfortable, and our feet weren't falling off, just numb from stepping over little rocks and twigs and things

>Pretty much it sucked
>But we were both warriors, put on smiles (frowns really) grit our teeth and walked on
>We were looking around every bend for the stupid archway we were past
>But we didn't find it
>Really the parts i remember were it being cold
>There not being any cars at all
>It being dark as fuck

>And then these parts where you could hear the babbling and cackling of the river, or a stream or something
>End up crossing these wooden near-rotted bridges that we lightfooted across because they threatened to give us splinters every step.
>The air was warmer there, i guess the stream was warm in some places, no clue.
>I want to say that we talked, that gadget and i had lovely insightful conversations about everything in our lives
>But that's bullshit, we didn't say much of anything, just complaints
>Ouches and Owws when we stepped on rocks accidentally, that was the worst part
>Imagine navigating a couple miles of narrow walkway
>Barefoot
>In the Dark
>Freezing cold.
>That's covered in lego bricks.
>Wouldn't even wish this upon my greatest enemies.
>[spoiler]Not even freckles[/spoiler]

>We were fucking abandoned, hurt doesn't really explain the emotions i was feeling
>I didn't imagine they would just up and leave us somewhere like that
>I mean freckles maybe might ditch me, and i personally imagined quite a few situations where i ended up lost in some giant city i didn't know on this trip.
>But this wasn't lost, this was Glasses blondie and freckles leaving me, leaving gadget too, on purpose.
>And then raven....
>I don't think hurt begins to explain what i was feeling about raven
>Betrayed, Abandoned, Unloved, Unimportant, Worthless
>Like a puppy left in a box at the side of the road, i was looking up every couple of minutes whenever i heard something, expecting an owner to come back.
>For them to arrive gallantly in a car to pick us up
>Pretend it was a mistake or something
>And every time it was nothing, not them to save us.
>It was that odd kind of pain you inflict upon yourself by hoping
>You think the worst thoughts first
>And then you imagine you're just overthinking it and they'll make it all better in just a minute or two

>And they don't
>And then you think even worse thoughts.
>I was doing my best impression of shredding my heart on a cheese grater

>Gadget made it better though, somehow
>I wasn't really having cohesive thoughts, just angry things floating around in my head
>But she was calm, didn't seem nearly as betrayed as i was feeling.
>I don't really know what she was thinking, but she was a trooper
>She just walked alongside me as we went, and complained about equally but i think a little less
>Just lead the way down the road confidently
>Tiptoed over another bridge first
>If i didn't know better, she had done this before
>Not here, but walking barefoot down a dark road with no assurance of safety at the end.
>I asked her, and she said it reminded her of a town she lived in when she was younger.
>She wasn't enjoying it, but you know fond memories.
>Next on our list of things we could use as waypoints, was a giant church tower thing
>Whitewashed walls, really tall
>I don't know
>We had been walking for probably half an hour
>Buildings had thinned out, and in plenty, and we had no clue if the town was over or something
>I guess after a while we just decided it was far enough
>Found a sign for a park ranger outpost or something
>FIRE DANGER
>VERY HIGH
>I feel like it was a clue from a higher power on how i should murder all the women when we get back.

>I stop gadget though, she's perfectly content to walk down this road with me forever
>Nice to know really, we should go hiking sometime
>But not right now, i'm miserable
>I point out there definitely wasn't a ranger station, and we are indeed lost.
>She kind of contemplates it, and just goes with it i guess
>About face, 180 degrees
>And we start walking back
>We saw the same things
>Chain link fences, walls of stones and mexican styled houses
>The fucking bridges of rotten wood
>The occasional car would go by, but we just didn't bother flagging them down
>We couldn't be that lost
>Or were we
>We ended up in a fucking cul de sac or something, which means we somehow turned off one major road into another and got lost.
>We didn't even understand

>I swear we were in a valley
>But guess not, we backtrack and end up on the main road again
>Just dark, and we were tired, we turned off in a wrong place
>So obviously we could get lost
>I don't know how long we were walking, far too long
>Then we're back to that stupid bar, back where we started
>We should have just fucking asked them in the first place
>Gadget telling me not to ask, the fuck did she know anyway.

>I ignore her and just walk over to the patio
>Gadget crosses the street behind me and just stands a fair distance away, like the place is going to bite. It looks like a restaurant it can't be that bad.
>I can kinda see inside, but it looks dark, so i try the door
>Lights are kinda still on, outside, might be closed
>The doorhandle wasn't actually a doorhandle, i think it was wood shaped to look like a deer antler.
>Couldn't budge it at all, i knock a couple times just to be sure
>No answer
>Alright, i start to walk off the patio to where gadget is standing over on the parking lot, and the door opens behind me
>Oh perfect, finally a person i can ask directions to
>I get a good look at the guy
>I don't know, it's just a guy wearing a leather jacket with a shaved head, he looked pretty normal
>There were like flames on his jacket, it was kinda interesting i guess.
>I ask him the question
>"Hey do you know where the >Whatever the place was called< Bed and breakfast is?"
>He nods, "Yeah sure" and he gives a whistle to probably his mates inside to come over.
>See, this isn't that bad, and i turn to gadget with a "told you so" face on
>Which she meets with wide eyes

>I snap back around and look, and there's five guys standing on the patio now, a couple with jackets on, the rest wearing jeans and roughed up wifebeaters and shirts
>My eyes definitely go as big as they can
>Now i realized about two seconds after turning around that five guys were not what we needed to tell us directions
>I didn't realize the reason she didn't want me to ask the bar, was because her spidey senses were tingling
>You know the big bunch of motorcycles outside meant that the bar was full of some kind of motorcyclist group in there
>Not something we wanted to deal with, or that would give us directions.
>Specially not in our current state of attire.
>But i didn't realize

>My brain should have registered this, been screaming "DANGER, DANGER WILL ROBINSON!"
>Gadget started running first

>Up the parking lot, away as far as she could from them.
>I don't know if she was thinking about it or just trying to lose them, but i follow
>And i can hear clanks on wood and hooting behind me
>Then the crunch on gravel of multiple boots
>I realize what she's thinking
>That we're going to get mugged
>This is gonna fucking suck
>I don't know, we get like a third of the way up the parking lot and we aren't really that fast
>You ever tried running across a gravel parking lot barefoot
>You don't go anywhere fast, it hurts like hell
>And me and my dainty city-boy feet, they don't hold up very well
>I stop on a sharp rock and tumble over
>Get a facefull of gravel
>It was a pretty shitty feeling
>I stepped on that rock and my body reacted, i didn't have a choice
>And i realized midair that i'd just royally fucked myself over
>I knew gadget though, she was good they'd catch me and leave her
>Right?
>Nope
>I'm sorry anons, she tried to be heroic, probably do exactly what i would of done if she had fallen
>The same extremely idiotic thing i would have done.
>She came back for me

>What happened next was...
>Well one of the guys caught up and yanked me to my feet by my shoulder
>I took a swing at him, but what the fuck was i gonna do
>Nothing, i don't even connect
>The short bald guy is holding on to gadget, she's squirming and kicking but not getting any headway.
>One of the guys with black hair drops probably the most cliche phrase i've ever heard anyone ever use outside of television
>"Well well well... what do we have here"
>It probably was from television
>He's got dark eyes, they don't glint, they don't smile, or frown
>There are no emotions in the eyes i'm looking at.
>It also kind of strikes me as odd that we're getting mugged when we obviously don't have anything valuable on us.

>Which you know was my moment of realization
>That and the short guy excitedly yelling "I call first dibs on the nigger"

>I gave my best, i kicked the guy holding gadget in the shins
>I didn't really think i did anything, but gadget made it work
>ripped her arm away and started running
>Towards some empty lot, out behind the restaurant or the white building or something
>I mean hope right? She would escape and it would be all fine and good
>If she could get to the hills she could just run right up them with bare feet and they couldn't follow
>But uhh... you don't outrun people with boots with bare feet on gravel
>Hate to be honest, but it doesn't happen
>20 paces or so, that's how far she got before the short guy kicked her in the back of the shins
>She went down hard, face first
>He had her pinned to the ground, knee on her back.
>I don't remember if i said anything, or yelled anything
>Anything at all, i don't remember any words or sounds i made
>But the guy holding me grabbed my hair and dragged me those twenty paces to where she was
>I don't know if you can imagine what being dragged across gravel is like
>But it cuts you up, you feel every single rock no matter how you get pulled across it, every single edge
>Out of everything, the adrenaline, the fear, the worry.
>that's what i was feeling, was some fucking gravel.

>I look back and hate myself for thinking about that gravel
>Instead of gadget, really i was worried about how badly it hurt to be pulled across some rocks
>The guy holding me was shouting something about "Wait",
>Like he wanted to show me something
>Oh
>He did,
>He threw me down right beside her
>My head craned at the perfect angle as he held it there.
>As he leaned in close,
>Less leaning, more crushing, full weight on me into the rocks
>I had a mouth full of dirt and sand, i could smell his breath
>Chewing tobacco, and he rubbed his cheek up against the back of my neck and every bristle of his scruffy chin i could feel.
>I'll be honest, i wasn't thinking anything
>Nothing, zero, nada, empty
>The guy pulled down my shorts and i didn't even think a single thing, like my body wasn't important.
>But i couldn't not think anything because they had me looking right at gadget

>right at her face
>at her god damn eyes.
>I closed mine, that's not something i was going to watch

>It was interesting i didn't look at her eyes
>Because i would have seen the look she was giving at the time
>I only knew it after i opened mine
>It wasn't fear, it wasn't hate, or apathy, or anything
>She had eyes of amusement
>I only found this out as soon as she laughed
>Actual, hearty, full, resounding laughter
>A little strained because of the guys holding her down, but still there.
>Everybody just froze
>I shot my eyes open and caught hers and they weren't nearly as terrified as mine must have been
>Or empty for that matter
>I guess it's not something you expect when you're holding down a young girl and ripping off her clothes.
>But she keeps laughing, on and on
>I don't understand any of it, not a bit
>But being typical humans, and not liking something they don't understand, the guy holding me down asked a question.
>"What the fucks so funny you bitch"
>That tone of voice you only get when you're angry at being interrupted, stopped in the middle of something important.

>She keeps laughing
>Either amazing acting, or it's the funniest thing on earth to her
>Chokes out a word now and then, but it makes the story she's laughing at
>"Better hope you've got double plastic"
>And she laughs, over and over again
>I can't tell if it's forced, it sounds real
>She's laughing with her eyes closed, i can't tell.
>But she keeps it up
>"I am a school whore, open my legs for everyone, here and back home, you want a taste go ahead..."
>It takes a moment
>Two moments
>I'm fucking speechless, what the hell was i hearing
>"You should see the creams i have for rashest" and she lists them
>I guess the diseases too
>Lists a whole handful of STDs, and some i'd never heard of
>Her knowledge of english exhausted, she starts on other languages too, it's a much bigger list

than i could have put together.
>I'm having trouble not believing her she's sounding so genuine
>Two of the guys holding her just recoil back
>Up and to their feet, one makes a retching sound and it's pretty obvious they want no part of it
>But that's still three guys, two on me.
>Someone behind me comments "Whatever this kid's white, leave the shitstain whore"
>Pretty sure i'm the only person in the world with a 1 sided dice.

>Of course, take me
>I'm young, probably a great fuck, who knows i've never tried to go fuck myself when people suggest it.
>But gadget doesn't let me down either, she just takes the easy route
>"Who do you think i am dating, he doesn't even know"
>The two guys above me lean around and look at my face
>Whatever mixture of emotions or thoughts i have on, that they can see in the low amount of light
>It works
>I wasn't giving them a face though
>"Well shit" the leader mumbles
>Someone else laughs and tells me its a fuck sorry state to learn my girlfriend is a cheating whore and has given me the alphabet.
>I think that was his actual sentence.
>Everyone's off except one holding gadget down
>His words were that he didn't give a shit and he'd risk it as he pulled down his own pants

>One of his biker buddies stopped him, it wasn't anything deep or meaningful
>Hand on the shoulder and the words "It's not worth it, we'll get you a clean whore up north"
>Someone else coughed out "A white one"
>Racism, alive and thriving in america. Thank god.
>They kinda backed off and were standing together, so i risked trying to get up, and pulled my pants up along the way
>Gadget too, at about the same time
>I woulda run anyway, there was no shaking hands and letting bygones be bygones
>But the biggest guy pulled a knife and yelled "RUN YOU SHITS" and we were fucking gone
>up the side of that mountain into brush and clay and dirt until we were out of breath and could look down
>We just clumped up together behind a bush, sitting on some outcropping or other
>Watching
>Nobody seemed to have chased us up the hill, i looked over to gadget re-tying her top now that she had the chance.
>The shirt and shorts were no longer around her waist
>That didn't really matter

>We sat there looking down into the parking lot, until the bikes all started up one by one
>Headlights lighting up the area as they revved the engines and drove away.

>Lot of questions and realizations popped into my head as we sat there in silence
>I mentioned we were held down behind a church
>As if that had anything to do with it.
>I'm not a religious person, but you know what i sent a little thank you in my mind just incase.
>Gadget nodded in agreement when i mentioned it.
>She mentioned the logo on the jackets two of them were wearing
>Gold, Red, with a short guy in a big mexican hat.
>I didn't see it, or i'd be able to tell you who it belonged to.
>Then the question popped into my head i shouldn't ask
>"How... did you know what to say?"
>I guess we're silent there for a while, sitting on that rock looking off at the valley the city was in
>Until she gives a solid response, like she knew exactly what she wanted to say
>"I had to use it...before... works on people who like to think they are clever."
>I nod absentmindedly in agreement
>And then i realize what that means

>So i ask, with a heart already heavy.
>"What happens when they're not..."
>And she turns and gives me a sad smile
.>My heart breaks in two right there
>Even before she talks
>She's quiet, shallow
>"Well... they caught me lying"
>I'm hugging her before i can see her eyes
>I think i'm crying, but i'm not sure.
>I don't know how long we sat like that
>Looking up at the stars
>Soaking in the moonlight
>I wasn't cold anymore, i guess that means something

>We hike our way back down the forty or fifty feet of the mountain we were on
>It's not hard, it's actually softer than the parking lot
>The dirt changes between rocky, to soft
>Gadget finds her clothes, covered in red dirt
>I don't argue with her when she just shakes them off, still wet, and puts on the shirt and shorts
>Covered in red blotches of dirty, streaks of gravely dirt
>Completely a mess, soaking, uncomfortable, but more clothing.
>Makes a little too much sense in my mind, so i blot it out
>And we lightly step across the parking lot and to the street again, who knows how long we've been out here but the moon is even most the way across the sky.

>Guess what we get to do
>I take gadget's hand and lead her the other way down the road
>Yay...

>It's still cold, there's still rocks beneath our feet
>But i think i turned off
>I don't know, a mile, two miles
>We finally saw the stupid archway
>A bunch of packet clay or something that looks like it with a log in the middle, and the sign that was all lit up at night.
>Del rio was it, Fuck it.
>Some spanish themed B&B,
>We're not in the archway three seconds before something human shaped darts across the yard towards us
>The crunch crunch crunch of gravel under its feet.
>You know i really should try to fight the skinwalker,
>Ready to fight, Kick, Punch, It's all in the mind
> but i just let it hit me
>It's not a hard hit, its a hug, and i know it instantly even though its really dark out here
>It's Raven.

>I'm not sure what i feel about that hug
>I think i was still off
>Emotionally
>didn't feel anything
>Just hug weakly back
>She's crying and sobbing into my shoulder
>I don't know, it didn't feel genuine
>It's hard to describe that, but it didn't.
>Gadget's just standing there looking on with apathy, like it didn't matter
>In my mind i guess i was weighing reactions i should have
>Like i didn't know which one was right
>I guess she had been sitting here waiting for us for however long, probably hours, it must be 3-4 AM right now.
>That's worth something maybe
>She does blurt out some things
>"Sorry, i'm so sorry!"
>I mean when she said that it was genuine, real, genuine apology
>I still don't know what to think, but i feel tears rolling down my chest.

>That comes with lots of apologies
>About all the mean things she said right before they left
>About leaving me there.

>I stop her
>And point at gadget
>You left us both, not just me
>She chases her down and blubbers all over her apologizing too
>I don't know if i'm really buying it, so i as-
>She keeps blabbing.
>"I was waiting, i kept telling myself if you didn't come back i was going to go find you, and i just..."
>I know how that is
>As shitty as our night was, i'm honestly glad she didn't go out looking for us.
>Ends up this quaint little american town is ridiculously dangerous at night.
>I don't really understand why they didn't use the car, and i ask that.
>And she breaks down crying again and said she tried to steal the keys but freckles hid them.
>I don't even remember why that would happen
>So she starts from the beginning, in her own words.

>" >Well, first we left you guys and got dressed, glasses got worried when blondie didn't come right away so she went to go get her..."
>She doesn't mention why they were protecting blondie, but i don't interrupt
>" >Then i guess glasses saw blondie run around the corner half naked, which she told us later was because you saved her from drowning... but she didn't know and thought you were doing the same thing as earlier so she punched you"
>" >And then you punched her like six times in the stomach or something you asshole"
>Raven gives me a glare at that part.
>It's too dark to tell you the color of her eyes, but i can see angry in pitch darkness, it's a skill.
>I want to correct her but she's still talking
>" >when i found her, she was having trouble breathing, i don't think she's had an asthma attack for years but your stupid punches brought one, and freckles helped her to the car while i went over to kick your ass for that, found you fucking around with blondie and i didn't know either so... i didn't mean what i said"
>" >So we took blondie and freckles yelled at gadget for what we told her in the pool and then we all left because glasses had her inhaler in her bag at the room"
>It's like i'm cursed anons
>No matter what happens
>No matter what i do
>IT'S ALWAYS MY FAULT

>I took solace in the next parts of her story
>Atleast for raven, i understood why she didn't come find us
>Then when we got back i wanted to go back for you two, but Glasses was feeling sick and lay down and blondie wouldn't back me up at all she just was kind of doing her blank thing the entire time"
>I indeed knew her "Blank" thing

>She just wouldn't give an opinion on things because she didn't want to take sides or didn't know which side was right
>It was annoying as fuck.
>But i guess she didn't like making everyone mad, which i understood
>and Raven breaks down crying again
>Sobs out the last part
>" >So i tried to take the keys and freckles just hid them and locked me out of their room and glasses was angry and wouldn't help, i think they all just went to sleep, so i've been out here waiting for you two and i kept telling myself i was going to go out looking and i swear i was if you were gone any lo-
>I stop her with a hug and a squeeze
>She's going into a logic loop, she'll be repeating apologies for hours if i don't stop her now.
>I understand though, i guess one girl gave a shit about us atleast.

>She was back to alright in my book, i could stand looking at her
>I guess
>Except for that one thing
>"What did you tell freckles in the pool?"
>I just get the weirdest look
>Like i should already know
>I definitely don't
>She even asks that "You don't know? We just told her what you gave blondie"
>Wha...
>What i gave blondie
>WHATHEFUCKDIDIGIVEBLONDIE
>I say that
>I think loud, probably the entire town heard me
>Raven just shrugs and tells me to wait a second
>Rummages in her pockets, pulls out receipts and stubs and things
>Keeps saying something about glasses giving it to her
>Then finds whatever she's looking for, and holds out a small little bag
>It's really tiny, and its got these little bright happy smiley faces all over it.
>Gadget snatches it, looks inside and asks where its from
>Raven responds with the weirdest statement
>"I thought you gave it to him..."
>"Glasses found his jacket all covered in knife cuts, and that was in his pocket"
>W... well half of that i was present for
>I have no clue what it is though,
>We watch gadget lick her pinky finger and dip it in, comes out with the tip shinyish and a different lighter color, and she licks it.
>Then giggles
>Dips her finger in again and holds it out to me, says "Taste it"
>I'm reluctant, but alright

>It's just some pasty kinda thing, can't be that bad.
>I suck her finger in the least seductive way i possibly can
>The stuff hits my tongue and instantly it's numb, cool, and a little bitter with a chemical flavor
>Actually the numbness is weird, it's like mint flavored novacaine from a dentist.
>Then gadget leans over and whispers in my ear
>"Cocaine".

And on that bombshell, that's where we end tonight.

Next update, Sunday 8:00 PST (June 8 murrican time)

Also, the answers to the recap of the story can be found here at the bottom now.
https://docs.google.com/document/d/1ZSElCEEprqYAB2xPwx8dIbWNbrTynpsM6hmnkgnWl6g/edit
Fitting i guess, i do a music themed recap for the gadget arc. She loved most of these, and introduced most of them to me.
Pick some interesting names and youtube em. Also check this out, it's like gadget's favorite thing. http://techno.org/electronic-music-guide/

Maybe later than 8:00 update tonight, 9ish ideally or longer, friends over. But ill make sure you get one. Is 4chan really down):

Update #11 : June 8th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12055312

RECAP
>Midnight Adventures with a reliable friend, the stuff dreams are made out of
>Broken dreams
>Barefoot over fields of lego, the stuff nightmares are made out of.
>Broken Nightmares
>Cold, Numb
>Probably lost
>It's a long walk, just the two of us, the mountains, the sky, and the sound of running water and abandonment.
>What's that? A seedy bar in the middle of a city you don't know?
>Let's ask for directions! That's a great plan, me!

>Keep telling yourself that, past me.
>Keep telling yourself that.
>Inb4 Storybro gets raped and murdered
>The worst of a bad situation, running on gravel, the taste of rocks in your mouth.
>Fear in your eyes
>The smell of tobacco on his breath
>And then a plan so crazy it's amazing she came up with it on the spot.
>She hadn't
>She'd used it before
>And the worst part, it didn't always work.
>A trip in the other direction, holding hands
>For comfort, for safety
>The girl who waited
>Everything all wibbly wobbly
>A hell of a drug.

Same as usual, 8-10 minutes, feel free to comment here like a normal thread, i'll get to threading it when the boards come back up.

>When gadget whispered in my ear, i jumped
>Theres no way
>She wasn't serious, she was joking
>How the hell would she even know, i'd never even seen a bag like this before
>I was completely underestimating whatever crazy drug connections she had if she could tell what this was.
>I didn't even get it properly in my mouth all the way
>I'd really just sucked it off her finger, so my lips, little bit of my gums, and the tiny front of my tongue were numb like i said.
>REALLY numb, i don't know why but i couldn't feel anything it touched.
>Not quite rubbery, not quite tingly, the taste went away quick too.
>That numbness lingered, even as she pulled her finger away and to her mouth again
>Sucking on the pinkie to get it wet again, seductively even
>Or not seductively, i'm not sure there's a way to suck on a finger that's just been in someone else's mouth that isn't seductive
>I doubt she meant it to be seductive, just consider that my male brain at the time tying knots that don't exist.
>Raven pipes in while gadget's got the finger in her mouth.
>worry, confusion, it's obviously painted across her cheeks
>"What is it?"
>Accusations, fun.
>she continues
>"it's what you two gave blondie right? You're both going to be all giggly in a second aren't you!"
>You can imagine her voice, maybe even better than i could explain it.

>Exasperated, angry, accusing, and downright distrustful all at the same time.
>Her eyes too, worried, but it's too dark to see them well enough to confirm.
>I was probably imagining what her face looked like, what expressions she was making.
>I knew her well enough
>Gadget interjects with a chuckling comment, a defusal of sorts.
>"Who would waste this on blondie?"

>That's what we in the business of women call a "Red flag"
>Rising up the pole, red flags everywhere.
>Panic initiated
>Gadget if this is your fault...
>The girl in question already had her finger in the bag again, and out.
>Offering another dose to raven
>I got a better look at what she was holding out, it was clear, kinda white and pasty, like it was wet before she put her finger in.
>Little gob of goo, not really powder.
>Confused about that, i could swear cocaine was powder
>"Here try for yourself"
>Raven, rightfully so, eyes it suspiciously, states she's straight edge and wants no part of it.
>Good choi-
>"Oh don't be a prude, it's nothing bad."
>Whoah gadget
>That's a fucking dick thing to say
>I realize that although she was carrying a calm cool exterior, there was anger behind that.
>Maybe i was willing to forgive raven, but she wasn't
>I stop her, yank her hand away.
>She pulls out of my grasp, announces "Fine! More for me then!"
>Emphasized it with a return of the finger to her own mouth.
>Not sure if she's doing it to spite me, or because she really wants to
>watch her rub it around, spreading the paste across her gums.
>It's dark, i don't know if i can see her face but she's smiling, i know it.
>and she goes for another fingerful of the stuff
>Nope.nope
>I snatch that bag away,
>I might even spill some of it, who cares though.
>[spoiler]all the drug users in here are cringing, or you don't know what we had[/spoiler]

>Gadget's eyes follow it the entire time
>They flash when i upturn the bag, as if she's scared i'll spill it.
>I hand the bag to raven, Hold gadgets arms up and out so she can't get at it.
>She's squirming and almost aggravated at my intrusion into her treat
>A worried "Don't waste it!" out of her before she relaxes

>she's looking down at the ground now
>mumbles something quietly
>I don't hear it, and i shake her lightly and ask
>a kind meaningful "what?"
>Her weight shifts from foot to foot uncomfortably
>then more mumbling, but i make out what she's saying this time
>"...i don't want to think about tonight anymore"
>that surprises me
>makes me drop her arms, and they flop to her sides limply
>Her eyes averted towards the floor numbly, like my mouth.
>But Fuck, that's a tempting thought.
>I wouldn't mind not thinking about tonight anymore either
>It's not too long too long before someone gives off a "Hmm...It doesn't smell like anything" from behind me.

>I snap around
>Oh you fucking idiot ra-
>Too late
>She had long since licked her finger clean, and announced it tasted like crushed altoids or something similar in a paste
>Continued on about it being tingly numb
>"So what is it? Like toothpaste or something?"
>Damnit Raven, there goes your edge
>I glare at her
>I don't know if gadget is right, but i repeat what she said
>I tell her that "Gadget said it's cocaine"
>[spoiler]You ever watched a girl go from curious george, to furious george anons?[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's pretty neat, first they stand a little taller[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You can almost imagine them bristling up like a cat to look bigger[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Stance widens, arms and shoulders perk up.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Fists clench, unclench and clench again[/spoiler]
>"NOTHING BAD?"
>Oh yeah, bye gadget
>Nice knowin ya
>[spoiler]and that's just what you can tell on a dark driveway up to our bed and breakfast where the only little lights illuminated the ground and not us.[/spoiler]

>Oh and then they start hitting you
>Because i'm the one standing in between her and the one she wanted to really hit.
>I mean she was yelling lots of angry things too

>I think her tongue was kinda numb so the words didn't come out that well, but they got the message across.
>"WHY WOULD YOU WANT ME TO TASTE THAT"
>and
>"YOU KNOW I DON'T DO ANY OF THOSE THINGS"
>and my favorite
>"YOU DRUGGIE, FIRST BLONDIE AND NOW ME, GO DIE!"
>It's pretty clear raven has a problem with gadget and her knowledge of drugs.
>Introduce her to the same pin-down i had for gadget seconds earlier
>I would say i was done with her shit, but i understood
>It's a pretty crummy thing when your friends tell you "It's nothing bad" and it's motherfucking cocaine.
>And although she was hitting me with her fists, it wasn't hard
> it was...
>Kind of when you want to hit something to work out frustrations at something that can't be changed now that you've done it.
>I was her pillow taking a bit of abuse at the moment.
>Just take it from me
>sometimes with your partner you gotta grit your teeth and take the love in whatever form it comes in.
>Masochism aside, we heard what sounded like motorcycles on the road.
>Gadget didn't even hesitate
>She was gone towards the house
>i slapped my hand over raven's mouth to stop her incessant complaining for the moment
>Told her to do the same.

>I followed the running girl, yanking another after me.
>Running barefoot across grass, another section of parking lot and into a courtyard with two trees
>Lights were on, we could see it was lovely
>I wish i could explain what a beautiful place this was to stay at, but it didn't matter to us at that moment
>Gadget was here already
>Glued to one of the adobe windows of the courtyard watching
>Staring with the intensity that only comes with extreme concentration, or fear.
>We were terrified, i just put the pieces together in my head right then.
>We told them where we were staying
>Fucked wasn't even the word for it
>Fuck
>Fuck fuck fuckity fucked.
>It was only a couple seconds
>We waited, the source of the noise appeared
>It was definitely a motorcycle

>Really it was nothing to be afraid of
>just a single headlight and backlight as it rode down our short glimpse of road
>someone completely different.
>and it's gone
>[spoiler]I'm sorry this line is only for customers who have money with the bank[/spoiler]
>I didn't relax after it passed
>I heard every single sound.
>the rustle of the trees, the sound of raven breathing
>a creek silently bubbling away in the distance
>Like you could hear it, but it was pressing down all around you and muffling it all.
>i felt like my head was going to explode with the silence
>And then i heard gadget take a breath in
>She was holding it this entire time
>Oh
>That's why my head was pounding too.

>Breath in
>Breath out
>I'm wide awake, i don't know why
>goes to show just how much that had affected me, even if i didn't want to admit it.
>Adrenaline
>i was sleeping on my feet moments ago as we walked in, but now it was like i'd had ten shots of espresso
>Adrenaline wasn't like this, my heart was pumping pretty hard
>I thought i knew what adrenaline felt like
>Maybe i was just really that scared
>But i should be calming down
>A minute of silence, we're all sitting there waiting and watching
>I can tell raven is confused, but i appreciate her trusting us and staying quiet.
>She's got a panicked stare out at the street, as if she's searching for what we're hiding from.
>Then a look back to me, then gadget with a questioning stare, and then the street again.
>I looked over to gadget and she had flushed cheeks, as far as i could see from the light flooding in behind us
>Raven too
>I take a couple more deep breaths, to make sure
>I'm still feeling the same, i can't calm down.
>A voice rings out from the silence, it seems to be gadget
>Quiet, but clear
>"You guys feel that right"

>Now for anons who don't realize what's happening
>We're going to take a little time-out here to explain some drug facts to non-users.

>You've seen movies, TV shows, dramas
>Police officers always pull over that bad guy, dip a finger in some cocaine and taste it to test it out.
>Make sure its real stuff and not just some other white powder
>The bad guys do it too, they take out a stiletto knife and put a line on the blade and lick right along the entire thing.
>Make sure they aren't getting cheated before a big deal.
>The idea is that they can taste how good it is, how much of it is actually "Cut down", and that's true you sorta can, it's got a very distinct flavor.
>The way we always assume you "Do" the darn drug is by snorting it up your nose.
>That's not completely true, like most every other drug you can insert it into your body in plenty of different ways and it'll work.
>So all those cops having a taste got a buzz right after.
>You also realize we didn't have powder, we had a paste
>Which means drug knowledgeable anons are jumping up and screaming at the screen right now.

>You know how powdered sugar has cornstarch in it to stop it from clumping? Cocaine is about the same, it gets all mushy and pasty if its just itself all alone. Attracts water.
>There's a word for it, i don't remember it right now, i looked all this up ages ago.
>So most the cocaine in the united states is cut, caffeine, baking soda, cornstarch, drugs of various flavors to give it a "Kick".
>This is all done in whatever country the stuff is cooked in, then more with the dealer, and then more with the little guys who distribute it.
>We're talking 20-30% of it is actually the drug you're paying for, the rest is other white stuff since anything closer to 100% just turns into paste you can't do lines of.
>Paste was what was in that bag, which means walter white had cooked this up in his basement himself.
>It wasn't 98% purity, or blue, but it was up there.
>That's not specifically good either.
>Normally you do a line, maybe 50-100mg of the stuff, or a couple lines if its really low quality.
>Fingerfull's not much, gadget probably dolled out 30-50mg to each of us, 75mg to herself since she double dipped.
>Then paste in the mouth instead of snorted, different kind of high.
>Not really the same buzz, you digest it a little but you still absorb lots.
>Anyway push come to shove, really potent basement-made stuff, that little bag was probably worth close to a grand and i had no clue where it came from.
>we didn't know ANY OF THIS THOUGH.
>Maybe gadget did, maybe she didn't.
>That was a really good question
>That we didn't have time for
>Because we were buzzed

>I felt flushed, warm, awake
>Really awake, and like i could do things
>I don't know how to describe the sensation besides saying "I could do things"
>That was really it, i felt like i could do things.
>I've said that three times
>Three minus the two trees in the yard we were hiding in is one
>One is the loneliest number
>Two is also the loneliest number
>One + Two = Three
>We had three buzzed people with about a third of a gram left
>Gram
>G-man
>Hl:3 confirmed
>Still, i wasn't the only one
>Raven pulled me up and tugged on my arm
>Shifting her entire weight trying to pull me, like she needed to move, needed me to move.
>To follow her
>She repeated the same thing a couple times
>"I don't like this, let's go inside"
>That was the thought in her head
>some people really like losing control, and others hate it
>Raven didn't have many happy memories with "Losing control"
>She did things she regretted, or hated herself for.
>I didn't really want to let her do that this time, so i held on tightly and ran along.

>grabbed gadget's arm and tugged her too
>We ended up in like some sort of chain, raven pulling me, me pulling gadget
>Around the side of the building, i don't know why we didn't go in the front
>Locked maybe
>We went around through an archway, made out of that red clay stuff mexican houses are made out of.
>The little plateau, stairs, pond
>It was like a little terraced area where all the rooms were connected to
>Like i keep saying, this place was absolutely beautiful, but it was wasted on me.
>Because the AIR was DELICIOUS
>I could just really feel each breath i took.
>Are you digging this air?
>This air RULES!
>Like it was as good as eating some really good food, the air was cold and i could feel the temperature change the entire way down.
>Inhaling ice cream that melts as it goes into your lungs maybe
>Sorry i was really preoccupied with myself and how i was feeling
>Gadget was quiet the entire way, but her actions spoke loudly

>She was holding my hand and squeezing, hard.
>Hard enough to hurt, like she was afraid at any moment i would let go and leave her.
>I would never, not that night.

>Raven pulls me into our room, sliding glass door and curtains.
>Entire room is native american themed
>Bones on the wall, woven bedsheets and tapestries and things.
>Fancy
>I pull gadget behind me, she closes the door
>I guess we stand there and stare at everything for a bit
>The room tastes like old antiques and wooden floors
>It doesn't have wooden floors though, that's the weird part.
>Take it all in, breath after breath
>The room is dark
>Raven turns around, i see a tear in her eye; glimmering
>I question it, and then realize it's my fault
>I'm squeezing her hand just as hard as gadget's squeezing mine
>Passing it down the line.
>I let go so she can escape, she waves her hand appreciatively and steps over to the light switches
>Flicks em on and turns around
>Her eyes change
>From green, to terrified
>wide, panicked
>she rushes at us wailing
>"No... No!, NO!"

Because of 4chan issues, this was actually where the thread stopped, the next bit was the next night.

>Raven gets to me and i get hands thrown around my midsection
>Its not a hug, she's almost hysterical
>Shifting me this way and that to look at me
>Questions, frantic
>"What happened!"
>"I'm so sorry!"
>Then she actually didn't ask any more questions
>Just in different forms, over and over again
>"It's all my fault"
>"sorry..."
>"Please forgive me!"
>"Oh god im so sorry"
>I'm just watching her, with a look of amusement on my face

>What is she on about
>I can see gadget doing the same thing
>Both of us just watching this girl panic on what i assumed must be a bad trip or something
>Like i said, she doesn't get along very well with "Losing control"

>I catch one of her wandering arms as it crosses over my stomach
>Shes crouching
>I pull her to her feet, face level with mine.
>she's a literal faucet, tears streaming down her cheeks
>Delicious tears
>Eyes, the first time i'd seen them in full brightness tonight, watery and shimmering sea green.
>"Relax" i whisper in her ear as i pull her close
>"It's alright" i add as i hold her tightly, close.
>She squirms, struggles
>Pushes away
>): i wanted that hug
>I don't want to, but i'm not going to hold her against her will
>She gets free and steps back
>Mouths words, then again louder this time
>"There's no way that's alright"
>She's wearing some long sleeve t-shirt and sweatpants, bed clothes but warm enough to wait for us outside in.
>That's not what i noticed though
>i noticed how her shirt was now covered in red and brown splotches of dirt, dust and mud,
>her pants too
>blotchy spots of that same red and something the same color but far wetter and darker.

>Seriously?
>I look over at gadget's face
>She's just staring at raven, same as i was
>I'm not sure she's realized it yet
>Puzzling out those spots and colors she's now wearing
>I look down, past her face
>I could swear she was wearing a white shirt earlier now
>Darn thing is tie-dyed red and brown
>[spoiler]New mexico dirt, enjoy your stains[/spoiler]
>Then her stomach is covered in what looks like blood trails
>Her shorts too
>and her legs are just not the legs i remember looking at earlier
>red dust covering all of them, and then blood, most of it dried covering the rest in caked mud
>and her feet i can't see
>But i see behind her there's a pair of bloody footprints.

>Damnit really
>I look down at myself
>Equal amounts of scratches, dirt, bloody cakes of redish clay, and who knows what else.
>My legs look like they've been dragged across dirty sandpaper multiple times.
>The tie on the front of my swimtrunks is completely undone, i guess it was just for show.
>But seriously?
>I check behind me
>I've left a pair of footprints too, and i'm still dripping
>Why the hell is it so hard to realize you're bleeding everywhere

>So i've broken one of my rules already, no bleeding all over Raven
>Great
>also the floor
>Whatever, its really no big deal
>The footprints complete the native american motif
>Probably
>Can give myself a native american name maybe, redtoes, or bloodfoot
>Im pretty sure i would feel it if i was dying of blood loss or something, i'm cold and numb and can barely feel my toes as is...
>Oh right thats what dying of blood loss feels like
>PANIC
>Not really though
>Gadget and i weren't even phased looking up and down ourselves
>Shrugging it off, nah we've seen worse
>Which might be the coke
>Gadget was even bouncing on the balls of her feet
>Little hops
>I think she was happy, like it reminded her of something she'd long forgotten
>Which was the coke, i think
>I don't really think we were communicating us not being dying very well to raven though
>She was hysterical

>I don't know how i calmed her down
>Maybe we didn't
>We were just repeating we were ok
>She wasn't really listening
>Mamma bird mode activated
>She pulled me across the room towards the bathroom
>Then stopped
>Pushed me all the way back to where i was standing
>(what?)

>Then grabbed gadget too and pulled us again
>She went instantly from "OH NO YOU'RE BLEEDING" to "LETS CLEAN YOU UP"
>Like she was missing the step where we explain everything, just straight to doing.
>She started filling the tub and bustling around the bathroom
>Put bubblebath in it, i haven't had one of these since i was way younger
>I suddenly was excited
>Fucking love bubblebaths
>Clapped my hands
>(what?)
>Gadget was smiling and hopping up on the balls of her feet every couple seconds
>Like little full body hiccups
>We were like little kids waiting to take a bath and bustling with energy.
>The only thing that wasn't that great was the sound of the water running
>Usually bathtubs are pretty loud when you fill them up
>Most of it's white noise, and we just ignore it
>But the acoustics of this bathroom were killing me, i found myself slapping my hands over my ears until the tub was 1/2 full and the splashing calmed down.

>Then it was full and steamy and bubbly
>Peaks and ravines of white foam
>Miss-mamma bird
>She was really focused on doing what she was doing
>just said
>"Here let's get those off you" and walked over to Gadget
>The second girl was still smiling and bouncing, up until the moment raven touched the bottom hem of her shirt
>Then it was fire in her eyes and raven was in the air
>I watched her sail away, it was like a ragdoll actor in a movie
>Then she hit the ground off in the distance, out the door and out of sight.
>Gadget still standing there
>She wasn't bouncing anymore
>Just staring
>Psychic powers awakened

>There was some of that wind stuff
>Bottles, towels, toilet paper all started swirling around the room
>Gadget's eyes were glowing red
>Really, red
>Then instead of bouncing she started hovering off the floor
>at least a foot, legs elongated and toes pointed downwards
>arms outstretched
>Turned slowly
>To face me

>Smiled
>"SWIRL MIGHTY WINDS AND CARRY US AWAY!"
>Hair wisping in the wind, the streaks of red replaced with pure white
>Gadget confirmed for Storm

>Wouldn't that be cool?
>That's totally what i was thinking of when it happened
>Not a thought in my mind about raven, just how cool it was she just threw her across the room like she had superpowers or something.
>What really happened is she just stared off at raven
>and Sneezed
>her entire little face contorted up, nose flared upwards
>It was cute, like the end of "pikachu!"
>Made me want to sneeze too
>I didn't sneeze nearly as cute
>But it was probably contagious
>Mister president madagascar!
>I did expect raven to start wailing or crying though
>anytime now
>any... time
>Nothing
>God damnit you better not be unconscious or so-
>She just appears in the door, standing, perfectly fine.

>(what?)
>Im completely serious gadget shoved her hard, she went flying
>She probably tumbled like four times out of sight
>But she wasn't even frowning, didn't look hurt
>Just came back and went for the hem of the shirt again
>Like i said, all of her "Why" processes seemed to be off, and it was just doing.
>i'm not completely sure what just happened but i know exactly why it happened and i step between them
>end up with my hands on raven's shoulders
>She stops, and wraps her arms around me in a hug
>Alright
>Then her reaction
>"Oww, that hurt"
>Good 15 second delay on that one

>Then she grumbles something that sounded like "Fine leave it on"
>Squeezes me again
>"I was just trying to help..."
>I know raven, i know
>But that's not the help she wants

>There wasn't really any conflict getting into the tub
>I just left my trunks on
>The water was really hot
>Hotter than the hot springs, but it was bubbly and sudsy
>So of course on a body full of various cuts
>IT STUNG LIKE HELL
>I yelped like a bitch as i went in
>so did gadget, fully clothed as she was in the springs
>Raven considered getting in, but decided the tub was too small, or the water was too hot
>or something
>She just vanishes off into the room saying "Berightback"
>One word
>I settle into the corner
>try to sink below the surface
>Can't really, gadget's sitting on my legs so i can't go down
>):
>She squirms around and ends up on my lap
>She was adorable, all smiles, like a little sister you're forced to bathe with that doesn't mind it at all.
>Then she pulls her legs up and slides under the layer of bubbles

>Damnit, i wanted to do that
>That's like the only thought on my mind, is why can she go underwater and i can't.
>I listen to the front door of the room slam closed though and i realize raven's gone outside
>a... alright
>Going to the car probably
>I sit there thinking about that for a bit
>... wait a second
>She doesn't have keys
>She probably realized this at the same time, because the door opens and there's stomping back inside
>Angry stomping
>Then rustling
>Digging through bags it sounds like
>I just relax and listen to it
>and the bubbles popping quietly
>They're actually really loud

>Hmm
>I kind of meander off in my own world in my mind
>Phase out to the sound of bubbles

>Raven returns
>A splash brings me out of my reverie
> that pillowcase she bled all over the first day
>She tosses it in the tub
>Ends up it was in her bag
>starts stripping her own clothes off too
>Gets her pants off and pauses
>Gives me a really funny look
>Like i've done something terrible
>What
>What could i have possibly done
>You were gone for like 3 minutes tops, i was sitting right here
>She turns around and looks outside the bathroom
>What, did i forget something?
>Comes back
>"Wheres gadget?"

>Hmm that's a really good question
>Where did she go
>I think about it for a couple seconds
>look around
>look down
>AHHH! Jump like half a foot in the tub and realize she's under the bubbles still
>I reach around, find shoulders and yank the poor drowning girl up and to air again
>She's covered in foam
>Can't even see her face, but her mouth spits and foam flecks fly everywhere
>The cheek i can see is bright red like a lobster
>She takes a deep breath, then exclaims
>"I coulda gone longer!"
>Like a little girl in a pool exclaiming to her parents for praise.
>Then she pushes herself forward on her arms and nuzzles her cheek against mine
>Ends up with her head on my chest
>She was down there for like 2 minutes atleast
>That girl was part fish
>Raven didn't realize how long gadget was underwater for doesn't even flinch, just finishes undressing
>(Panties and topless if you must know)
>Starts pouring water over my head like a mother does with babies in the tub
>It's really hot

>Gadget has her head resting on my chest
>Makes a comment about how fast my heart is beating
>"Yeah, guess who's fault that is"
>She doesn't get the hint
>Raven is lost in her own little world too, mostly scrubbing us both down with her hands and more water
>I feel like a little while more and we're both cleaner
>And my eyes hurt
>Maybe the bubbles or water i keep getting poured into them
>Should my physical self feel created from untold millions of minute bubbles?
>Probably not
>Eventually gadget decides she wants to go play underwater explorer again and i stop her
>Grab her hand
>No little sister, you're going with a safety tether this time
>"Squeeze it, so i know you're alright this time"
>She nods
>Cute little "mmhmmm"
>squeezes my hand tightly and holds it
>Then ducks under again
>Have fun swimming with the fishies

>I relax, lean back some more
>I count for a minute and then i lose track because the ceiling is a rather interesting color
>Raven scrubs me for a while, and then stops
>She gets distracted and starts pawing and playing with the bubbles that are left
>Lots of minutes pass
>Feels like forever
>Like 10 minutes
>Then raven pokes me
>"She still down there?"
>Yeah i can feel her squeezing
>Wait a second
>...
>She's not squeezing me
>IM SQUEEZING HER HAND
>I DIDN'T NOTICE

>I yank her up again
>She's not drowneded
>Gadget just breaks out giggling
>"Took you long enough, i wanted to make you worry!"
>fucking
>no
>you're god damn aquaman
>fish bullshit powers
>I restate that
>Same words
>Along with my estimate of it being like 10 minutes
>She counted
>"140 seconds!"
>no way
>My sense of time is completely fucked
>"You should see down there! The colors are beautiful! Like little fish swimming"
>Colors? I want to look
>But my heart actually hurts, and my head is pounding
>At the risk of gadget actually giving me a heart attack, i announce bathtime is over
>Open the drain
>Whining from gadget, raven doesn't actually say anything coherent
>I think she's just completely lost concentration.

>No arguing though
>I haul fish girl out of the tub, she's bright red like a cooked crab all over.
>Like blondie red, its pretty cute

>Who knew she could blush, i didn't.
>I stand up and lift her to stand beside me
>My head is pounding and i feel dizzy
>The room is spinning
>I hope this isn't the co-
>Gadget tumbles out of my arms and to the floor
>Limp
>She hits the floor hard
>Doesn't even stop her fall
>[spoiler]that means she's unconscious[/spoiler]
>What the fuck happened
>She's bright red
>Like her skin is red all over
>like a giant rash or something
>I lean down to try to help her back up
>My legs don't actually work as well as they were pretending to
>I collapse right there next to her
>I can't seem to stop my fall either

>I'm still aware of everything that's going on
>I can see everything
>Every color seems to be in my vision in one place or another
>Swimming around
>I can see mountains of colors and things
>There's no way this is coke, it would have hit before now.
>I can't move, my entire body's tingling
>I'm tired and want to close my eyes
>I can't breathe properly
>I can't talk, every breath i take feels freezing
>I faintly realize raven is completely conscious
>Whatever this is it's not getting her
>She's panicked, or not, or doing something
>I just focus on gadget because i can't move my head
>my vision is fading in and out, i feel like i'm going to lose consciousness

>I just focus on breathing
>in
>and out
>in
>and out
>I'm not sure if gadget's breathing
>i think she is
>laboured

>pained
>She's not moving
>I try to say something
>Anything
>Raven's name
>I get the first three letters out, equivalent to "Ray..." when saying raven if that helps you visualize it better.
>Cliche as fuck i know, but you're not thinking about being clever when you can't feel your body.
>She's yelling out something
>Sounds like "Hold on hold on hold on"
>There's water running
>But i fade out, i can't concentrate on keeping my eyes open
>Last thing i see is a wavy blue line
>Neat
>That anons, is where Storybro and Gadget died

>You probably don't have any clue what happened
>Everything was fine, happy a moment before
>Just enjoying a nice hot bubble bath
>Hot bath
>Yeah there was the issue
>We didn't know any better
>How the fuck would we
>Cocaine does this really bad thing where it stops your body from being able to regulate temperatures
>Hallucinations
>Muscle weakness
>Red Skin
>Pounding headache
>All symptoms of severe heat stroke
>We were cooking alive
>Had all the symptoms in the bath and we didn't even realize.
>Get up, blood circulates a bit more
>Body temp from extremities goes to interior organs, those last few degrees of change.
>You lose control of muscle function
>You need those muscles for important things, like breathing and your heartbeat.
>you're out like a light.

>But i did mention in the first story
>Back when i died the first time, technically
>Raven isn't a finicky panic and call 9/11 and scream at them to come help kind of girl
>If you're going to die of heatstroke near any of the girls, make sure its her.

>I don't know if she realized what was happening
>I don't care if she realized what was happening
>I came to in the shower, cold water raining down around us
>She dropped our body temperatures, realized the red = bad = hot.
>Raven's lips on mine, hot air in my lungs
>It was like i had gone to sleep and woken up with a kiss.
>Nothing like the first time with glasses.
>CPR is great guys, make sure your girlfriend ALWAYS KNOWS CPR
>if she doesn't, find a new girlfriend
>Or teach her
>But probably find a new girlfriend.
>And I can't even begin to state the craziest part

>Gadget was up sitting against the wall when i came to
>A little out of it
>But conscious, stream of water running down and around her
>As much as raven loved me, and was probably angry at gadget for supposedly drugging blondie (for as far as i could tell).
>She got gadget up first
>Had her priorities straight, get the smaller girl
>That had more coke
>And passed out first
>Raven had her shit together, wasn't panicking like i thought she would be
>Somehow calm
>Collected when i caught her eyes
>But obviously i could see her irises expand, just slightly when she saw me open mine
>That worried contraction from stress
>Finally release with relief

>She was out of breath
>Panting
>Fell to my chest from her position
>Limply, but awake and staring at me.
>I could hear it over the water ,so it was loud gasping breaths
>I realize i might have actually been really out
>Stopped breathing entirely
>I bet we both did, gadget and I.
>There's no way to really state how impressive it was that we were both conscious again
>You don't realize how crazy it is that raven did what she did.
>Giving CPR to one person is tiring, exhausting
>Pump
>Pump
>Pump

>It's like doing pushups where the other person's life depends on you continuing
>And you can't catch your breath the entire time because you need to give it to them
>Make sure you fill the lungs
>How many pushups can you do anon?
>Thirty?
>Fourty?
>Fifty?

>What about sixty
>Per person
>That's about average for CPR, little more, little less
>Well gadget held her breath for 140 seconds, she counted
>Raven,
>she counted too
>Every single breath she gave us
>You're supposed to
>Five pumps and a breath was the way she was taught
>It took her 15 breaths to revive gadget.
>Me?
>About 25
>You do the math
>Tell me which girl is the "Best girl" now.
>Can you do that many pushups anon?

>I sometimes wonder how i manage to not have any serious brain damageamage
>I've been hit on the head, suffocated, unconscious, choked, and just stopped breathing way too many times now
>I'm brilliantly lucky i still can pronounce words correctly
>Spell most things
>Don't repeat sentences without realizing it.
>Don't repeat sentences without realizing it.
>Oh and don't feel too bad about the pushups thing anons
>I just tried, i could do about 37 without really forcing it.
>[spoiler]Yes, we made the sucked 37 dicks joke[/spoiler]
>I bet with adrenaline i could save gadget
>But yeah i would be dying even starting on storybro.
>Let myself die
>It's a crappy thing to think about
>You're in the situation to save someone's life, and the longer you do CPR the more likely they are to survive.
>Twenty three minutes is what some doctors have had to perform to keep patients alive (actually the average for severe heart failure, most is longer)
>Another reason to get /fit/ i guess, save your waifu.

>That was a thirty minute recovery time from that
>Nobody moved
>Just enjoyed the cold shower
>Practiced our breathing skills
>In
>Out
>In
>Out
>remember, always important
>Good job anons, keep that breathing up and you'll do fine in life.
>Dying this time wasn't nearly as painful as the first
>It was completely different, heart stopping from overheating is just
>You just close your eyes like you can't help but go to sleep
>That was it
>the sensation of dying this time was relaxing, lovely.
>And then i woke up to raven's lips and i was only a bit stiff and out of breath
>No lights, no pains, no pearly gates.
>Just as if i'd gone down for a nap and the next thing i knew i was being prodded awake.
>Peaceful, i hope that's how most people go.
>I hope that's how i go
>As nice as it was
>Cold water rolling down us, just practicing breathing.
>Thinking about how nice it was to die.
>I saw gadget shivering, staring off into the distance but obviously cold, goosebumps across her legs.
>I don't know if i put two and two together, but yeah failure to regulate body temperature works in both directions.
>I helped raven off me
>She had stayed like that, head on my chest
>Staring at me
>Listening to my heartbeat
>Making sure i was really alive.
>Pretty sure i was.
>Stood up, turned off the shower

>Truth be told, i think i had come down from our high quite a while ago
>My head still hurt
>Air was no longer delicious
>And i wanted to vomit
>Sounded about right in my head
>I pulled gadget to her feet too
>She seemed out of it

>Dazed, confused maybe
>Not good signs
>I prodded a question "Are you alright"
>if she didn't answer we would need to find a hospital, that was the thought in my mind
>But she responded "Yeah, just sleepy, really tired"
>Raven mentions her head hurts
>The light mostly is hurting her head
>She turns off the bathroom light
>It's light outside through the window, not too light but just starting
>I hear the sounds of wet clothes being removed from behind me
>Gadget is undressing
>I don't look, i hand her a towel and take my shorts off
>I don't care anymore

>I leave the bathroom along with raven, fully naked
>No fucks given
>Where are my clothes
>"Y... there's one thing i forgot to mention"
>It's raven
>what
>"Your guys stuff is in the car..."
>whatever i know she's got boxers
>"Gimie your boxers then"
>she starts rummaging around for a pair to toss me
>Then a voice behind us
>"Don't... put anything on"
>man gadget i am not in the mood for sexytimes
>Zero mood fucking not even going to think about it
>I don't even have a boner and everyone's naked, that's how not in the mood i am
>She elaborates though
>"We were too hot right? We shouldn't wear clothes, just use the thin blanket"
>Oh...

>Damn she's right, i read about that before
>I actually gulped
>I don't
>i...
>I don't wanna
>But she's right and we only have one bed
>Fuck it, dogpile under the sheets
>I pull off the heavy covers and just take the light ones from under
>I slide in
>Raven too, to one of my sides

>We offer gadget either or, cuddles with raven, or with me, her pick.
>She picks me
>Cute
>She really does trust me though, she mentions that when i state my worries
>Mostly about waking up with something poking her that i don't mean to poke her with.
>Raven just chimes in she should aim me at her if such an incident occurs
>The lights go off, we all curl up
>Cuddling, me spooning raven and gadget curled up softly against me
>I'm acutely aware of her breasts
>Things i always forget she has
>I would love to pretend it was lewd cuddling all the way. But it wasn't.
>Thirty seconds later we were as far away from one another as possible
>Body contact was too hot
>Heat stroke leaves you sensitive to any heat.

Goodnight anons, until wednesday 8:00 PST.

Update #12 : June 11th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12082783

>I jolt awake
>Like i've just been struck by lightning
>My heart's beating out of my chest
>I can barely catch my breath
>I've just had a nightmare
>Or...
>I don't remember a nightmare
>and i never dream
>So it wasn't a nightmare
>I was just awake and terrified
>I search my brain for why
>uh... wait
>N... no
>NO
>WE FORGOT TO SAVE ON UNTOLD LEGENDS
>OUR PROGRESS WAS LOST

>I can feel the entire room, chilled, the little air circulation there was wafting across my body
>Not air circulation, just cold air, i could feel it.
>I was soaking wet
>Sweating, cold to the bone
>I could even feel the dampness of the sheets i was lying in
>The spot on the bed where it was damp
>I felt awful, and i flexed my arms to realize one of them was pinned down by someone
>Back to reality, i'm in bed with the two girls
>Who are naked
>Lewd
>I turn towards the one that has my arm, it's resting comfortably in the crook, not numb at all.
>She's soaked in sweat too
>Right puddles we've made on the bed i bet

>I wrap my arm properly around her, lower chest
>Her skin is slippery
>Sticky
>Like i can run my hands across her body and never feel the slightest bit of resistance
>The smoothness goes on forever
>But when i try to pull my hand away the skin adheres to it and won't let go.
>I trace
>draw patterns
>Toy with the skin, just experimenting with and enjoying the texture
>Then i stop
>I know better, i did this yesterday
>I'm retarded, i must be
>I force my eyes open
>Check the hair color
>Dark

>Well that doesn't tell me anything
>It's pretty light outside
>Sunlight streaming into the room from various places, but not really illuminating anything i wanted to see
>I can't tell if its brown or black, so i scoot around and look for the skin
>Milky and light, it's raven.
>Phew
>I put my other hand behind me and feel around
>I think i catch gadget's back
>The curvature of her shoulderblades, the crease in the middle, the spine, the other side
>I feel it all as i drag my knuckles down
>She's hot, sweaty and slick just like us, but not unbearably hot

>I assume we're all fine
>I feel like sweating is one of those important things that means your body is cooling down properly.
>I pull my hand back
>It's slick with moisture, we're sweating a damn ton
>Someone probably broke the chinese orchid again
>and i left my ring, of the count of saint germain ,at home.
>I stare at my knuckles
>They're shining in the sunlight with moisture
>I bring em to my mouth and take a lick

>Don't say anything
>I wanted to alright
>Curious maybe
>Didn't taste like anything
>I mean not anything great, what the fuck was i expecting
>Salty, a little bit sour
>Wasn't expecting it to, i just had the urge to taste it
>IT was still an AWFUL idea though
>Because i realized what the room smelled like
>When you wake up all covered in sweat
>It's not really stinky
>It's musky
>arorma just fills the entire room up and you can't escape
>odd almost fruity smells, aromas like cut grass or freshly poured glue
>Eugghh, im not sure if its a good smell or not, but i mentally plug my nose and get back to the bout of cuddling i'm performing
>I'm tired as hell, i was just worried about the sweat is all
>Squeezing really
>I try to drift off reminding myself that the girl in my arms won't even be able to get up to go to the bathroom without waking me up.
>Just the way i like it
>If she didn't know how much shit i could love out of her, she'd find out when she had to.

>I don't actually get to sleep again
>Mixture of my pounding head
>The light
>The slipperiness and the cool air
>I kind of fade in and out of wakefulness and restfullness
>Not really sleeping, not really waking
>Which is that awful thing, because i know i can't sleep in
>But my heart won't stop beating loudly in my chest
>Pumping in my ears

>Throbbing ache with every pulse, i'm afraid it'll wake up raven.
>I lie like that for who knows how long, fade in and out of sleep and wake over and over
>Till i hear a crunch, and then a shimmery slide
>The unique sound of a glass door opening.
>to our room.
>I don't look up
>I lie silently, pretending to be asleep
>It's the other girls probably, who knows what time it actually is
>But its fully light in here
>Sure enough, an echo of sound crosses the room
>"Pee-u! This room stinks!"
>Glasses

>A footstep, she's inside
>or it's someone else
>Another voice joins the first "Well no wonder, look"
>A pause
>I bet she's pointing at the fact we're all naked
>then the second voice continues
>"We knew she was a slut from how she grinded against him at the hot springs"
>I...
>That was freckles if you couldn't tell.
>My head's pounding
>I've got this burning feeling
>"Yeah...looks like she got back just fine with mister drugs-people-so-
he-can-take-advantage-of-them."
>That's glasses
>What!
>That's not what happened!
>A third voice joins my thoughts
>She repeated the same thing i was thinking, to the letter
>Blondie
>But it doesn't go very far
>"Shut up, you don't remember, you were drugged and smashed out of your mind"
>Redhead response that one was.
>Like my veins are filled with nothing but gasoline.

>Theres a small exchange of words between those two
>Not more than half a second before glasses interrupts
>"looks like he's still got a boner, hah!"
>Laughter
>Joined by freckles

>):
>So!
>They laugh at my BONER will they?! I'll show them!
>I'll show them how many boners the joker can make!
>My head's still pounding
>The laughter is ringing in my ears and actually hurts
>So does the light they're letting in
>Fuck them
>and with this spark
>Seriously what dickish shit to say when they think we're sleeping
>Then the grand end, the final straw
>"Looks like not even the drug-dealing whore could satisfy him!"
>More laughter
>it's gonna be the biggest fire they've ever seen

>I'm up
>Out of the bed
>Across the room
>Leaping off the sheets
>At the girl who said that last statement
>I swear to the fiery pits below i'll settle this shit
>It's actually rather nice, getting up
>Feeling the air move
>Cool wind in my hair
>face in an furious smiling rage, like a happy psychopath
>One set of words on my lips
>"SHE'S NOT A WHORE"

>You know that motion blur effect they have in every awful video game this generation?
>you turn your head too quick and everything gets brighter and swishes in lines into one another
>Makes looking around impossible without getting a headache
>I had that setting turned on this morning
>Along with bloom, lens flare and bullettime.
>My feet left the foot end of the mattress and i was in the air
>Hands above my head like i was going to come down on someone with a rock
>Dick wagging in the wind
>[spoiler]Its like i'm playing Rust all over again[/spoiler]
>I got to watch all three girls in slow motion
>Blondie who was half in, half out of the doorway, jumps a full foot in the air backwards and stumbles
>She's in her usual attire, light colored tank top, shorts
>Her eyes catching mine for just a moment in between
>Catches herself from falling, but shrieks all the same

>Glasses stumbles back against the wall and drops her hands to her side
>Tshirt, some kind of logo i don't have time to read, and a skirt on her.
>Trying to squeeze up against it, be as small as possible
>And the last girl
>Freckles
>Jeans and a shirt
>She crouches down, throws her hands above her head
>Like i'm going to smash her into the floor
>I'm not

>It's the girl on the wall i want, the one who called gadget a whore.
>I land gracefully
>Back foot on the floor, toes first, leg outstretched
>It's tile, cool to the touch
>Then the next foot ahead of that perfectly.
>And a step
>And another step
>and with the full momentum of a running leap, i smash my weight against the girl on the wall
>Forearm against her throat
>The angle forces her glasses to sit askew across her face, one side magnifying her eyebrow, the other her amber brown eyes.
>I never got to see her eyes without glasses, the one was different without the lens in front of it.
>Smaller
>More feminine than the other
>But the fear from the first mirrored over to the second
>And the reflection of my face in hers was enough
>Then she spoke
>Crackling voice, undefined tone, all over the place really
>"What are you going to do, hit me!?"
>I had my fist up in the air
>I very well might have been going to

>Didn't get a chance
>One girl was on my left arm, another pulling my right away
>Screams at me, yells something
>Then there's a leg behind my leg as i'm being pulled back
>behind my shin
>I don't get a solid footing, i'm falling
>Hit the tile, the crook between the bottom of the bed and the floor
>It's an instant body temperature change with it against so much of my skin
>Cool, cold almost
>Someone's sitting on one of my arms
>Freckles is above me, hand on my shoulder pinning me down

>Her other fist raised in the air
>Same as mine was seconds ago
>I only have one arm, i can't stop her, or shove her off
>But i still have her beat
>Time to show her who's the fucking boss and shrek her privilege
>I already know how to control her
>Force her against her will to submit to me
>My hand to her stomach

>I see her eyes widen and capture mine
>Ill fucking show this bitch whos boss
>Above the band of her pants
>I slide it down, about to shove it in forcibly and rip her a new one
>Into submission against her god damn will, i'll do what i fucking please
>...
>...
>except...
>I freeze
>My hand stops of its own volition
>i...
>I think about it
>hesitate
>watch the fist close in
>It's a clean impact

>My neck cracks, my head does a couple 360 degree revolutions before settling back
>Cartoon style
>It feels like i've just re-aligned over half my spine with the shockwaves that coalesce through my jaw, and my shoulders.
>It was a good punch
>I just go limp and stop resisting
>nothing to resist, nobody's on me anymore
>Hear screaming
>Blondie
>"STOP! STOP YOU'RE BEING J
>She's interrupted, dragged off before i hear anything else
>It's just me
>They were all gone, somewhere.
>The cool tile at my back
>arms outstretched
>Staring upwards
>Always upwards, at what should probably be the sixth girl by now
>CeilingBro

>I think she was crying.
>It was raining inside
>And my vision was shimmering.
>Don't tell anyone

>Tis a real shame
>I thought it was going rather well, that flying leap and the landing
>I scared the shit out of those girls
>Considering how badly my feet were throbbing, i was impressed i managed to land at all and not crumple into the floor.
>Raven, Gadget, they're still sleeping like beauty
>Makes sense, we were up till probably 2 hours ago
>Fuck getting up
>I'm going to lie here and go back to sleep
>Pretty sure i can't walk anyway, my legs feel all rubbery
>I do lie there, for a good while
>a faint knock at the door
>Then it slides open again
>Curtains pulled back
>I can't see who it is, i'm facing the wrong direction.
>There's some rustling, and then a voice
>"Hola señor, qué usted necesita servicio de habitaciones?"
>Yay

>Wait a second
>That's some FUCKING AWFUL SPANISH
>And i know that voice
>ITS
>ITS
>TO BE REVEALED AFTER THESE COMMERCIALS
>Except the commercials don't start
>There's rustling around the room
>The door closes, i hear a big heavy drop of what sounds like a bag
>Or two
>Then rummaging around in those bags
>Then it all stops, i feel some kind of cloth land in my lap
>A shirt
>Followed by some underwear
>"I AM YOU FROM THE FUTURE"
>"THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN, TAKE THIS"

>Crab defeated, past future self saved, crisis averted, i return to my spot on the ground and resume time.

>I find a cute face pop up in my vision
>Blue eyes
>White dragon herself.
>It's got a frown on
>Then she sees i'm awake and it turns to a smile
>"Hola!"
>Shut up you
>"I got your guys stuff, the other two are just being complete bitches"
>True facts about the other girls right there
>I retort that it's pretty much all her fault though
>"Yeah, you can think that, but beating up glasses pretty made you public enemy number one"
>Fuck she thinks i beat up glasses too
>Well i did
>But there was good reason
>"You know why i hit glasses right?"
>She shakes her head
>It's adorable, the hair swishes this way and that
>it's impossible to be mad at this girl
>But i'm trying my best
>"YOU, i was chasing YOU and she has some stupid idea i was hurting you or have been hurting you or something dumb so she hit me and i hit back and fucking tell them already"
>That kind of splash of all kinds of words in a bucket
>Then you pick out the silly ones
>And use those instead of putting together a decent sentence

>But blondie catches the meaning
>She fills in a couple gaps with details of her own.
>At Least as far as we could see, Glasses thinks i was hurting blondie
>She thinks I've been harassing blondie this entire time.
>Thats what she told freckles, and anything to make me the bad guy, she follows all the way.
>All that shit about the drugs
>It makes far too much sense, she thinks i gave them to blondie
>Drugged her up to have my way with her, or fuck around with her or something
>Nobody else saw what happened, just me returning with a blondie drunk, drugged to hell, and hands all over me.
>Then they saw the knife marks
>We continue hashing out the details as i get my underwear on.
>Trying to ignore the blisters on my feet
>I mention how raven talked about the knife marks
>Fuck, what does that even look like i was doing
>And they were mad at gadget too, why?
>She knew what blondie was on maybe?
>They called her a druggie whore, so maybe they think she gave me the coke?

>Yeah.
>Fuck
>wait where the fuck did the pouch come from anyway?

>"Uh... that was me"
>Blondie...
>Like that little devil in my head that's going "it's all her fault, it's all her fault"
>well it was joined by the angel.
>"You remember those guys right? Well..."
>She leaves over to her bag in the corner
>Which she either just brought in, or was here all along
>That i couldn't remember
>A little more rummaging
>She pulls out the bottle of gin (half full)
>Raven's hairbrush
>One of the girl's Glasses case (no idea who, it's a mystery!)
>Someone's makeup, i don't know who
>A pair of underwear
>A lighter
>A single pink sock (i knew it wasn't the washer!)
>A couple of those vegas cards
>A poker chip (5$)
>And someone's wallet
>Definitely not mine
>"Yeah... i think i took all these, you just reminded me"
>really?
>This is all the shit the girls lost earlier, and things i don't recognize.
>Seriously blondie, you're a fucking klepto?

>I say something along those lines
>She's instant
>Adamant, exclaims it loudly like i've just insulted her house insignia and royal blood
>Well i have, but that's beside the point
>"i just wanted to hold things, i don't know i wasn't trying to take them i just..."
>Yeah master of the cute fade off into thoughtful contemplation with an adorable face
>She's looking downward with a single finger on her chin
>IT's not even funny how hard it is to get mad at her and stay mad.
>"Whatever thief, how'd i get the bag?"
>She looks insulted
>Too bad
>"I took it from the big guy! I think i was imagining it was a present... for something?"
>I want to say something to that
>anything

>I'm speechless
>No comment at all
>She did have her hands in my pockets and i didn't check them, so probably
>"Was the big guy a drug dealer?"
>She's back to thinking
>Fuck your cuteness
>I try to think angry thoughts

>"No!"
>It's a short, high pitched exclamation
>"Short guy was, here's his wallet"
>His wallet
>Yep
>She throws it to me
>I'm kind of scared of opening it
>It's just a typical leather wallet though.
>It smells like cigarette smoke, like the guy was constantly smoking with it on a table nearby
>Probably booby trapped
>Razors going to fly out when i look
>I turn my face away and open it real quick
>OHGODTHEY'RECUTTINGMYFACEICANFEELTHEM
>plucking the razors out of my cheek, It folds out nicely
>There's some cards for random food joints, some of em stamped with promotions or things he hadn't filled up
>Two condoms in the side pocket
>A drivers license
>Ooh we can call the cops
>Chris P. Nugget
>That's an odd name, he should have his full name here right?
>I think about it for a second
>Of course
>I get it

>Why would he have his actual ID when he was dealing drugs
>I check the cash
>400$, all of it in 20s.
>Hahahahahahahahaha
>HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
>The evil laughter continues on for another three pages
>Blondie joins in
>But not really
>She tells me "He's the guy who tried to stab you right... sorry about that"
>Evil laughter continues

>She joins in with a smile, and then demands we split however much it is.
>Sure
>I respond with one word
>"No"
>I just pocket the entire wallet
>Which if you remember i'm not wearing pants
>Just underwear and a shirt
>It just flops down my side and hits the floor with the motion of trying to pocket it
>I look up at her and smile
>"let me try that again when i have pants on"
>She looks at me with a grin on her face
>"No"
>And she tries to tackle me

>I see my life flash before my eyes
>She gets halfway across the room giggling before she gets a hand on my leg and starts to drag me
>And then stops
>Her next words are shrill
>"ohmygod what happened?!"
>Yeah
>Her eyes meet mine
>Blue as always, but worried atleast
>Atleast someone cared
>Blame game? guilt game? Time to play it all
>I make it short
>"You guys left us, we..."
>"Walked for miles, got attacked by rabid wolves, went skinny dipping, found two chests full of buried treasure, killed a man with my bare hands, broke the world record for eating pickles and took a hot air balloon to get back here, it was great."
>I finish with an
>"It's parked out back if you want a ride."
>She's not really looking at me with a worried look anymore
>But it's obvious she doesn't believe a word i said

>"Well..."
>She starts
>"if you want to lie to me with absurd stories then fine, i didn't want to kno-"
>I grab her hand
 >"Fine"
>If you want the shitty story, take it then.
>"You guys abandoned us, we waited and you didn't come back, we didn't know which way the hotel was, we got lost, we walked for miles up the road barefoot and cold "

>Well you anons, you know the story
>She didn't
>She went through all the emotions
>Little sounds that let me know she was listening
>Squeaks, of shame, guilt
>Eyes downcast
>"looking for you hoping you would show up in the car realizing we couldn't find our way back, i asked for directions in a seedy shitty part of town at some redneck bar"
>By this point she was just staring at the ground

> and a gang of bikers dragged us across a gravel parking lot and tried to rape the both of us, only stopping because ...."
>She stopped making sounds entirely
>I think her lower lip was trembling
>Like sobbing, but holding it in
>Scrunched up into a frown, or pout, or something that conveyed far more sadness
>That's not even half of it though
>She doesn't change her face for the rest
>Just sits there quietly until i finish
>Then a bit more sitting
>A little more quietly
>You see you never know how anyone's going to react to news like this
>That their actions inadvertently caused your friends to not only get raped and murdered, but double murdered as per your stupid decisions.
>Well blondie takes the renegade path
>"Well what the FUCK do you want me to do about it?"

>Come to think of it, i can't remember the last time she cursed at all
>"LOOK, it's not my FAULT alright i don't control any of THEM and they just made the decision to leave you and i didn't want to ALRIGHT"
>"DON'T PUT THIS SHIT ON ME, it's NOT my FAULT"
>lol
>She's yelling at me
>She's angry, at me
>Blondie
>I fucking swear
>Blondie
>She continues on and on about different things
>Loudly
>I mean how do i even react
>do i get angry
>do i start sobbing and hope she softens up
>do i feign death?

>I feel like the third one is the best option
>probably
>Maybe a good foamy mouth seizure, see what happens
>I don't get a chance, Raven pipes in from the bed
>"You realize you're yelling at him right?"

>Yeah she was being pretty loud
>WAIT
>RAVEN
>I can't actually remember how much of the story raven knew
>We must have gone over some of it last night, maybe?
>Blondie has shut up now
>Like she realized she was yelling at me
>She's looking guilty, or depressed, or both.
>I squeeze out a question
>"How... uhh... long were you awake?"
>A timid response
>"Enough..."
>Well fuck
>I feel like this is awful
>But she's not making a big deal out of it
>Or she's hiding it
>I can't touch this
>Cold on a mission so fall them back
>I yell out the only thing i can think of to make the ride end, put the brakes on this train of terror before i'll never be able to go back to sleep
>Let 'em know, that you're too much
>"STOP, HAMMERTIME"

>I did actually yell this
>Or something close, maybe alternate phrasing.
>Both girls didn't say a single word
>They just shut up.
>Not until i continued with my true intentions
>"Blondie help me get back into bed"
>She mentions something about breakfast and thats why she came in the first place with everyone else
>Fuck breakfast
>Sleep
>She helps me up and i manage to crawl back to my previous spot
>Offers food one last time to me and raven, we refuse
>[spoiler]If you mentally corrected this to "Raven and I", we've dispatched assassins to your location, they'll knock twice and claim its a pizza delivery[/spoiler]

>I tell her to eat my portion, and just explain to everyone else so they aren't mad anymore
>and that she's fired
>I can feel the frown she's giving off from here
>But she realizes her usefulness is up, she's killed me twice now and it hasn't stuck.
>and this time there was collateral damage, an absolute no-no
>Was time to let her go.
>Couldn't keep her employed anymore
>She shuffles off downcast, then stops at the door
>Turns around
>"Raven... can i..."
>Pause
>Then the door closes
>Master of the dramatic pause that one is
>Calculon all over again.
>and i'm left with Raven, gadget still sleeping (or pretending to, can never be so sure)

>Fuck she's looking right at me
>Can't avoid those eyes
>Just pretend she can't see you, it'll all be fine
>ENEMY WEAPON LOCK DETECTED
>we've been spotted! they have weapon's lock sir, what do we do?
>"NEGOTIATE FOR PEACE"
>I raise my eyebrow
>"Go ahead, say it"
>She purrs and curls up against my chest
>"Nyah, sleep now, talk later"
>And she snuggles up, makes a couple "ahhh" and yawning mewling sounds
>Her arms crossed and curled up against her chest.
>Then she said three words that put me at ease
>Quietly, but there
>"I'll fix it"
>Thanks raven,
>I pulled my kitten closer and stroked her hair
>Drifted off, maybe an hour or two still before we had to get in the car again
>A cat is fine too.

>Blondie is the one who wakes us up
>Well, freckles is there too, she's holding clothes out for Raven
>just standing there with a shirt and jeans draped over her arm
>I guess we got another hour of sleep or something, but it didn't help at all
>I feel like shit
>awful shit
>Fuck you guys im just going back to sleep in the car
>Raven's awake too
>She blinks at me a couple times
>Winks
>Sits straight up
>Turns
>AND PUNCHES FRECKLES THE FUCK OUT
>pfpfhahahahaha fuck holy shit
>she what
>wait let me make sure i'm reading this script correctly
>Yeah, yeah, freckles is on the floor folks
>Raven's clothes go flying every which way

>Blondie takes flight, changes direction in midair and ends up as far away from raven as possible, aka the other side of the bed.
>Glasses nowhere to be seen
>Freckles lets out a wail as she's holding her hand to her nose, it's covered in blood

>"You fucking lay one god damn hand on him again and i'll BREAK it next time"
>That's victorious gloating from my girl rave over here by the way
>She's grinning
>A whisper in my direction
>"Fix 1 of 3"
>Freckles is onto her feet and running out the door, hand on her nose
>She doesn't look back
>Blondie cautiously approaches gadget
>Maybe afraid she's going to get punched too
>She gives the girl a prod and jumps three feet and backwards when gadget jumps upright
>Then realizes she's not wearing clothes
>I don't know if i've been over what gadget's body looks like
>Haven't really had a very good look at it so far, but from what i just saw it looked like B sized breasts.
>Easy enough to hide under a jacket, and smaller than blondie i think.
>Hands to her chest, she drops again and inchworms under the covers
>Raven laughs, i laugh
>Mostly at blondie's reaction
>Blondie hands her basic attire under the sheets and with a little wriggling and squirming she appears with panties and shirt attached
>Then gadget is out of the bed, and over to her bag rummaging for more.

>She ends up with some phat pants, black with green stripes.
>[spoiler]That's what they're called, look dem niggas up[/spoiler]
>They swish as she moves, but she doesn't seem to put on a jacket
>Those pants are actually really loud
>Swish swish
>And then she's in the air
>Oh fuck she's doing one of those tackle hug things
>No time to think
>Muscle memory and quick reflexes
>Years of video game trajectory experience and hugging attempts with raven have taught me
>She's aiming for me
>She's coming in too low and a little to my left
>I scoot up and to my right, all in the span of her being midair
>(maybe a little of it was with her feet leaving the ground)
>She gets me head on
>Knocks the top of her head into the bottom of my chin

>Klunk

>Then i collapse backwards and she's hugging me, didn't actually hit very hard
>Raven's looking at us with an endearing bemused look on her face
>That mixture of puzzle and entertainment
>Blondie's packing our bags for us, not even paying attention
>Gadget nuzzles my shirt with her nose, then lifts her face up and says
>"Hiya!"
>Her eyes lit up like christmas lights
>same colors too!
>Hello gadget, what do i attribute this visit this fine morning to?
>She nearly sings me the words
>"Soo, thanks for not feeling me up or anything while i was sleeping..."
>I nearly cough
>wh.. "you're welcome?"
>Does that happen often? Im worried now.
>"You're the only guy who i haven't had to beat up in the morning when we had to share a bed, so you get a hug instead!"
>):
>I mean its cute, but depressing
>I give a cough
>Raven gives a giggle
>Blondie hiccups in the corner, quietly but i hear it
>I wonder if anyone else did.

>Gadget raises her eyebrow at my cough
>"You... didn't did you?"
>Raven chimes in
>"He was just tired, trust me any other night and he wouldn't deserve that hug"
>Then she breaks out into peals of laughter
>Blondie and Gadget join
>I reach out and pinch Raven's butt making her squeal
>"Shut up, you know i just can't keep my hands off cute things"
>Blondie stops laughing
>Gadget too
>Both of them for the same reason.
>The second one puts her hands on her hips and sits up straight
>Gives me a pout
>DONT YOU DARE FUCKING SAY IT GADGET
>"So i'm not cute?"

>Hahahaha
>Idiot

>Doesn't she know i took college level courses specifically to dig myself out of holes like this?
>I give her a straight answer
>"Nope"
>She frowns harder
>Then breaks into a grin
>Falls over holding her sides and giggling
>"Hahhahahaha, phew, i thought you were going to say something cheesy like 'oh no you're like a flower, look but don't touch until it shows its petals"
>Fuck
>that was my backup plan
>Raven shoots me a glance
>A "You've used that one on me before" glance
>NO COMMENT
>ITS A GOOD LINE RAVEN
>YOUR PETALS ARE PRETTY ALRIGHT

>Blondie is still silent off in the corner
>Don't you damn say a word blondie
>Not a word
>She doesn't
>Good girl
>I'll give you a scooby snack later
>We throw everything into bags
>Gadget shuffles around, grabs some things off the ground, plus all the stuff blondie seems to have strewn around the room
>I notice her grab something off the bedside table
>Shifty eyes across the entire room
>And she tries to sneak it to her bag
>I'm across the room and have her wrist held
>Surprise the hell out of her
>Before the other girls see, i spin her around so her wrist is the only thing behind her and i can see what's in her hand
>It's the little baggie with smiley faces on it.

>*sigh*
>I whisper to her "Flush it, you don't need it"
>She's tensed up
>Knows she's been caught trying to sneak it
>Thinks i wouldn't notice
>I almost didn't
>But she gives a nod, and i let go of her hands
>I give her a parting "Talk to me instead next time"
>And another "Flush it"

>I throw myself back on the bed
>It's a test.
>I pretend to be staring up ceilingbro's skirt the entire time.
>i hear a flush from the bathroom and gadget returns
>Her hands are empty, but her stance is clipped
>Right arm swinging slightly less every stride, smaller closer swings
>It's a tell, an old fashioned give pickpockets use to determine where someone's holding a wallet, or something they feel is precious
>Just a tad, but enough to notice
>She's still got the bag
>Figures
>I don't act on it, I'm not her dad
>But i know

>Glasses eventually shows up
>Knocks on the door while peering inside
>Opens it
>One step, Two steps
>She's spotted Raven
>Uh oh
>Blondie, Gadget and Myself start to move into defensive formation, but we aren't close enough
>Someone throws a chair
>Glasses suddenly has her hands on the scruff of Raven's shirt
>Then Raven has the same on Glasses
>There's yelling
>Both of em pull out gats and start trying to cap one another
>Gunshots
>Racial Slurrs
>Blondie gets there first and can't break past what looks to be a flurry of blows, or grabs, or stance changes
>I don't follow anything that's going on, but by the time i'm there Glasses is up against the wall face-first
>Arm twisted behind her
>Frankly in my mind that's not possible
>Raven's quite a bit smaller

>I don't get how that could have happened unless raven secretly knows kung-fu
>Or glasses let her win
>Or blondie really helped
>Those last two are laughable, probably the first.
>I already knew she was a blackbelt
>She growls into the pinned girl's ear
>"Now listen up, next time you decide to try to turn me against my BEST FRIEND, you better

not be just speculating bullshit"
>She twists the arm a little harder
>I see glasses wince
>Then raven growls another
>"Understand?"
>I see a nod from Glasses and the arm is released
>Obviously it hurt, because she drops it to her side instantly and begins massaging the sore shoulder socket
>Nigga moment over?
>Peace achieved?
>Then raven just picks up her bag and leaves the room

>Hahaha
>I grab my bag and follow her, whatever i'm ready to get in the car
>I get to see how fucking beautiful the place we're staying at is.
>There's this little square area that all the rooms are connected to
>Some pond with fish swimming around in it in the middle
>And a raven sitting on a rock overlooking the pond
>(A statue of the bird, not the girl)
>We're in a valley that's just surrounded in vistas of this awesome red bedrock
>The place looks pretty as shit
>But i hurry around the corner to follow raven thinking she's off towards the car
>Wincing the entire way on my feet
>Nope
>She's right around the corner leaning on the wall with her back, the bags on the ground
>Arms hanging limply to each side
>Uh oh
>first question
>Well i don't ask a question i'm just at her side making sure the arms are still attached
>They are attached right?
>Yep
>She mentions she can't feel them
>Look of fucking horror on my face
>She stops me real quick "You know what i mean! I can feel them but they're really sore so i don't want to"
>Oh
>Yeah that makes sense
>I grab her bags for her
>She leans over my shoulder for a moment and whispers "2 of 3" before we're off.
>My feet hurt like hell, and my ankles feel like i've rolled over them with a dumbbell, but my shoes are in the car and i can tough it out.
>I'm not tearing up when we reach the car
>I swear

>Raven whines the entire way about her arms
>[spoiler]Cocaine + Muscle use can actually tear ligiments up pretty bad, so i bet it hurt like fuck[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Your brain signals use the wrong muscles, or too much or them or something, and as we discussed she did 200 pushups more or less, i bet it was bloody agony[/spoiler]
>And how her fist still hurts from punching freckles
>Which is met with a "Serves you fucking right bitch" from said girl who appears behind us
>I pray to whatever deity will hear me that they don't catfight right here
>I'm too tired to enjoy it
>They don't
>Phew, can save it for when i'm awake
>Freckles seems to be driving
>I pile into the car
>And by pile i mean take up the farthest seat away from everyone else in the back
>Grab a big fuzzy blanket we have and start to wrap myself in it and curl up
>Raven stops me
>No words
>Just crawls into my lap facing me
>Curls up, knees to either side of my legs
>I'm not exactly sure how she does it, but she's managed to rest her head on my shoulder and accomplished quite a hell lot of body contact while technically using me as a giant pillow
>One last whisper "that's 3/3"
>Then she's asleep
>Like instantly
>Gadget ends up in the back with us too, but curled up on the other side with a pillow
>I wrap the blanket around myself, pin one end behind my back
>Wrap it around raven
>Pin the other end behind my back on the other side
>She's stuck in a giant warm cuddly sling of sleeping
>Fuck seatbelts, i pass the fuck out

Goodnight anons, more friday 8:00 pst!

Update #13 : June 13th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12108175

>Raven's a quiet sleeper
>Her head nestled beside mine, chin resting on my shoulder.

>Nothing much in terms of noise, no snores, no loud breaths
>Just quiet sleeping, and a mumble or two when she was having a good dream
>I always enjoyed it when i woke up before her and she was mumbling
>She was giving off little sounds, tidbits of sentences and words
>Always really quiet, you wouldn't even notice if you were in a noisy place, or sitting far away.
>She always said the cutest things when she was dreaming
>Nothing anime-like embarrassing mind you, i don't think that actually happens.
>Atleast i never heard it.
>Dreams are supposedly your mind reorganizing thoughts in your head, and i guess a component of that is your mouth making the same unconscious shapes in your slumber.
>And you breathe out, and voila, mumbled half-words.
>Hers never made any sense
>Today she was saying things like
>"Yes mister, please three not two"
>I imagined her as a little girl , purchasing fruit from a market stall.
>The entire car gave a jolt
>I realized that's why i was awake, we were on a bumpy road.
>"I can't fit in the box.."
>She was obviously the assistant to a magician now, who was preparing her for that slice-in-two trick.
>who knows what she's really thinking about.
>I'd have to ask her when she woke up
>Always enjoyed hearing about her dreams, made me feel like i wasn't missing out as much.
>The car gave another jolt as it went over another bump

>The shaking is what really got me, a shift back and forth
>Made me a tad queasy, but my stomach wasn't interested in any of that, it was pretty empty.
>Oh yeah im hungry too.
>I eye the contents of the car for edibles
>Freckles driving
>Blondie up front, Glasses asleep in the middle
>None of them look very delicious at the moment
>Gadget moved and is sitting right next to us curled up.
>Head on my shoulder, but raven's shoulder too.
>Daww
>I could eat that right up
>because it's cute you perverts -.-
>J/k i was pretty hard, but i felt this was raven's fault
>Or most the other girls really
>All yesterday i'd been teased, or had my hands in places they really shouldn't be.
>Should’ve just let blondie give me a handjob yesterday damnit.
>Car full of women be damned, i had a blanket around us and they were all mostly sleeping
>*sigh*

>*puts on afro*
>The shit i put up with
>I'm just going to squeeze one off right here and nobody will be the wiser

>But gadget has my right arm pretty pinned, it's not going to move
>So what!
>I can leave that around raven and pull her close
>Thanks to the miracle that is the internet, i can fap with my left anyway.
>unzip and whip it out
>There's something comfortingly arousing about having a girl so close to you, and completely at ease.
>Sleeping or otherwise
>It might be one of those elements of love you never really hear quantified, because we just pass it off and forget it was ever different.
>I bury my nose in her hair, nuzzle her neck
>She always smelled the same, no matter where we were or what we were doing
>Earthy mint, like those peppermint tea leaves you can find in the isle of a fancy supermarket, freshly picked.
>The skin of her cheek resting against mine, the weight of her upper body pressing against me
>Then the blanket, it was like a big warm hug.
>I've never fapped while being hugged before, first for everything i guess.
>I went back again for the smell of her hair. Trust me that was helping the process immensely.

>I mentioned she smelled like mint this trip, but not why
>Remember our good old pal the first story, the one that we used in the shower?
>That fucking peppermint soap
>Well i went out of my way and tracked down where to get it and bought her some
>It's that kind of thoughtful gift you give, a "This brought us closer together, remember?"
>Works even better when it figuratively and literally brought you closer
>Trust me, that stuff never stopped being cold.
>But i was pretty sure it was like a 11 or 12 on the romantic memories scale, for us both.
>Everyone has those, songs that played on the radio at special times, dresses you wear on the first date, foods you shared on a special night.
>For us it was barefoot adventures over wooden floors and peppermint soap.
>To each her own.
>She absolutely loved the stuff, i guess for sensitive female skin that cooling tingling bit was really great.
>And she was always a tomboy, so she didn't mind smelling minty, even if it was a "guy" smell.
>So good memories aside, we'd also used it plenty after the sleepover.
>Lewd memories abound
>It's amazing how the smell of your girl's hair can turn you on like that.
>Until the girl in question mumbles again

>"Like a hat, with fingers"

>I break out chuckling
>Smiles across my face
>I catch a pair of eyes turned around in her seat looking at me
>Blondie
>She's realized i'm the only one awake in the car sides freckles, and is sending me a plea for help.
>I hear snippets of freckles trying to restart conversation about how awful men are up at the front
>and how much she hates me and my "girlfriend"
>Hahaha
>I guess she didn't tell them yet
>Too bad blondie
>You had ONE JOB
>Uh oh i was in the middle of something
>Oh no boner!
>Come back!
>Laughter, the mortal enemy of fapping
>Intense concentration later, i'm back to where i was before
>Toning out the chatter in the front seat is pretty hard
>Focus on the girl breathing on my shoulder
>(breathing is pretty sexy ok)
>Oh no she's mumbling again
>"Cherry Jello"

>Hahahaha
>You would think i just lost all my progress, laughed myself into oblivion
>Nope
>I freeze
>Rock fucking hard
>I give her a jab with my elbow
>"You're awake aren't you"
>She gives an "mmmmh"
>Yeah
>Cherry Jello
>You sly girl you
>It's an inside joke between us, i mean it doesn't really have an amazing backstory behind it
>We were making jello, for whatever god damn reason like a year and a half ago.
>Do you really need a reason
>Jello is fucking delicious, just like pudding.
>Pudding/Jello can't fill the emptiness inside me!... But it'll help!
>[spoiler]Anons have pointed out i made this reference twice, too bad[/spoiler]

>You know how it works, you boil water, add the packet, stir forever
>Then whatever recipe we're doing you're supposed to add ice cubes and stir more
>I swear
>I think raven's mom taught us that it makes jello quicker, so we wanted that speedy fix of cherry goodness.
>Well as push comes to shove when we're together, nothing ever goes as planned
>My elbow nips the end of the wooden spoon, it goes flying.
>Bops raven in the nose as she's carrying the bowl full of the transparent red liquid
>She kinda leans back like one of those awful infomercials
>before i can catch anything the baby-pre-solid jello is all over her, her face, her shirt, and she's fallen to the kitchen floor with the bowl upturned on her lap.
>She was laughing, perfectly fine
>But there was a casualty
>Blood everywhere

>Across the sinks
>The cabinets, the floors, even some on the ceiling.
>Freaking thermodynamics, how do you work.
>Our poor jellobro, bled out on the kitchen floor
>Where were you when the jello was killed):
>no
>Least it wasn't chocolate pudding or milk, those are a thousand times messier and we would get B& for spilling those.

>But I was pretty bummed out
>Raven started to get up and i was having NONE OF THAT.
>I wanted that jello
>What was an attempt at delicious jiggly treats, instead turned into a cherry flavored makeout session on the floor
>In a pool of red liquid
>There was quite a bit of it everywhere
>You know her white shirt was soaked in it, had to fix that
>Then her pants, those had to come off, completely ruined
>And her lap was soaked
>That took as much sucking as you could imagine
>Great flavor, definite credit to Raven as the mixer
>Did an amazing job on this jello

>I'll give raven's mom credit too
>After i had thoroughly licked her daughter clean
>multiple times.
>We were indeed lying in a pool of somewhat solid cherry jello.
>Ice cubes man
>Fucking magic
>Then you know, we had to clean it up and take a shower anyway.
>Little semi-solid globules of the stuff.
>Which me, being too busy eating out raven on the kitchen floor, forgot is made mostly out of red dye #5
>Which stains everything
>So there's just splatterings and spatters of red splotches across some of the walls, ceiling and wooden cabinets in raven's kitchen.
>Explaining that was half the fun
>But not really
>But you get it now, Cherry Jello is an inside joke, there's no way that was sleep mumbling
>I don't know what she meant about it,
>so i prodded her quietly for an answer
>"Don't make a mess"
>Interesting answer

>What do you expect me to do about it
>Her hand tells me exactly what she's thinking
>Still pretending to be asleep, she scootches forward, and gives me a tug
>My hands towards her pants
>Oh..
>We're doing this now?
>Somewhat of an internal fuck YES is heard echoing across the car.

>In my mind
>She wiggles her butt backwards, i grab the jeans and pull
>and pull
>Fucking jeans
>Come off
>Third time's a charm, but she's still sitting the same way she was sitting before
>Which means the pants can't really come off, her butt is just bare and the jeans are up against my stomach
>Logistically, this is actually impossible.

>I mean i don't know how to really explain how she was sitting
>I was sitting normally in my seat, legs together
>Then she was sitting on my legs, knees facing me on either side and pushed up against the back of the seat.
>Which means her weight was more or less on the middle of my upper leg, and not anywhere near where it would have to be for lewds to occur.
>No matter how hard i tried
>And shifting around without her pants on would just disrupt gadget and alert blondie.
>Exclamations probably appearing above both of their heads.
>Alright, i scoot forward
>Put my knees to the seat in front of us
>Her jeans are still holding her legs together but she scoots her knees to the seat behind us
>Alright, maybe close enough now
>Her hand cups my penis and tries to angle it in
>Almost, there
>I scoot forward until my knees are pressing into the metal springs in the back of the seat
>We make entry
>Just the head, about an inch.

>That's as far as i'm getting
>Oh this is awful
>Tantalizing
>Just the tip is happily in a warm wet lovely place
>the rest can't follow, needs to be left behind like a brave wounded soldier.
>I wish we hadn't even tried
>If i force her backwards i can wiggle it about a centimeter or two, more or less.
>Thinking back, we totally could have made it if she had collapsed her legs and laid them flat against the back of the seat, just scootching up her seating position to vertical instead of horizontal.
>Maybe
>Or not, seriously though it wasn't happening
> this isn't some magical story where i pretend we were able to fuck while cuddling facing one another in the back of the car.

>Nope
>It's not physically possible
>Instead what happened was way hotter
>She settled down, as close as she could, me barely inside her
>And whimpered
>"It's alright, finish"

>Wow
>A... alright if you say so
>I manage to get a hand under the tangle of her pants and my pants and every pants involved
>Feels kinda mean to just get yourself off and not the girl
>But i guess i was feeling kind of selfish
>Wave goodbye to your head wanker!
>She rests her head on my shoulder again, closes her eyes
>Trying to keep nice long even strokes, that hit her politely near the top.
>I'm in no position to get her off, but i think i'm grazing my knuckles across the right bits.
>She seems to be enjoying it, or not not enjoying it.
>The only problem with the entire situation is that i've noticed blondie is staring at us again
>I don't know if she's realized, we aren't moving very much
>But she stares all the same
>So i give her a bright cheery smile
>She smiles back
>So cu~
>Oh fuck
>I blow what must have been a very copious thick load, right into the girl on my lap.
>Into her slit, probably soaked to the bone on the inside.
>I can feel her cheek stretch against mine as she smiles
>That felt dirty as fuck, we need to do that more often.

>Something primitive about just using a girl as a sperm bank without getting her off
>Dropping in just the tip and blowing the load, it was like i was in a relationship with mary conceiving hey-zeus himself.
>I was always the gentleman, but i didn't realize how fun it was this way too.
>THE CORRUPTION OF STORYBRO BEGINS
>I help raven get her underwear and pants back on
>Two things that would soon be sticky and ruined as it dripped out.
>Don't imagine otherwise, that sperm was not staying put, her panties would be an awful mess.
>Well, operation don't make a mess is a failure.
>Containment is the best solution after that.
>Raven doesn't say anything else, just curls back up where she was before and i think goes back to sleep.
>Smile on her face though
>Biiig smile

>[spoiler]The pleasure of being cummed inside[/spoiler]
>me too!
>I glance over at gadget, who's still asleep on my other arm, and then Blondie
>Who's still staring
>SHE KNOWS
>She smiles again
>And then winks at me
>SHE KNOWS.
>h*(e%_c%#o&"{m>/e~!s

>On a side note
>Post fap clarity being what it is
> i have no clue where we are
>This road is bumpy as fuck
>We've been going through or around mountains for as long as i can remember seeing the outside
>It's dry as hell
>And this god damn road
>I feel like it shouldn't be this worn down
>It's alright, there's a town sign nearby
>I watch as it rolls up
>Las
>Vegas
>"Las Vegas"
>WHAT
>EVERYONE GET OUT OF THE CAR
>FRECKLES DRUGGED US AND TRIED TO TAKE US BACK

>i'm attempting to barrel roll to safety while covered in sleeping women
>[spoiler]Aileron rolls, shut up aeronautic engineers[/spoiler]
>Blondie is equally as confused
>"Did i fall asleep" she exclaims from the front seat
>Even freckles has no clue where we are
>Gadget and raven wide awake
>Glasses screaming things at the front seat
>Oh god it's all over
>This is where it ends anons
>CAN'T YOU SEE
>ALL THIS FIGHTING IS TEARING US APART.
>Well except it's not
>Everyone's just mad at freckles, who swears she didn't take a wrong turn she just followed the road we were supposed to.
>"WHAT ROAD" screams glasses.

>Freckles points out on the map the road she followed (thomas guide, those damn things don't exist anymore)
>Glasses follows the line
>"Las Vegas, New Mexico"
>What, that's a place?

>Ok well correction, she followed the wrong road to a completely new las vegas
>Which until that moment, i didn't realize there were TWO of them.
>I can only imagine the guy who lived here at first, got fed up and decided he was going to go make his own.
>With hookers
>And Blackjack
>Almost like he was a sniper! for a brilliantly good idea.
>It was a pretty small town but not too small, one huge road through it, lots of shops.
>Pretty funny names on everything too, "Screws or you" a hardware store "Cand El Jaqq" and even the candy shops had cool na

>Town explored, we decide to stop at a gas station for gas, and ideally easy road food for myself, gadget and raven's grumbling stomachs.
>Blondie makes it a point to tell us how delicious the eggs, hash browns, and fruit was for breakfast, like seriously.
>Supposedly the manager's daughter cooked a full course meal for breakfast at the B&B,
>Yeah well fuck you blondie shoulda saved us some
>Except i told her to eat all mine
>Damnit
>The only one at fault is myself, still we could get like gas station prepackaged sandwiches or something.
>Gadget and i end up the ones going inside, not much to say besides orders and glasses begrudgingly handing me the card we were using while staring at a map re-routing us.
>Raven wanted to curl up and for me to make/get her a sammich
>I was alright with this.
>We walk in, sore as fuck but atleast we can move.
>Meander past the chips, dip and candy silently.
>Make it to the drinks section before i get the first question from gadget
>"What's Cherry Jello mean?"

Thats where we end it tonight anons. Next update Monday June 16th (8:00 pm PST). Sunday i'm doing dinners all day (all day).

As a forewarning, on the 17th through 19th of june i will be relocating across country, because of the circumstances involved i have absolutely no clue as to if i'll be able to continue updates at the same schedule i have been currently. They won't stop, and at worst they'll just slow down a bit, just be aware that it might be a couple day dry spell while i get it all sorted.

Also if you're the guy resolving everything, it just clutters the hell out of the document, please please please don't. I mean unless the comment adds absolutely nothing we rarely resolve them, because they just get instantly re-opened.

Update #14 : June 16th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12146572

>"Whats cherry jello mean?"
>That is a great question gadget
>To answer that we're going to have to examine the word
>Cherry, is a type of fruit, usually red small and round with a long stem.
>Jello is a magical jiggly substance that nobody understands.
>Thus we can assume we were talking about magically jiggly substances that are red and cherry flavored.
>She doesn't like this answer, and prods me more as we pick out sandwiches
>Alright, fine
>Gadget's like bro status, so i just lay it on straight
>"It's a joke, raven and i tried to make jello once and we just spilled it everywhere"
>"Then i ended up eating her out on the kitchen floor and she was cherry flavored for like a week"
>The girl i'm picking drinks and food out with just gives me a "what?"
>I check under her jacket to make sure she's not listening to music
>Just a finger to pull the hood away
>No music
>I repeat myself, say i ate raven out in the kitchen once and that's why its so funny.
>Still a questioning look from gadget
>Then a question
>"You ate her?! Cherry Flavored!?"

>Uh oh, transcription error here
>[spoiler]Argonians aren't immune, they're just poison resistant.[/spoiler]
>She doesn't have any clue what eating a girl out, is
>I try the same route i did before with blowjobs, mention a bunch of different words for the act
>Everything i can think of, but truth be told most sex acts are "English" Slang, so i don't think she got them.

>I give up on words, i just point at my mouth and say "It's when someone licks you" and i point to the crotch of her pants "down there"
>Her eyes dart from my face, to my hand back and forth
>Like she doesn't believe it
>Oh...
>Fuck
>I realize what happened last time
>She's going to ask me to show her
>No no no no, im shaking my head preemptively
>not raven, not right now.

>Nope
>Nuh uh, nope, mmm no
>Her face turns back to quizzical
>Then she upturns her nose and looks absolutely disgusted
>Framed in the hood, it looks cute, but she's shaking her head back and forth
>"Ewww!"
>High pitched, i can see the gas station attendant is looking over at us now
>We're done with drinks and sandwiches, we're grabbing a bag of chips
>She continues
>"Why would anyone do that?!"
>Her tone changes at the end
>I can't even fathom what she could even be asking
>Like she doesn't know? Is she pretending?
>She's gotta be, she's fooling everyone by acting all innocent
>That has to be the case
>Right?
>I pretend i'm not contemplating her innocence in my head
>Only one thing for me to say.
>"Well... girls seem to really like it when you do it to them"
>I mean they do
>(am i supposed to say anything else here)?

>She doesn't react how i think she would react
>I always imagine girls redecide "Oh maybe it's not too bad" at that point
>Or maybe go into questioning mode where they're not sure if its bad or not but might be willing to try it.
>I mean i think that's how it works.
>Not gadget though
>Truly selfless creature she was, never to fall prey to the temptations of mortal desires.
>Instead she says the obvious only answer anyone with a real objective viewpoint of the situation would come to.

>"Eww, not for the girls, i mean the boys, they must hate doing it"
>I uhh...
>Huh, i mean i kinda see her point but not really
>I love eating out raven, we've been over this she's delicious
>I'm discussing this nonchalantly with gadget as we're checking out
>that poor cashier
> a young guy maybe 19-20, he was just slackjawed at our conversation.
>Just silently gives us our receipt after i hand him the card, and that's it.
>Then gadget points out this exact concept
>"Well, the only reason a boy would like it is if he did not know what went on down there"
>What do you mean "Went on"
>I inquire as we pick up our stuff and leave.

>As the girls watch from out the window of the freshly gassed-up-car, they watch my face as i approach
>A horror stricken mask of terror.
>The girl beside me just chatting away incessantly about what seems to be unimportant facts of girl anatomy.
>To her maybe
>Fuck vaginas
>I hate vaginas now
>vaginas are like my least favorite thing in the world at this point
>I mean if you've never heard from a girl firsthand about all the yucky things vaginas do, just
>Just never ask them
>You're happier not knowing anons
>But i'll tell you some of the lesser ones.
>There's some stuff about blood clots, giant red boogers of cell tissue and matter sometimes after periods that congeal and end up everywhere.
>All over your hair, and panties.
>White cream that soaks out and into your pants around the time you're ovulating, disgusting sticky goo.
>What it feels like to peel it away from your skin, what queefs smell like, what your fingers look like after you've fapped a little too long.
>[spoiler]Think pruned[/spoiler]
>and that's just MINOR stuff
>THERE'S FAR WORSE
>I had to stop her when she got to tampons, i was going to vomit
>Well, i knew some of it
>But i come back to the car with a look on my face that causes everyone inside to break into giggles
>The question "What did she say" mirrored across most the women's voices

>"She told me how disgusting vaginas were"
>Straight face it
>Terror written across mine
>"I... i didn't know"
>I really didn't
>The car is filled with ceaseless laughter
>Everyone except for Raven is laughing in one way or another
>Gadget is bent over giggling
>Yeah yeah, it sure is funny
>Im gonna go sit in the corner with my pristine non-disgusting anime tier waifu while you all laugh
>I sit next to raven and cross my arms
>Look away from the other girls, pout and remark
>"Yeah well i'm sure glad Raven's vagina doesn't do those things"
>Trying to defend myself, my choice in women, and confirm my superior selection of girls with non gross vaginas
>It made sense in my head
>...
>ONLY my head
>...
>The laughter stopped

>It took me about two seconds
>Two seconds of serene silence
>Then you know, i realized
>My skill at saying just the wrong thing at just the right time, endless
>Untapped
>I could probably sell it, satisfy a country's power demands for years on the combined rage of millions of women at the same time.
>Yes, in my male mind it was a thankful, defensive compliment that i didn't have to deal with her flavors changing once a month.
>But you know
>In everyone else's mind, it was really just needlessly poking fun at the fact she didn't have normal menstruation, it never started for her.
>You know why.
>Men are from mars, women are from venus, the whole deal.
>I loved Raven, there was no doubt in my mind, and hopefully not hers.
>She knew i didn't mean anything of it
>But it was still an insult to her womanhood, a reminder that she wasn't "As female" as all the others.
>Yeah

>I made that kind of mistake

>Everyone staring
>I have to fix this
>"No no go back in time i take that back i wish you had an awful disgusting dirty v-
>She stops me
>Single finger on my lips
>Ohgodnoohgodno
>Here it comes
>She's soft, polite
>"I know what you meant"
>Phew
>"But we're done cuddling for now, scoot."
>N...
>NOOOOOOOOO
>I move to the corner of shame
>Time to look sad and think about what i've done
>Gadget takes my old seat
>and then just makes cute sounds and cuddles up to raven and goes back to sleep
>f... fuck you guys
>I could make cute sounds too):
>But i'm pretty sure i've lost all the bonus points i've been saving up for weeks.
>I've really fucked up haven't i
>Then blondie tells me i get the true punishment seat and demands we swap
>NOOOOOOOOO
>I REALLY fucked up

>I get shotgun
>Which is a great seat right
>Or would be
>But miss redhead freckly the third is sitting up front driving
>Right well better make the best of it
>Soften her up
>"You have beautiful eyes, they remind me of someone i love that i can't be with right now"
>I mean technically i was softening up Raven
>Im sure she smiled internally
>Gotta refill my stash of bonus points.
>But freckles wanted none of my brash flirting
>She told me how she really felt
>How her heart was set, the words that came to mind when she looked at me
>"Fuck you too"
>Hah
>She had a different shirt on than she had this morning

>I wonder why that is.
>oh wait, HAH i know.
>... oh man this is gonna suck to sit here

>She's driving so she can't attack me directly
>So she resorts to her true weapons
>Not her talons, but her words
>Sticks and Stones may break my bones
>But holy shit did she make me feel like i was oppressing everyone in the car.
>She pointed out six different ways the girls were holding back what they said because i was here
>How they were reacting differently to jokes, humor, everything
>I couldn't get a word in edgewise
>She just kept cutting down at my ego
>It made it worse because i was silently beating myself up for reminding raven of her past and future
>Sorry raven):
>Deflated, to empty, to actually losing chunks of the balloon
>Never to recover my manly pride
>You can't fight a girl like that anons
>You're not trained for it, i sure wasn't
>I wasn't as eloquent with words to defeat her, like she had practiced in a mirror how to make men feel like shit
>I mean all women do that
>but fucking freckles, she was a master
>I started losing sensation in my pants, i needed to take action before all hope was lost.

>My options were dwindling as we winded across the countryside road
>I turned to look at Glasses and Blondie sitting side by side
>Blondie was smiling and looking away
>I couldn't get her attention
>Probably ignoring me and letting her mind wander as she looked out the window
>Glasses was asleep
>Or she wasn't
>I saw one of her eyes open
>I made panicked "Help me, please" motions
>She just closed her eye again
>):
>Wait! The bag!
>"Raven, Gadget, We got food remember?"
>Oh right
>The two snugglebirds uncurled and stretched then snatched the plastic bag and began the gadgetous consumption of chips, prepackaged sandwiches and fizzy lifting drinks.

>I got my share
>Tried to make it last
>The chewing blotted out parts of her speeches
>If i rationed my portions , we might just make it through the oregon trail and to the claims in the mountains.
>It's not really helping though
>We ran out, didn't bring any bullets.
>No food
>The oxen are hungry
>Storybro has died of dysentery.

>I think i put up with freckles for like two hours
>Then she started talking about how good it felt to hit me this morning
>And about how i couldn't stop her in time
>So i ask her a question
>Soft.
>Serious
>"Did blondie tell you yet?"
>She stops
>Glances over at me
>My tone of voice wasn't joking
>But i wasn't going to be the one to tell her.
>"Blondie said she wanted to tell me and glasses something... yeah"
>She's staring straight forward
>Dismissive probably
>"But she didn't want to talk at breakfast, i figured it was nothing"
>Yeah i bet you did
>I repeat that out of my head
>along with
>"Ask her later"
>It wasn't really a cheery conversation
>A rather somber exchange of words
>Serious
>She didn't say anything else
>I was thankful for the silence

>Was grassy kinda now
>I mean sometimes
>Like farmland, lots of farmland
>and different plants and things
>Actually i think we were still lost, but i wasn't going to argue it.
>Don't give the redhead a chance or topic to talk about.
>I manage to maintain radio silence until a couple other girls wake up

>Blondie and Glasses mostly
>I offer the PSPs and a round of racing
>Ridge racer
>The best racing and drifting on a handheld console i've ever played (Fuck mario kart).
>Plus that music, Disco Ball a masterpiece
>Blondie agrees
>Glasses doesn't
>Her eyes are icy, cold, pouting
>Demands i take off my pants
>I feel like she's done this before
>Don't panic
>She's got a perfectly legitimate reason
>Probably

>I ask what it is
>"You're being demoted"
>Demoted
>Fuck i was going up in the world?
>who knows what from though
>This is a trap
>If i ask it's going to suck
>When women give you vague answers never ask why, it'll just make you feel bad
>Ill just pretend i know what she's talking about
>Take off my pants and toss them back
>Whatever right
>Freckles exclaiming something about "Looking at my junk (in my boxers) is gonna make her crash the car"
>Blondie tells her to stop staring unless she likes it.
>Based blondie
>Glasses takes my pants, folds them up and throws them over to the side.
>Then completes what she wanted to say anyway
>"You're no longer wearing the pants in your relationship, jerk"
>Doth arrow of fire strike true
>Right into mine gelatinous giblets of feels
>I still give them PSPs though
>Might as well make it interesting i decide
>Announce formally
>"Whatever, Loser of the race has to lose another piece of clothing"
>They both nod
>Too ea-

>Oh wow
>Wait a second

>I'm fucking retarded
>I just challenged Glasses to a round of video games for actual STAKES
>I'm so stupid
>It's not even a challenge, it's just who loses the least
>So so stupid, i'm going to be completely naked in less than 20 minutes, just you watch.
>We start the first round, three way race.
>Blondie, Glasses, Me
>Literally no competition
>Glasses just hits every single fucking corner perfectly, drifting and boosting the entire race
>She's just gone
>Well that was fun

>"Yeah i guess it's just you and me blondie"
>She mumbles something
>too concentrated on the game i guess
>It's neck and neck between us, since we're both about the same vidya wise
>If there's one place blondie's extremely competent, it's vidya
>She zigs
>I zag
>Hit a wall
>Fuck i'm way behind now
>God damn frantic race to catch up
>Glasses laps us both
>Fuuck
>TRYHARD MODE ENGAGED
>God damn drifting around corners like a monster, even on straights to get more turbo.
>I drift around a corner behind blondie, blast a turbo and smash her off the side into a barrier.
>Last moment too, finish line and i've won second place.

>Phew
>Did not want to be losing any more clothes here in the front seat
>Freckles would tear me to smaller shreds of my manhood than i was already
>I turn completely around and give blondie the "You know what you must do" look
>She frowns
>Reaches up and behind her shirt, and just unhooks her bra
>Slips it out, waves it around and tosses it in the pile with my pants
>Smartest move really, you prevent the reveal of anything until you lose again.
>Glasses offers another round
>Ehh
>We force her to use the worst and slowest car we have
>Blondie and i use the fastest
>Doesn't matter
>At all

>We lose to her by a huge margin, Blondie last again
>Glasses just gloating as per her usual self
>Grinning up a storm
>Fucking glasses
>Blondie groans angrily and says she's done with video games and they're no fun
>I agree
>But
>You know she lost
>She knows
>She's not very interested in undressing though
>Angry eyes at me for winning again
>She pouts
>"I'm not taking anything else off."
>She grumbles again
>"Storybro doesn't need to see me naked"

>Wait
>why not
>I point out i've already seen her naked plenty of times.
>She grumbles out a "Not recently, it's different"
>I start mouthing the words to correct her
>Then i catch myself
>Glasses might have caught myself too
>But she doesn't let on if she did.
>Blondie is amazing at acting when i don't realize she's acting
>Worrysome maybe
>Glasses doesn't know what i was going to say anyway.
>Hopefully
>But the way dares work in our group of friends is that you're perfectly welcome to deny them
>It's just a bad idea
>Because everyone else involved gets to pick something worse for you to do.
>Glasses just took the prize of deciding this time
>Not sure if she was trying to regain her /bro/ status, or torment me
>Little of both
>Her words were as follows
>"You get to go sit on his lap in the front seat, from now until we get back to the highway"

>Blondie and i groan in unison
>That's no good
>We point out that absolutely nothing good can come out of that
>Literally
>She's going to sit on my lap with my boxers on, i'm going to get a boner, the bumps and rutts in the road are going to make her butt bounce and it's going to be lewd as fuck

>Blondie says this
>Yeah
>Blondie
>Glasses doesn't give a shit, she says we do it because Blondie skimped and she was technically the "Winner"
>Fuck that, i'm not trying to fuck around with other women while raven's asleep in the back.
>I'm pretty solid on that, i already feel bad enough about freckles
>So glasses does what glasses would do in this situation
>She turns around and asks raven to confirm her judgement
>Raven's half snoozing half out of it
>I'm not quite sure she even knows what the bet is
>But she mumbles loudly that "Glasses is in charge of my boyfriend until i wake up again... and if i hear he didn't listen..."
>Then she drops back off, i don't hear the rest
>WAIT!
>Raven no! Don't go!
>Hold on
>no don't go back to sleep oh god no
>Threw me under a fucking bus
>Glasses just turns around and puts on her gloating smile
>"You heard her"
>Fuck

>Why are they friends again
>Is raven just too tired to realize what she did, oh fuck oh fuck.
>Blondie knows better
>She crosses her arms and exclaims "Nope!" Not doing it.
>Her eyes are defiant, fiery blue
>I like this version of blondie
>She knows better, she knows the shitstorm that hangs in the balance.
>Glasses just smiles
>Her eyes are fiery too
>Plans knowing no bounds.
>She asks "So, you want something worse to do?"
>Blondie stays silent
>I assume that means yes
>Thanks blondie, taking one for the team
>Glasses grins
>Leans in and whispers something in blondie's ear
>Suddenly that fiery blue is gone
>She sits upright, straight as a board
>Looks at me with glazed over eyes
>And just nods, and agrees to sit on my lap.

>W... what could have been that bad?

>Nothing comes to mind as Blondie gets up on all fours and starts to cross the middle barrier to sit on my lap in the front seat.
>Then she gives off a yelp
>Her face jumps into a look of surprise
>Along with a loud resounding SMACK
>Glasses just slapped her on the ass
>And she can't seem to move forward, not until glasses says something about "Leaving these here, or else"
>I have no clue what she's talking about
>But i hear blondie give a whimper, and then finally move far enough forward for me to see
>She's not wearing her shorts anymore, just cotton blue panties.
>Fuck glasses
>What are you doing
>After an ample amount of repositioning, blondie manages to sit on my lap in a way where it's not very lewd at all
>Kinda sitting off to the side
>Perfect
>We don't need no boners up in here tonight.
>Except
>Glasses
>She snaps at blondie and tells her to "SIT PROPERLY"
>Poor thing jumps half a foot
>Repositions instantly, smack dab on my lap, buttcheeks on my crotch
>I'm not hard, not yet thank god, but i'm worried.
>What the hell does glasses have on her

>Freckles groans about us "Practically grinding on one another in the front seat"
>Thanks freckles
>I offer her a seat next time she's not driving
>She politely declines
>With lots of big fancy words like "Fuck" and "Faggot"
>True lady of virtue she is.
>Glasses has buried her face in a map for the time being
>I'm just left with blondie and my willpower preventing a rather erotic situation from occurring
>Time to keep my mind off it i guess
>I start asking Blondie questions in secret, about what glasses has on her
>She wont say but its "Not that bad, she just owes her"
>Plus blondie points out i technically did way worse the other morning
>I know that, but i don't have a boner yet
>We go over a bump

>She bounces about an inch, up and down
>I feel everything in my groin area lose, and gain pressure again
>Fuuccck
>That was a sensation we had to avoid
>I squeeze her waist and tell her to hold still and not jiggle so i don't get a boner
>She squirms
>Actually ends up sinking deeper into my lap
>Then i realize i'm fucked, because she whispers in my ear
>"Go ahead, i don't mind"
>And she moans

>Nononono Blondie no
>No we are not no no no
>I tell her to sit still, and she just wiggles more
>Well fuck i've got a boner now
>Wedged right up against her
>Thanks a lot you stupid girl
>I make it very clear how she fucked up
>"Now i'm going to be poking you in the butt with a boner for the rest of this road, i hope you realize this"
>I see her give a quick "Eep" and a nod
>Come the fuck on
>We're not doing this
>Right?
>Like i'm not going crazy this is an absurd turn of events.
>Then she leans over and whispers
>"Sorry, glasses said she'd tell if i didn't, i had to act it..."
>She drops the end of the sentence
>I swear, master of the cute dramatic pause
>But of COURSE its glasses blackmailing us into this shit
>What's her god damn problem, why does she want me to cheat on raven so bad.
>Blondie continues "It feels nice for me too... but... i just won't move anymore and go to sleep and it'll be fine"
>She curls up and uses her arms as a pillow
>Alright i guess that's fine, there's not too many bumps anyway, i'll just pretend its a nice dream or something and nap too.
>I mean there's worse situations to be in, boner be damned i could hold it.
>Even if its nestled somewhere nice, i can resist
>Or... not
>Glasses tells freckles to take a right turn here.
>"Turn where?"
>Freckles is just as confused as i am, there's no good place to turn.
>Glasses points at a well worn dirt road

>"That one, it's a shortcut back to the highway you were supposed to be on"
>Welcome back little screaming man
>Welcome back.

That's where we end tonight anons, gotta get lots of stuff ready tomorrow, i don't know when i'll be able to update again, but ill put it on the doc when i can. Couple days at most

Whats this anons! I'm alive! I don't actually have a secure method as to which i can post on 4chan as of yet, so it will more likely be the case that friday, sometime in the evening hours, i will post an update directly to the google doc.

Something like midnight on one of these time zones I'm on. ill figure it out.

Update #15 : June 20th

-No Thread
-Posted all at once from some forest retreat with no internet

>Now from the choices glasses seems to be making
>It's obvious she has a plan
>I mean there's not even a doubt in my mind that glasses is planning something.
>But it's not immediately apparent what her actual plan is.
>It could be all kinds of things, she could just want us to get to the main road faster ,or she could secretly be trying to ruin my relationship with raven.
>Or hell she could just be trying to get revenge, or cheer up blondie.
>I can't even begin to fathom what goes on in that head of hers
>Pinning down the factor that's changed her attitude seems rather hard, so i just ignore it.
>Blondie seems content on my lap, even if she's doing a rather impressive job of not blushing for once
>Not worried
>Yeah, butt on my crotch
>yeah, boner
>But no big deal
>Right?
>Right.

>It continues, for a good bit atleast

>Miss evil mastermind scheming our demise behind us
>Sporting a remarkably charming smile.
>Beaming from ear to ear almost, but quite attractive with it.
>Actually i could spring quite easily for any of the girls right now, god damnit boner.
>I give blondie a good ol fashioned squeeze, side of ribs
>She's fast asleep or pretending
>Freckles is ignoring us, took glasses' suggestion and has turned off onto a bit of a run down dirt road.
>Not too bumpy.
>The jiggling on my lap, it's relaxing, but also a bit painful more than arousing.
>Not too bad
>I am enjoying the scent of blondie's hair, Always that oak aroma, and enjoying the scenery.
>Not thinking about the evil plan
>Not thinking about the evil plan
>Fuck i'm thinking about glasses' evil plan.
>the hell was it?

>Whatever the plan was, the girl was frowning
>Head pressed to the glass of the window, checking left and right for where we were going
>If she got us MORE lost, i swear
>I ask, to make sure
>She mumbles
>Shoots me a funny look
>Then she asks "Where does blondie have her hands?"
>They're on my lap, thanks for asking
>Wait
>You don't mean
>Come on that's fucking low.
>We dont need to deal with this shit right now.
>I shoot her a glare
>I'm pretty good at conveying meaning in looks, or she's psychic
>But she gets my "You're going too overboard with this, lay off blondie or i'll tie you to a post and wh-
>Well you know the rest.
>She realizes she may have been a little overboard and reels back a little.
>Drops the subject
>Thankfully

>It's like that for a good while.
>Gadget, Raven, both of the beauties in the backseat aren't awake yet.
>I would love to join them, but they're curled up together with peaceful expressions, and blondie has me pinned down.

>Need air support, or suppressing fire or something
>I don't mind, but i don't see a point
>The road is just slowly getting bumpier
>Car is jolting every once in a while, hopping on little pits and ditches once a mile or so.
>Then it gives a huge bounce
>and a jolt
>HNNGGGGG
>Fucking hell, blondie, girl, your but is in the wrong pl-
>Another bounce
>PLACE
>That was almost enjoyable, i don't know if i should sit through any more of those.
>I glance back
>At glasses
>Her frown is gone, it's a small smile now
>Pretend straight face with the corners of her mouth upturned really
>Oh you sly devil
>This was your plan
>The car gives another jolt and a bounce, blondie's body up and then back down right upon my not-so-soft hardon.
>THIS WAS YOUR PLAN

>I understand now
>Every bounce
>I understand better
>Blondie's butt, my crotch
>Lewd to da max
>Except... not...really
>I think Glasses had the impression that this would feel "Good".
>Pseudo sex with bouncing maybe
>But uhh, hate to break it to you anons
>A girl bouncing up and down on your dick on a bumpy dirt road in the middle of nowhere
>Yeah that's not as enjoyable as it should be.
>Curse you gods.

>So every bounce right?
>Miss cutesy on my lap jumps up, right down, right against my pelvis.
>Which should be fun
>Like i feel like it should feel amazing
>But all it was doing was kinda squishing my dick up against my leg, and putting pressure on my legs and my balls on the bottom of the seat every so often.
>Like
>Zero fun at all for me

>I mean it was entertaining, but i wish it was an enjoyable sensation
>Meanwhile, Glasses thinks she's a maximum brilliant lewd matchmaker here.
>But it's just not true
>She's lying to herself

>I mean she was beaming, not just smiling anymore
>Shooting glances at us every once in a while, meeting blondie's gaze
>Blondie was done pretending to be asleep
>Lots of reasons, maybe she was hating this just as much as me
>Maybe it was all the noise
>Gravel and rocks crinkling against the chassis of the car
>Clinks and pings as bits of road fly up
>Crunching of the tires
>It was a real dirt road now
>I stealth nudged blondie, asked if she was aight with the current "situation" of bouncing.
>She whispers back
>"Yeah, i'm fine"
>But in whispering, she turns her cheeks towards me
>I see them clearly
>Blushing
>No wonder glasses thinks her plan worked
>That or blondie might actually be enjoying this.

>If she is, she's doing her best not to let any clues slip
>Besides the blushing, i don't have the slightest indication
>I mean she was just sitting there with a straight face
>Me personally, i was wincing, the bouncing was hurting quite a bit.
>Leaving me in semi-state instead of full-mast
>"BANG"
>The car hits a damn god rut and jumps up and down again a good foot
>Blondie actually achieves orbit
>and then atmospheric re-entry upon planet lap again
>During the landing, she actually inches forward and to the side a bit
>Lands a little differently
>Lets out a squeal too on landing
>Ohhh
>Houston, we have a problem.

>The previously jammed against my leg every bounce manly bits, were now happily mid-crease between her buttocks
>Not actually a problem Houston, ignore previous transmission
>Well, except for blondie
>She froze up the second she landed, stiff as could be

>Knew exactly where she was sitting, what she had done, how it was all her fault.
>Hell yeah it was
>Takes her a moment to work up the courage
>To "Try" to squirm away
>Operative word try.
>Hell no
>I drop my hands to her lap, place them on her thighs and hold er steady
>You're staying right here!
>She realizes quick, starts squirming and whining
>Gives up, and turns her upper body around
>"You're a pervert!"
>Hah
>Yeah, i feel like an awful perv.
>But remember, if she scooted backwards again she was going to be crushing the hell out of my bits marked "do-not-crush"
>I wasn't enjoying any other ways she was sitting
>So you know, boner in her bum, she could live with that

>I give her a nudge, whisper
>"Sit still!"
>She whines again, like a puppy that needs to be let outside
>Cute
>Then the puppy learns to speak
>"It's uncomfortable"
>oh
>Hmm
>I ask why
>She drops her voice really low
>"You're poking me in the bum"
>Hahahahaha
>"Yeah? And?"
>I'm such a ass
>man

>She ruins my ass moment by telling me
>"No... i don't like it, can we move please?"
>):
>Alright
>I'm a sucker for "Please"
>I motion for her to lift her weight up, she scoots her butt off my lap, i reposition and drop my hand down to my boxers for a good-ol rearangaroo.
>Give her the go-ahead and she drops down again
>Instantly yelps

>I smile
>She makes it clear
>"N... now you're poking me in the front..."
>Yeah, well
>I explain
>"It hurts when you sit any other way, unless you wana straddle my leg, or sit crosswise or something"
>She seems to enter some form of contemplation
>then gives up
>Complains something along the lines of
>"No... but you're going to make me..."
>And then drones off, half sentence
>Lost in thought, or something.
>Looking off out the window.

>She puts up with it for a good while
>Complaints here and there at first, and then they're done
>Like there was just a switch and they all turned off
>A mile or two and we're still bumping and skipping along.
>Little yelps and squirms from the princess in my lapa
>Squeals if i poke her in the wrong place all of a sudden
>[spoiler]Or the right place[/spoiler]
>Up, down
>Up, down
>She's like a wave, it's almost soothing
>If it wasn't so erotic to be nearly fucking her if it wasn't for these damn clothes
>I mean there wasn't really much fabric between us.
>women's underwear is thin as hell, and it's not like my boxers were really providing much protection from the tornado vs typhoon action going on here.
>The friction was similar to a very soft, very heavy, warm pillow.
>Lovely really
>Every time she gave a little bump or hop, she would quickly return with a grind.
>Once in a while she would land a bit differently and the pressure would be wrong, but just for a second
>Until i scooted her backwards, up a bit, forwards or whichever way it required for me to be happily nestled between her legs again.
>She had long since stopped struggling, and completely relaxed.
>Leaning back against my chest, sighs every once in a while
>I could imagine she would probably let me do anything i wanted, but i didn't take advantage of it.
>If i listened carefully to her sighs, i could imagine they were little moans of contentment.
>Maybe they were
>I sure hoped so.

>That entire part of trying to find her a new position, that was done now
>She was just riding me like a horse, little bounces and a giddyup every once in a while.
>Digging her ankles into the stirrups
>It was one jolt and then another
>then all of a sudden her hands are on my legs
>It was almost sneaky, one jolt they weren't, the next they were.
>As if they had been there all along
>Holding on for dear life
>Then she had a firm grip, squeezed my thigh muscles a bit.
>And pulled
>I mean she had a firm grip, but that wasn't the point.
>Her action brought her butt, that much more down, firm, pressing against my lap
>as if she was straining to increase the friction, the contact between us.
>That surprised me, made me jump a little
>Up until now it was rather soft fleeting contact
>I mean i wasn't surprised, not really
>I just didn't realize exactly how hard i was
>Seriously
>If she squirmed a bit more...
>give it a couple minutes and i'd probably ruin this pair of boxers.
>In a good way.

>Only one thing to do in that case
>Pull her back, arms around her stomach
>Bring her head beside mine
>Pushed her down, firmer.
>Told her
>In no uncertain words, she was already bright red.
>I mean coke can red
>But she did her best, gave that little jump of extra effort.
>Went a couple shades deeper
>Told me
>"S...Shut up"

>Hehehe
>I was half expecting her to call me an idiot, or stupid
>But it seems she was losing her touch
>She seems to be rather bad at being tsundere these days.
>She's enjoying it easily as much as i am, or maybe even more
>those sighs were definitely light moans now
>Accompanied by freckles and her eyes
>Looks of disgust

>hah, deal with it
>She's probably totally jealous
>I realize it's actually far far far far far too obvious what's going on
>It's like that squeaky bed your parent's bought you when you were younger
>And you trying to pull moves with your girlfriend while they're in the house.
>That kind of obvious

>Even Glasses had happily completed her agenda of mischief and was politely staring out the window
>I myself, was nearing the point of no return.
>Event horizon
>Poor freckles couldn't keep her eyes off of us
>Even if she pretended to hate it
>We were both shifting, touching, moving, grinding
>Blondie was panting, lightly but audibly
>I took a solid grip on her stomach, squeezed and pulled her close
>Pressed my hips up into her
>We were both getting frantic now
>So i pressed again
>and blondie gave out a little yelp
>and then a worrysome sound, a squeal
>Accompanied by
>"FRECKLES, PULL OVER"

>Oh no
>Freckles questions it, but its repeated
>Urgent
>She obliges and pulls over, slows the car to a stop
>Blondie opens the door and is out in a flash
>I'm about to follow her when i realize she's not leaving, just squatting using the car as a backrest, ripping her underwear down
>I feel a temperature change on my crotch
>I look down, Acknowledge it and look up again
>She left a wet spot on my boxers.
>I pretend to not be looking as i hear the urine hit the dry road
>But the side mirror is right there
>So i sneak a peek or two
>I can't see anything too special
>Just a bit of a butcheek here and there
>And the look of bliss on her face
>Sweet relief

>Up again, pulls her panties back and shifts back and forth
>Frowns
>Turns around and looks towards the door
>I catch her eyes
>In the mirror
>Her face doesn't give away any clues, but she knows i was peeking
>Its my turn to look embarrassed
>I wasn't really watching her pee as much as making sure she was alright, but you know it doesn't matter
>She returns to my lap and the door is closed
>As soon as she sits down it's pretty apparent exactly how wet she left me
>*sigh*
>I was close too
>time for the question
>"y-
>She's too quick
>"You were pressing on my bladder i had to pee"
>Fuck
>Stupid bladders always in the way of good handhold on girls

>But really the question i wanted to ask was
>"You... didn't pee on me right"
>She doesn't say anything
>Is just quiet
>Stares off into the distance
>Blonddiiiee
>This is important
>"I need to know if i need to change"
>Freckles gives a laugh
>"Hah, serves you right!, what'd you do squeeze her too hard?"
>Shut up freckles
>Icecrotch continues
>"I told you that you were shit with women..."
>Just trails off as if her point is proven
>): please let me leave this trip with my ego intact freckles
>Blondie mumbles a "No"
>But VERY quietly
>Phew
>Pussy juice > Pee
>Who knows why, but thems the rules.

>I press blondie down again, ready to finish what we started
>She squirms and says "Stop"

>no no wait why
>Freckles even taps the brakes when she says it.
>Fuck
>Patriarchy police too close, can't continue
>Blondie scootches up and pulls her legs onto my lap too, tells me she's done
>"I'm not"
>She hears that
>Freckles hears that
>Blondie mumbles something really quietly
>"What?"
>She mumbles louder
>Still too quiet
>I poke her one last time and she blurts it out
>"I'll finish you"
>Its meek, its embarassed, its quiet
>Still, Freckles swerves slightly and glasses gives a hiccup.
>I tell them both to shut up and not say a word
>They do, both

>I find a hand on my crotch
>Then another
>Then another
>Alien race confirmed, blondie has finally shown her true colors as a seven armed intergalactic alien assassin.
>Oh boy
>I widen my legs
>Dis gunna be gud
>I try to put my hands somewhere that won't result in me fondling back, but i can't seem to find it
>So i just clasp them in front of her stomach
>She starts stroking me through the boxers
>Softly
>Like she's completely scared of me
>I can't really feel anything):
>Gotta change her position
>Blondie pulls her feet up and scoots forward
>Ideally to put herself in a better position to get everything in the proper place to give me a happy ending
>Non ideally, i've spread my legs

>If you've ever had a girl sit on your lap, you realize one important thing
>She's heavy
>and if you spread your legs
>She slips

>Instead of seating herself further up on my stomach, she ends up on my crotch
>and then starts sliding between my legs
>Takes a second or two, i just let it happen
>and then her butt is firmly on the seat since i wasn't holding my legs together enough to hold her up.
>Which would be funny
>Probably
>If she wasn't sitting smack dab on my royal jewels

>I'm not sure there's words on this earth properly capable of describing the sensation
>There probably aren't
>I'm sure if you're male you might have sat on your own balls once or twice, or squished em on accident or other
>You can still shift around and fix it real quick in most situations
>but not when someone's sitting on em
>Then its just pain
>And that doesn't stop until you've shoved them halfway across the room and evacuated a mile away
>I let out a yell, surprise the shit out of freckles, and i'm up and halfway across the seat
>Then im back on the seat face first grabbing at my crotch
>Giving off whines and pleas to the hazelnut gods they're alright
>Blondie takes a second to realize what happened
>Freckles and Glasses don't
>Freckles is laughing
>"Serves you right perv!"
>Glasses is worried
>Throwing questions like "We have ice in the cooler if you want, or you can come here and i can look at them"
>N...
>"Nope"
>I..."I'm... good... just... need... a moment"
>Just gotta count and make sure they're all here
>One...
>Two...
>Three, yup we're good.

>I recline against the car door
>Pretty sure i have heavy sweat streaming down my forehead, the terror
>We're sharing that seat now
>It seems even though she's been fired
>Blondie's still working the job
>Freelance maybe
>Might even have a life insurance policy out on me at this point

>That's just dedication
>I admire that
>But my balls don't
>For once though, i'm not going to blame blondie
>She's not really the one at fault
>This time
>It's Glasses
>She gets the finger
>And not the good type of fingering a girl

>Freckles is still laughing
>At my finger, at my reaction
>god she enjoyed the entire thing
>Blondie is sweetly apologizing and giving me sideways hugs
>So the usual
>I snap at freckles
>"What, you want a turn too Freckles? Glasses can drive if you want a ride"
>She laughs
>"Sure, you sit in the back and blondie can sit on my lap"
>The reaction to that is hilarious
>Blondie squeaks out a "Hey! No!"
>Freckles reaches over a hand for a mock grope
>But blondie clambers up and over me and is practically sitting on my head trying to escape
>Ahh well, more for me
>I give her a real grope, right on the butt.
>She doesn't squeak or squeal
>If i hadn't been able to see her eyes, i would have imagined she didn't even feel it
>But her eyes flash
>She squirrels up my arm and back to my lap, far out of the prying hands of freckles though

>I make it a point to embarrass freckles as well as i can
>She deserves it
>Give her a remark
>"I didn't know you liked blonde girls"
>Then i poke blondie a bit too
>"We can share her if you hold her down"
>Another squeak from blondie
>along with a "You wouldn't."
>Hehehe
>"Try me"
>Freckles takes offense at this
>of course

>Im not sure if it was me threatening to hold down blondie, or insinuating she wasn't interested in blonde girls
>Or that she was interested in blonde girls.
>Whatever it was, she called me an ass
>Then exclaimed loudly
>"Don't blame me if i'm lonely and want a cute pillow sometimes!"
>Madame Spectacles chimes in
>"Oh shush frecks, we're getting your girlfriend in austin anyway, you keep saying she wants to be your pillow"

>wait
>that's right
>QT3.14 asian lesbian long distance lover
>Didn't even know that was a thing
>Well i knew it was a thing but i didn't realize lezzies did it too
>She had been in a "Relationship" with this girl for half a year now
>They shared common interests, like hating men, hating men, and long moonlit walks on the beach.
>There was lots of other shit too, but i didn't much care
>We just kept joking about the girl behind freckle's back
>None of us had seen her yet, so we just assumed she would be a giant landwhale when we got there.
>This sixth girl was a surprise contact in austin, meet at a restaurant or something.
>Then we would hang out for a day and get to know her, and throw down a group vote for if she was "cool" enough to tag along on the trip
>Might be a tad crowded, but we had initially planned to fill the car up completely
>But we weren't anywhere close yet
>We were in the middle of fuck-all new mexico
>Or maybe oklahoma
>Or maybe texas
>I didn't know
>glasses didn't know
>and honestly it'd been hours since i last saw another car
>We might be lost anons.

Next update Ideally monday, ill try a thread around 8:00 PST (same time as usual for you)

Update #16 : June 23rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12239431

>Glasses pulls out her star charts, compass and sextant.
>(lewd)
>Realizing that it's not only still daytime, but cloudy, she gives up the endeavour of locating us manually and returns to searching on the map.
>According to her calculations, we're somewhere close to texas
>She thinks
>Wherever we were, there were like no references, not even to which direction we were facing.
>We could be going backwards for all i knew and i'd never be able to tell you.
>Glasses seems to figure it out, or do her best impression of pretending, because she tells freckles to keep going the way she's going.
>Alright
>Blondie is a squirming bundle of girly energy up here in the front seat, and im not sure i can handle it.
>First she's on my lap, then my side, then my knee, then my other lap
>Cuddles, to hugs, to what seem to be her attempts to grope me in places that groping doesn't really get anyone any satisfaction from.
>Knees for example, or my elbows, not really sure you can grope people in the elbows but she tried.
>Felt my sexy elbows the hell up.
>Honestly if she hadn't already gone, i'd think she had to pee
>She's somehow just overjoyed that i'm sharing a seat with her.
>My thoughts go back to passing remarks she was making in vegas about what its like to be in a relationship, or to feel loved.
>She was doing her best impression of a restless pet dog in your lap for a car ride.
>Tongue almost lolling out and head thrust out the window and everything.
>Technically, that is one kind of relationship, and another kind of love entirely.

>She is driving me crazy though
>In a bad way
>She's getting me with jabs in the ribs every once in a while, making my stomach do flips with the squirming
>My balls hurt and she's threatening to squish them again with all the motion, not to mention...
>I have a boner and i want no part of her help to fix it.
>Gonna have to go get her kennel out of the back
>I casually extract myself
>To the tune of sad whines and barks from the golden retriever in the front
>Who then paws the seat and curls into a ball
>Nose to tail

>Adorable if she was a dog really, but because it wasn't a dog and was just a bitch, she was far less cute.
>Still blondie though, so there's only so much not cute she can get.
>I'm treated to a glorious view of her barely clothed bum before she finally settles into her resting position in that seat
>and i've fully clambered back to the middle of the car again ,sitting next to glasses
>She's put away the star charts and is practicing astrology
>For me, she sees happy endings
>Pretty sure reading tea leaves and reading boxers with boners in them are vastly different fields.
>I pout and look away

>Glasses tries her best to not piss me off as i sit next to her.
>I'm angry as shit at her, for lots of reasons
>Her fucking with me, turning everyone against me, turning RAVEN against me, then setting up that front seat pain with blondie.
>So really it doesn't matter if she sits there like a silent statue, i still hate her guts.
>She tries her best though.
>Mostly to get her hands on me in some way or another.
>Offers to "Help me out"
>I shake my head and look away.
>She tells me that it sucks mom and dad grounded me so i can't go out with my girlfriend
>and that maybe she could be my girlfriend tonight.
>I don't fall for that one

>Then she seems to give up
>Is quiet for a bit, and then isn't.
>All of a sudden her hand is on my crotch, and she's whispering
>"Look... i know i've been causing trouble for you and i guess it's all my fault, i~
>She drones off
>Contemplating, amber eyes focused on something in the distance
> i can see the reflections in the lenses and the window.
>"I thought you were taking advantage of blondie, and she told us what actually happened in vegas and how you saved her."
>I nod
>Thankfully blondie explained something
>"And she told us why her top was broken at the springs and you were chasing her too... i guess i just jumped to conclusions so many times and didn't ask. I've been a rather bad friend these last few days"

>Few days
>Implying

>Nigga your hand is on my crotch
>Would you kindly remove it
>She doesn't, because that game hasn't come out yet):
>She continues
>"So i want to make it up to you. We don't even have to look at each other and i can just help you out here and promise to be a better friend in the future"
>Man
>What is with women and thinking that boners are problems men need "Help" with
>Like shit, i've never ever, ever, ever met a man who considers it a problem.
>Just annoying, and it'll go away eventually.
>I do like her idea though
>a good ol-fashioned shameful handjob, i could just think about raven the entire time.
>Stare back at her sleeping face maybe
>Only problem is freckles and blondie would have a clear view, since i'm right in the middle
>That hand on my crotch, it gives a squeeze
>Feels lovely
>Alright, fuck it, "Yeah"

-Fanart for this very point in the story from-thread

>It's a second maybe
>Maybe two before i hear a hiccup and a yawn behind me
>You have awoken the steampunk dragon.

>Gadget
>She's roaring and spitting fire
>"Rawr"
>Her ferocious roar as she leans over the seat
>Glasses, her hands off me and back in her own lap the instant it happens
>Our dragon has her hood back on, and music playing again
>I guess that's the jacket she left in the car.
>She's making good on her promise though, her "Glasses is taking advantage of storybro's will-weakened state" senses were tingling
>She makes a request
>"Flasses, swap pleasee, i want to sit in the middle"
>Glasses makes like she's going to say something
>Looks back at raven
>Then stops
>Nods
>Crawls around the edge of the seat and sits, gadget crawls over, jacket and butt in the air before harmlessly tumbling forward into the seat beside me.
>Then she's right side up, miraculously
>And sitting properly again
>Headphones still in place
>A feat as impressive as falling down a set of stairs and keeping your glass of chocolate milk steady the entire way.

>Gadget takes no time before tackling me
>Well not really a tackle as much as a sideways covert hug with a hidden agenda
>A whisper
>"I promised"
>Tis true
>Gadget saw my moment of weakness
>Well
>Realistically, far far too late to save me from the sins i'd committed with blondie
>*sigh*
>Yeah i'm fucked
>Steampunk dragon gives a squirm
>Hands into pockets, a little wiggle and a piece of cloth appears in my lap
>Closer inspection
>It's a pair of underwear
>Pink, plain, but they belong to someone

>I would panic, but i've used up my allotment for that day.
>I just stare at her

>She's kindly informed me of the horrors that occur in the female regions, was she trying to make me jump or something
>I jump scares don't usually work on me...
>She gives me a sly smile
>alright fuck it, PANI-
>She whispers in my ear again
>Scrunched up close, nose to my cheek
>"I found, after glasses yesterday"
>T... they
>You mean
>THAT BITCH DID TAKE OFF HER UNDERWEAR

>Suddenly everything seems so clear
>Except the sky outside
>Which was most definitely cloudly and looked like we had a storm incoming
>Dark clouds on the horizons, i could bet i saw a flash or two of lightning, but no thunder yet.
>I pick up the panties, index and middle finger and toss them back
>Glasses gives a squeak
>says something along the lines of "Whose are these? Blondie?"
>Yeah yeah saving face
>We ignore her
>I grab gadget's arm and do a fiddly wrappy thing
>Put my arm around hers like we're walking arm in arm
>I just feel like doing it, brothers in arms alright.
>She doesn't seem to mind, she's nodding to an invisible tune
>We're on some actual road though
>Finally
>Whatever route we're on, it's a state away from where we actually should be.
>But glasses has it figured out.
>Yeaaahhh
>We're driving down the road, and there's a truck
>We all flip him off.
>Oh boy here's a toll booth...

>It's windy too
>I ignore it
>Glasses informs us we're in some other state
>I ignore that too
>The rest of my attention is practically shot
>Take up probably an hour poking and prodding gadget in different places
>Not really a mean poking and prodding mind you
>I mean there's a difference between stabbing your sister in the ribs on a five hour car ride, and poking and prodding a friend because you want them to entertain you.

>Gadget didn't seem to be screaming "Mooom make him stop!"
>So it was probably the less annoying of those two
>Or more annoying and she had nerves of steel
>I think i dozed off on her arm

>She woke me up later
>Lots and lots and lots later
>First thing i hear after waking up is "Put on some pants"
>Always a great thing to wake up to
>Next thing i hear is rain
>Pitter, Patter, Pitter on the metal roofing of the car
>Then i see a smile
>Gadget
>Lovely multicolored eyes, shining, and her holding out a pair of pants for me
>So thoughtful
>I quietly attempt to put them on while remaining seated, which is impossible.
>do it anyway, fuck physics, while realizing it's dark outside
>We've lost a day, or i've slept it away.
>Parking lot of some motel, middle of nowhere
>Rain pouring outside
>Dark, barely any lights on
>Some creepy house up a hill in the back, with the silhouette of an old woman looking out of a bright window.
>Not creepy at all.
>Inquiring, i ask if Blondie Freckles or Gadget know where the hell we are
>Freckles mumbles something about a different state, blondie says nope and gadget tells me "North America"
>So that's a no
>And we're still lost
>I try to peer around, but it seems we've arrived in woods
>In the middle of a desert?
>Yep, lost
>I give the girls five minutes before i run screaming off to find them

>They're back in one
>Two sets of keys
>Two rooms
>Perfect
>We pile out of the car and under the awning between the rooms.
>Big, flat, typical motel

>Freckles suggests we open a single door and make a huge trip with all our stuff into one of the rooms
>People need new clothes, showers and probably some form of food in them
>Because i'm the big, strapping, strong young man
>All the women just use it as an excuse to pile like three bags in each of my arms, and they bring in smaller bags each, pretending to lug and haul them to the door.
>Ignoring the fact that i'm slower carrying all the bags, and i've probably got someone's set of bags relatively wet because of how slow i'm lugging them across the parking lot.
>Logic
>I get them all back a tiny bit by throwing the bags willy-nilly across the room
>Which had a motel carpet
>A thing which everyone knows, understands, and doesn't need me to explain.
>[spoiler]The girls made the appropriate Ewws upon closer inspection[/spoiler]

>Food is next on the agenda
>Which is remedied by Blondie as she declares she's got it.
>Vanishes with a swish off out the door and back to the car
>Nobody argues
>I tackle raven on the bed
>It's accompanied by the usual oomphf, giggle
>I got my hands around her, went in for the hug.
>Then the not so usual Shove, and me away.
>):
>Back to frowning, and a "Not tonight"
>)):
>Freckles totes me away
>Somehow not screaming rape or murder, simply telling me to leave Raven alone for the time being
>Yeah, alright
>Glasses takes up my old spot on the bed, manages to wrap an arm around Raven's waist and starts animatedly chatting with her about something
>Throws me a wink... i think.
>Fixing it, i hope.

>Alright what are we doing
>Nobody answers me
>Freckles vanishes into the bathroom under the presumption of winning first shower
>Gadget is tapping her foot along to the music she's listening to, just a calm swing back and forth.
>Raven and Glasses both unapproachable
>I uhh...
>"I'm gonna go help blondie get food"

>Nobody responds
>Yeah, i'm unwanted
>I slink out
>Find it pouring, twice as hard as it was when we went in.
>The rain is god damn acid
>Dodging water balloon bombs and outbursts of saintly tears, i rush across the parking lot
>Make it to what im pretty sure is our car, i can barely see
>It's got a light on so i bang a couple times
>Door opens
>Middle aged guy, dog, some woman with square glasses. All eating massive submarine sandwiches.
>I apologize and close that van's door, leave that mystery machine for another time.
>Find the appropriate suburban, bang my way inside and out of the rain
>Blondie has the lights on and is assembling sandwiches
>She's soaking wet too

>Lewd
>Really her shirt is completely transparent and she's got a Blue bra on underneath, and i think a matching set of panties
>I can't help but point this out.
>She gives me a half cocked to the side smile
>"Yeah well, it's nothing you haven't seen already"
>She speaks truth
>Slowly indoctrinating her into my harem, just a couple more steps
>"So..." I start
>"Does this mean i'm allowed to look?"
>She frowns
>UH OH
>ABORT HAREM
>"No, i'm telling raven i think"
>ABORT ABORT ABORT
>"About... all of it, the morning... today in the car"
>Alright, hold on let me find a knife
>I search around
>She's got the only one
>A butterknife covered in mayo as she's doing the bread for sandwiches
>Killing her isn't an option

>She sees my look of you're-getting-murdered
>Hands go up waving, "No no no! you've got it wrong!"
>I can't have possibly misheard you blondie
>Dont even try to escape this, your fate is sealed as soon as i find a knife
>Stab you in the shower a couple times, dump your body in a swamp

>She still proclaims "No! you have it all wrong, it'll be fine trust me, i need to ask her something important, a favor"
>I take a deep breath
>The red i'm seeing abates
>Kinda
>She continues
>"Just, do something romantic for her tonight, or something you two can enjoy together."
>What, like sex?
>"If you're implying sex blondie you're taking the room with us and i'm making you wa-
>Wait a second
>Eureka!
>"Blondie, where did that gin go you swiped from the girls?"
>She gives it a thought, then points out it's in her bag inside
>Perfect!

>I assist madame not-on-my-kill-list-anymore
>We finish sandwiches
>She doesn't even try to stab me more than twice
>Improvement really, back in the old days i'd be leaking blood everywhere and stuffing the wounds with breadsticks
>Meat, lettuce, cheese, sauces, bread. Basic sandwiches
>We devise a carrying scheme involving a jacket, a platter and some plastic bags that results in non-wet sandwiches arriving to the room.
>Even if the two people carrying them had to swim to get back.
>Impressive really, how whatever state we were in was capable of actually raining so hard we couldn't see outside.
>We make it back after asking for directions twice from passing fishermen
>Blondie almost gets eaten by a shark
>We don't talk about that part
>The girls don't believe our stories of heroics and swimming feats
>They just want the food
>Typical americans
>never appreciating where food comes from
>how hard of a trip it had coming to your mouth

>Freckles arrives from the bathroom, seemingly freshly showered
>She's got a towel wrapped around herself
>Gives me one glare and vanishes into the bathroom again
>I'm a good sport and toss her bag around the corner without looking so she can dress.
>Hopefully she didn't recognize my hand, the dirty male flesh oppressing her clothing.
>You think i joke, but she was the only girl who carried her own bag in.
>I take the time to grab some clothing of my own as everyone's eating

>Duck over to blondie's bag, grab the bottle and hide it under my shirt, carry it all to the bathroom
>Hide the bottle and the two glasses on the sink (you never realize what those are for when you're younger) under the counter.
>I'll get raven in here for some gin and a shower, easy enough.
>Hopefully special enough too.
>There's something intimate and calming about a shower with plenty of time with a meaningful partner
>Even without sexytimes
>Not to say that i wasn't planning on those too
>I got a feeling
>That tonight's gonna be a good night.

>Sandwiches are attacked
>Brutally sliced, diced, knived, cut, chomped and annexed from less hungry participants
>None of the sandwichbros survive the assault
>Poor guys, didn't stand a chance
>The crappy part is we all end up drinking water though
>Out of everything else, dont want to go get more.
>You should never ever ever drink water on vacation
>Its just a rule
>I end up ceilingwatching with gadget of all people after our meal is completed
>She's not really watching it im pretty sure, she's still got music
>I steal an earbud that's dangling
>Still plugged into that splitter thing, gadget you silly.
>Something electro house-y
> by hybrid maybe
>[spoiler]Blackout, i think[/spoiler]
>Would have fit in great two years prior
>Raven announces she's forgotten something in the car, Glasses tags along carrying our official rain-repelling jacket
>Blondie grabs some new clothes, undresses part way, gets embarrassed and vanishes into the bathroom
>She's not blushing though
>Sly girl, just for show

>I get bored, decide it's showertime.
>Blondie seems to have dressed in a similar cute yet dry outfit
>I'm still wet, so no harm in going outside to find Raven
>I do a little spin, twirl my way out the front door.
>Pretend freckles and gadget don't break out into giggles, i'm in a good mood.
>It's still pouring cats, dogs, and small horses
>I splash in a puddle on my way off the curb, it gives off a chorus of meows and neighs

>I'm instantly soaked
>We can pretend it was the puddle, but it's raining that hard.
>I dance and skip my way over to where the car was last seen
>Dancing in the rain, no singing because that's embarrassing.
>Rain really is one of my favorite things

>Even though it's cold, it's soothing
>Puts you at ease
>The cascading sound kind of washes away everything
>The world looks different
>Colors brighter, air crisper and fresher
>Grass greener, bushes happier
>It's a subtle yet important difference, i know lots of people hate rain
>But i absolutely love it.
>Makes me happy, just like Raven, so i skipped and hopped to meet her by the car
>Scooby and the gang long gone
>Tiptoe up to surprise her, not like she could hear me in the rain anyway.
>Look through the window
>

>I re-enter the motel room
>Scan it quick, head looking and evaluating all the women in the room
>Freckles naw, Blondie naw
>Gadget!
>She's who i need to borrow
>I shuffle across the room, feet don't leave the ground
>Static shock her when i grab her hand and yank her up to her feet
>She gives a yelp from the shock
>then a confused look as i drag her to the bathroom and close the door
>Lock it
>Blondie and freckles just stare
>Gadget doesn't resist when i sit her on the sink, and duck under the cabinet
>Pull out the bottle
>Two glasses with a clink
>Pour her a shot first
>Shaking hands, spilled half it on the floor
>Then mine
>Try to set down the bottle
>Rattling and clinking against the tile, i can't seem to let go or put it down all the way

>She has to grab my hand
>Set it down for me

>I gulp my drink in one go, it burns
>Awful taste
>I hate gin
>I grab the bottle and try to pour myself another
>Gadget helps, doesn't stop me
>She ends up with three, me four
>She knows i want us to be drinking together
>Gadget's nice like that, even if i hadn't told her yet
>Then i tell her the words
>Watch her eyes
>Yellow, Green, Blue, Brown, colors flash as they widen
>Then she downs her fourth, with a "That makes too much sense"
>I nod
>Gadget pulls out a bag from her pants pocket
>The coke
>I nod

>She holds it out for me
>I grab it, snap it out of her hands and throw it at the toilet
>Plunk
>Straight shot
>Then we're both up and stumbling across the bathroom
>I slam her into the cabinet to stop her
>Hard
>Her legs fly out, hit something.
>Bang, crash, one of our glasses goes flying across the floor
>She sinks down, i get to the bowl and flush it.
>Victory.
>Turn around
>She's crying
>Screams something
>"ASSHOLE"
>Or maybe something in another language that sounded the same
>I leap at her
>Tackle her over backwards
>She lands in a puddle of gin, i can smell it
>Or maybe it's her breath
>Its probably her breath, and those lips
>They look soo... enticing
>I lower my lips
>She doesn't struggle
>Or move away, just lies there

>Connect a soft kiss

>Pull back and catch her eyes
>I can't read them, empty maybe
>Uh oh
>Something clicks, somewhere in the back of my mind
>Then she whispers
>A sad, sorrowful sound in my mind, i don't know if that was just me
>Pinning her down on the bathroom floor
>Arms to her sides, myself above her, gin on my breath and fire in my eyes
>Her shoulder probably hurting up a storm from smashing her into the cabinet.
>She's got a look of profound sadness in her face
>Eyes
>Whispers, a hollow sound
>"You did not ask first."

That anons is where we end tonight. Next update is going to be thursday 8:00 PST. Because i'm working 8:00 AM to 8:00 PM where i am, every day
Meow
Bark bark bark

Update #17 : June 26th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12280797

>There were a couple emotions
>Mostly shame
>Actually all of them were shame
>No other emotions, just shame in every slot.
>Every stat point into shame
>She was so friendly with me all the time...
>And here i'd gone and ruined that
>Idiot
>I'm an idiot
>there's no way i'm any different than her shitty experiences in the past

>I break eye contact
>Push myself up
>Off
>Away
>End up across the room, back to the cabinet
>I start staring upwards
>At you know who.

>I don't watch gadget anymore
>I just stare
>I'm pretty sure i've had far far too much to drink
>That was the point, but i had digested enough to know for sure.
>My thoughts are slurred
>I'm torn between giggling at how stupid i am, and crying at how stupid i am
>I'm not sure if there's different types of being drunk
>Personality changes with the drink, different alcohol does tons of fun different things.
>But for this one, i was completely lucid
>I don't think i was seeing double or anything
>I was just staring upwards
>Heard the rustle of her clothes
>She's probably sitting, staring at me
>Probably crying
>Don't want to look
>Even as she slithers across the floor and joins me
>Places her back on the same cabinet
>I want to imagine she's looking up at the ceiling with me
>But i know better, she just wants to catch my eyes

>I turn, slowly
>Catch one of hers
>She's not crying
>I turn the rest of my head
>She's smiling
>You wot m8
>Then her fist is smiling
>Right into my face
>dis chav just capped me in da gabba
>da fuck she gun on bout, got ‘er knickers in a twist has she?
>sail frou da aya wit da gratest of ease
>Crumpet in ta da puddle like tea in an american colony
>nipped me in da knocker so hard i fink she nipped me neeps
>This girl hit me so hard, she temporarily turned me british.

>The blood pudding i was leaving down the front of my shirt brought me back
>I mean blood
> a stream of blood from my nose
>Well fuck
>Look at me here, the biggest asshole of them all
>I deserved this
>I ASKED for this
>Those electronic old men were right, this was not the futu-
>I feel an arm on mine
>a hand in mine
>Whats going on
>Could this be my understanding
>She pulls me up, sitting.
>It's not her fault, i was being too demanding.
>All because I hoped that you'd be someone different
>There's not much I know about you
>But the answer is in clear view
>It's amazing what you'll find face to face

>She was still smiling though
>Only gadget could punch you hard enough to give you a bloody nose, and still smile.
>Well actually come to think of it.
>Glasses, Raven, both have probably done that to me in the past when i deserved it.
>Freckles would get off on punching me in the face, so her too.
>Implying blondie woulc edwexz xxxsxxsxs dd fd mdddd6ersreeerrrrrrrrsrexx sxxx xee

-Spent thirty minutes fixing my keyboard here
-That's now canon

>Truth be told, most the girls would happily punch me in the face and smile afterwards
>But you know, Gadget was different
>It wasn't a "Haha i punched you smile"
>It was a genuine happy smile
>Or a sad smile
>She pouted while still smiling, and belted out
>"That's for flushing my new toy, JERK!"

>Lewd, but she meant the cocaine
>She grabs me again
>Back to smiles this time

>For the kiss... i betcha just forgot to ask"
>Extending every syllable of bet-cha just for-got
>Oh man not fucked not fucked praise be to the lord of bathrooms and alcohol
>Except
>"KISS?!!?!!1!1!>>?"
>Is the consecutive screech i hear from outside the bathroom door.
>Two girls
>Freckles and Blondie are listening, ears pressed against the wood
>Or they were
>Now they're banging on the door, huge thuds.
>Door probably made of cardboard
>I hope they don't break through it
>Gadget giggles
>A cute little "teeheeheehee"
>It's intentionally loud enough for the two outside to hear
>"Yeaah! And he wants MORE"

>She's exclaiming this with some kind of sadistic glee
>A true glasses moment, as she torments the girls outside.
>Blondie breaks down into various squeals and wails
>Who knows why
>Probably jealous, or wanted to watch, or i was adding another target to her list of people i had romantic relations with she had to kill.
>Odd how she always manages to forget to put herself on that list.
>Freckles is screaming something along the lines of
>"ILL SAVE YOU!"
>I'm barely keeping a straight face from that one
>Fucking freckles
>If she could see the amount of blood on me, and the floor, and my shirt
>she would know gadget didn't need no saving.
>She was a strong independant woman who dont need no man
>Frankly i was wet from the rain
>But i was just soaked now
>Gadget was giggling too
>Echoing giggles, those big strong long ones
>Or maybe it was the little bathroom we were in
>the silly acoustics
>She giggled and pounced me

>I could almost see her tail swish before she did it
>Like a lion ready to pounce its prey
>Just the tip twitching back and forth

>Then i was on the ground again, and gadget told me to "shh"
>Finger to her lips, pretty close to my lips
>Kiss maybe?
>Nope
>She sits up and yells
>"BLONDIE"
>Her voice is suddenly serious
>Scary even
>The banging stops
>Silence for a second, before blondie responds through the door
>"...yes?"
>Gadget still yells
>"TELL FRECKLES, WHAT SHE DID TO US LAST NIGHT"

>oooooohhhh
>That's the sound the chorus of schoolgirls we pay to follow us around and exclaim at various events, chose to make at that very moment.
>No response from the other side of the door though
>I can only assume freckles is throwing on one of those great "the fuck did i do" faces
>Green eyes shining with a WTF this side of the country hasn't seen in decades.
>It's a long while
>Or maybe it's a short while and i was just losing time because i'd had far too much gin.
>But eventually an armadillo squeaks from the other side of the door a meek
>"Ok"
>Silly rammus
>Freckles and Blondie taken care of
>Probably off to another side of the motel to cry into one another's arms all night
>[spoiler]Hot[/spoiler]
>Gadget snuggles back up to me
>But i think she's in a sour mood now
>Pulls away and exclaims "Yuck!"
>She's almost covered her jacket in blood too.
>Ha...
>But she narrowly missed
>Good, because it'd never come out of a jacket

>Instead of taking her jacket off
>She just takes my shirt off
>This is the only logical solution to the problem i guess

>Uses it as a makeshift rag and mops up the blood, off me, and my face
>I just lie there and take it.
>Seems she's got enough to be satisfied eventually
>snuggles again
> (:
>It's a really comfy snuggle, mostly because she's just warm
>And she's not really doing anything, just nice warm body contact.
>It's lovely
>I hear music though, from somewhere
>I can't figure out where
>Go on an adventure to find it
>Check lots of places, no clue
>Sit up a bit, peek under gadget's hood
>Headphones
>THIS ENTIRE TIME

>I don't have words
>Just actions
>I demand earbuds
>She complies
>We curl up on the bathroom floor snuggling, her face to my bare shoulder
>Listening to music
>We turn it way up, to drown out the sounds of the girls talking in the other room
>Someone screaming, or crying already
>Good.
>I'm pretty sure my pants are sitting in a puddle of gin and blood
>I don't care
>It's the very first, and only time, i've ever fallen asleep listening to music.
>Something trancy, ill put it here if i ever remember it.
>We fade out, zip to black
>Then its morning

>Well, not morning
>Someone's banging at the door again
>And then we're asleep again
>And THEN its morning
>Probably
>Except its still dark
>Damn
>We've left the bathroom light on though
>The bathroom smells awful, but i'm still holding the cutest darn hooded kitten in my arms
>Problem is, i'm not really drunk anymore
>So i can think

>Back
>To explain, we have to go backwards
>Wake up
>Take off earbuds, a slow backwards kiss , then a fight over a bag that doesn't matter
>Drinking contest, then backwards through the door
>Static electricity when we touch
>Shuffling backwards out the door
>The rain

>No more puddle jumping, no more dancing
>Or skipping
>Or hopping
>Just downtrodden and wet
>Cold
>Back to the car
>Back to the tiptoes
>And i see it
>Two half empty coke cans sitting in the cup holders, that they'd hidden under the seat.
>They made me drink water with my sandwiches
>WATER
>There's no level of disgust that i can convey to you, about how much i HATE water
>Water tastes disgusting
>Specially water from a tap, which is what we all had.
>Except for those two

>Those smug bastards hid the last two cokes, and now they were lying there so snug in one another's arms.
>Naked
>Fuck i hate water.
>The other day i was walking down /v/ and this guy came up to me and started telling me all he did was drank water at the computer all day.
>And i pointed out there was no point, what's life without a little flavor
>Then he started throwing buzz words around like "Kidney Stones" and "Tooth Erosion" and i fucking lost it.
>Punched that faggot in his water loving face
>I hate water so god damn much.
>I just had to leave right at that moment
>Head back to the hotel room, and share a non water drink with someone
>They didn't even see me
>They were busy anyway, not drinking water and all.
>Fucking, Glasses and Raven
>Nectar maybe

>That out of the way
>Now you know why i was beating myself up
>Because i was indeed fucking retarded to not have realized earlier where they hid those cokes
>You know, Raven had been giving off signs for a year now that she was scheming with someone else.

>Conspiring
>Naughty backroom visits about illicit liquid allotment and transfer.
>Of course it was glasses
>They spent time with one another constantly
>Alone
>Probably not drinking water.
>I came back just the day before we were supposed to leave, and Glasses had her top undone
>They both had looked flustered
>But NO
>I thought it was just to seduce me like she usually did.
>That
>That seduction
>All of it suddenly made far too much fucking sense too

>I knew glasses
>I knew her really well
>Beyond well, she was my best friend until the later half of this trip, where she'd been quite a dick
>Trying to rip me away from raven with herself, trying to blame me for shit i didn't do and protect blondie.
>But it was simpler than that
>Glasses was a Bro
>Not just to me
>She was a Bro to everyone, to all the girls she'd known for ages.
>Me, Raven, Blondie
>We were on that Bro list , and she Broed us up all equally
>So she got stuck
>In a Bronundrum
>Protect blondie against me
>That's a no brainer, and it probably hurt her to do.
>But...
>She was sexing Raven up
>[spoiler]Which i would have been totally fucking fine with[/spoiler]
>Raven didn't want to tell me it seems
>For what reason, i don't know
>[spoiler]If she had told me i would have joined in happily, what's the big deal.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But she didn't[/spoiler]
>So Glasses was stuck, Her Broyalty Divided

>Broyalty is a tough thing
>From what i could assume, i knew how it all played out now
>Raven asked her not to tell, doesn't matter why.

>Bro code requires you don't tell when your bro asks you to keep a secret from his girl/guyfriend.
>So what could she do
>She knew the secret, and she'd been fighting with it internally for ages
>I watched it happen
>She was trying to tell me something in the shower
>As if it would change everything
>it did, kinda
>But i saw her master plan
>Seduce me, make me cheat with her.
>So that even if she was seeing raven behind my back, i was seeing her behind raven's back
>I know that sounds kind of completely fucked up
>But i think it would have made sense and negated out to zero
>If i wasn't such a white knight in shining loyal armor
>To my raven haired green eyed princess
>Fuck
>Just one of those moments, one of those times
>They don't come along often, but if they do, they suck.
>When you realize cheating on your waifu was the correct course of action.

>So what
>What's my plan of action here
>MY time machine only goes back maybe a day, so we can't really go back before all this started
>Plus i would know anyway
>Quantum conundrums an all that.
>You see, i would fuck glasses
>Join in
>Pretend it was all fine
>But it's really just not
>Bro code or not, they still didn't tell me, either of them
>You don't hide cokes from your Bros
>They'll buy you one next time, it's a running tab aight.
>So instead i figure i'll just tell Raven tomorrow
>That rules are off for the rest of the trip
>Enticing thought
>Worrysome that was the first one i had
>Admittedly, i'd had Blondie, Glasses, Freckles and now Gadget very much "ON" my mind
>But glasses, she's in trouble
>We needed to talk.
>Raven... i don't know

>I don't think i had my thoughts straight on what i wanted from her yet.

>But not now
>I extracted myself and sat up
>I had better plans for right now
>I had an adorable kitten sitting below me
>So i woke her up, gentle shakes
>Keeping my face close, to not yank my own earbuds out.
>I saw her wake up
>Face from ambient motionless relaxation
>To a tense groan
>Bright eyes flicking, blinking, back and forth
>Finding mine
>Beautiful circles of color
>Then she groaned again
>threw her hand over her face to block out the light
>"Whaaat!"
>A sigh almost
>I made my demands simple
>"We both need a shower you know..."
>I'm firm, hand on her waist as i say it
>"Can i take off your jacket?"
>She removes her hand
>Scrunches up her nose and gives a puff of fire out of her nostrils
>She's all out of steam, so she gives a steam-less
>"Yeah"

That's where we end for tonight Anons, should be enough revelations before i manage to fuck up again yeah? More Saturday at 8:00 PST. Sorry my laptop is shit):

Fuck water, fuck homely, im going to bed, its actually my birthday today and im up at 3:00 AM giving you guys updates.

Update #18 : June 28th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12305711

>I get right to it
>It's not very easy to take off Gadget's jacket mind you
>It's got bells, whistles, and velcro everywhere holding it in

>Wires connecting to each and every other part of her body, bits of string, pipe cleaners and tacks holding bits of plastic together and preventing its removal.
>There's even a voice authentication padlock, and one of those retina scanner things holding it together
>Little armed guards over at the warehouse doors to the side.
>I do the smart thing, bypass it all
>With the zipper
>Slide it off.
>She's back to the T-shirt she was wearing earlier. Light green
>Then the Fancy swishy pants she put on this morning.
>Swish swish swish
>I love those damn pants
>I escape however, don't continue the undressing game
>Retreat to the shower
>Attack the bells and whistles in there
>Need water, hot, soap, sudsy, shower

>Water initializing
>Hot.exe installing
>Steam.exe finding whiny 13 year olds
>Allocating them to your counter strike server.
>I peek into the gadget folder
>She's just standing around staring at herself in the mirror
>I guess because all her music was tangled up in her jacket, she's not listening to anything anymore
>Maybe broke her
>Needed electronic sounds to function
>I start taking off my shirt
>which i realize isn't actually there when i try
>Right
>I give a cat whistle
>Accio Gadget!
>She perks up, ears rotate 90 degrees to triangulate my location
>Slides across the floor towards me

>She doesn't talk much
>Just watches me
>Eyes glancing at different things.
>I see a glint of Blue as she catches my own
>Glint of green when she checks out my [spoiler]Lack of[/spoiler] Pecs
>Flash of yellow when she drifts lower
>reaching over, i give her shirt a tug
>Throw out a silent question

>No answer, but nothing negative either
>I swiftly yank it up and over
>No fuss, no muss, not a sexy striptease or anything
>Just a shirt no longer, toss it on the floor
>Leaving her in what seem to be purple undergarments

>Well, her Bra atleast
>It's purple
>Not dark purple, it's light and covered in a very hard to see flower pattern, but it's purple.
>Women would call it Lavender, or Fuchsia
>Or Lilac, Plum, Eggplant, amethyst, Quartz, Muave...
>But i was a boy, so that piece of clothing was purple, and that's all you're getting from me.
>Thinking about it, i'm not sure i've ever seen Gadget in underwear
>She actually was astonishingly... sexy
>Nonchalantly sexy, nothing she was actively trying to be, or do, but just there.
>I never had any of that.
>Raven hated underwear of all types, and her pulling off accidental sexy was like a baby bear wearing a Tutu.
>Not that she couldn't be attractive, but she always ended up cute
>You just can't have a sexy baby bear in a tutu, it'll make you go "awe that's so cute!" every time and attempt to cuddle the darn thing to death
>No matter how hard it roars and tries to maul your face off.
>Blondie was a different kind of cute, like a little girl holding her hands behind her back and shifting from one leg to the other while peering into a case full of ice cream cute.
>She didn't pull off sexy either.
>We're actively ignoring glasses because she's tryhard sexy when she wants to be, and just attractive and professional when she's not trying.
>That's the best way i can put it, was that gadget was... Sexy without any effort, any work on her part.
>Just sexy

>It helped that she had those Raver pants on though
> Bra + Long pants = oh baby
>Plus i'd never really described Gadget's breasts yet.
>They were B cups, maybe really small Cs, about the same size as blondie.
>Being honest, they weren't exactly perfectly firm globes of grapefruit flesh
>They had a tad bit of sag, i could only assume the nipples pointed somewhere other than her chin.
>Proper nipple pointing places maybe
>But it added to the allure
>She hid a woman under those clothes, and not a girl.
>i do a little shimmy of excitement
>Out of my pants

>Lewd
>Also impressive
>I'm in boxers now, exposed
>Stealth bonus lost
>I raise my eyebrows in my least seductive manner, trying to be as seductive as possible
>She's not looking
>It doesn't matter
>another glint of yellow.

>contemplating my next action
>Bra, or Pants
>Make my decision
>Swish swish swish
>Rotate the girl around
>Go for the strap in the middle of her upper back
>Her skin is delightfully clear and creamy in the light
>Much shallower of a brown tone when i could actually see it, faded from darker near the hands to a light caramel with reddish hues as it got closer and closer to her chest.
>So pretty much butterscotch caramel chocolate pudding flavor.
>Da best flavor
>It's just a little latch, so i snip it off, then hands up to the two straps on her shoulders and slide those over the humps
>Now it should just fall right off...
>And it doesn't
>Swish Swish Swish
>She's facing me again
>Hands clasped over the cups in front holding it
>Shakes her hair, back and forth as if to say "Nuh Uh!"
>Unconstrained by that jacket, her hair swishes too
>I just nonverbally point at the pants and make it clear those are going to disembark too
>Showers with clothes on are awful, and i planned to fully undress even if she didn't.
>make this clear
>Get a nod in return

>The go ahead
>Hands on waist, one set of fingers on the zipper
>Bzztt
>Swish Swish Swish
>They make so much sound god damn, every time they move even a little
>With a final swish they land in a heap with the other clothes.
>Alright, what next
>She's still got her hands on her cups

>Hasn't taken any effort to re-tie them, which means
>Well it could mean lots of things
>But she's just staring at me too
>Waiting as if, for my next move
>I uhh...
>I stare at the panties
>Matching purple
>We're going to call this captain crunch berry purple now
>But i remember those got pretty dark in milk, so those old light ones they don't make anymore.
>They're normal panties, form fitting, smooth curves
>Not a fragment of cloth out of place, not wedged to the side or riding up on one buttcheek.
>A true rarity in panty wearing capabilities
>Because im pretty sure my boxers were half bunched up on one side and i had a minor wedgie from sitting in a car all day and then sleeping in them.
>Alright, these coming off then?
>One hand on the waistband
>SNAP, SNAP
>Like a fucking whip her hand has mine away
>Both her hands really
>Pretty sure that snap was as her fingertips broke the sound barrier
>One for each hand
>Houses miles away could hear the crack, thought the double sonic boom was the shuttle re-entering the atmosphere.

>But
>AHA!
>Both hands gone
>Her Captian Crunchberry Bra drops
>Flops forward and down her arms, stopped where her hands are at the waist
>Boobs!
>Actually the first time i'd seen hers
>Even though i'd been naked in the same room, we turned the lights off and i was polite.
>First time i'd seen them up close, open air, bright lights
>They were exotic
>The colors were different
>All the other girls i'd seen had red, or pink nipples.
>Dark red aereola, white or pinkish breasts overall.
>Gadget wins my uniqueness prize.
>Caramel cream nipples
>Amazing, this beautiful shade of caramel brown that matched her chest almost perfectly, they were rounded and medium sized patches of different color, right in the middle.
>But the coolest part, was that her skin was genuinely darker than the nipples and the area around them by comparison

>I didn't actually know that was possible
>Magic
>Fucking, magic

>Sadly, under martian law, wizards and doctors are strictly forbidden.
>And she's looking right at me with a questioning gaze
>Really the normal one women have when its' the first time they take off their shirt in front of you
>It's all about the "Is this ok" and "Do these look fine to you" and "Don't tell me i'm not pretty i have self esteem issues as is you massive jerk"
>This gaze lasts them four seconds
>Which is a shorter time period than it takes the average male to stare
>Thus they transition to the next phase unimpeded
>The "Well he obviously doesn't like them or he would have said something by now" and the "they obviously have something wrong with them"
>That lasts two seconds
>Which mind you, the males are still staring at them.
>Then it hits the self depreciation
>They start imagining one of them is bigger than the other, lopsided, looks funny.
>They have horrible skin color, bra strap marks in a funny place, or a myriad of other problems.
>As we all know
>Guys give about zero fucks, and are just admiring the boobage.

>The problem though was that 10 seconds into admiring the tits with a deadpan stare
>I realized
>She was a girl
>OH NO WHAT HAVE I DONE
>I start panicking
>Gotta start praising her boobs
>I start
>"No No No don't worry they're absolutely cute i didn't say anything because i was sta..."
>Oh wait i've just called her boobs cute
>F gotta take that ba-
>"I mean beautiful! Your breasts are beautifu-
>She stops me
>"I know, i am not american"
>OHHH
>SICK BURN BRO
>SOMEONE CALL UP THE NEAREST BURN WARD BECAUSE MURRICA GOT BOOTY BLISTERED
>[spoiler]Seriously, this self esteem bullshit is all invented to make you feel bad and buy things[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]In third, or second world countries that don't consist of buy buy buy, you learn you're beautiful from a young age and that's it.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She wasn't being prudish, she just wasn't worried about her self image[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Femanons, take notes[/spoiler]

>She drops her arms, tosses the Bra to the side and wraps her hands across her chest though.
>She might be a tiny-tiny bit self conscious
>But she might have also smiled a little bit more when i told her she was beautiful
>Either way, she realized early in that i was worried she thought i thought she wasn't pretty.
>Or she really was full of herself
>No comment
>She shifted side to side, little bit of a wiggle
>Then poked me
>"Your turn?"
>Coy, quiet
>My turn what
>I don't have a Bra
>I pretend to take my Bra off anyway
>Reach up behind me, make an unclasping motion and then lift my arm up
>do a bit of a twirl, as if i'm swinging it over my head, then pretend toss it.
>It was pretty sexy if i was a girl.
>She laughs, ending in giggles.
>Right hand over her mouth, right breast free and jiggling slightly
>"No silly!"
>she points
>"those!"

>I look down
>BOXERS ARE NOT EQUIVALENT TO A BRA MISSY
>But she's pointing lower
>I follow the fingers.
>Legs
>Knees
>Ankles
>Socks
>Oh, duh
>I peel them off
>FUCK
>Wince the entire god damn way
>Blisters, pain, suffering, pain, blisters, PAIN.
>The sock is stuck to my skin with scabs, or popped blisters that have dried to it.
>I retreat to sitting on the toilet

>ow
>Ow
>OW
>Gadget has a look of amusement on her face
>"Yeah, i took mine off earlier, it stops hurting... as much after a while"
>):
>She holds out her hand
>"Water will make it better"

>We step in
>SCALDING HOT
>Both of us leave the shower instantly
>Well i leave the shower, she just steps out of most of the water.
>Me with an "ow ow ow" and her with unwritable yelps
>It's not even turned all the way hot, or even most the way.
>Still sensitive to heat i guess.
>I change the temperature to lukewarm
>Body temperature almost
>Gadget might completely doesn't afraid of anything, but i'm completely done with anything warmer than me.
>Nice and cool
>Just the way i like it
>Plus topless girl
>Double just the way i like it.

>As far as showers go, this one started pretty boring
>Nothing that interesting happened in the first twenty minutes while we were soaping one another's naked bodies up
>It's not like the second she hit the water, i had pulled her out of it.
>Placed her back first against the ceramic shower wall, and held her still
>Pressed my face close, eyes into hers
>Depth of her soul bared in those colors
>I was going to ask
>I swear
>But i didn't have to
>She said instead
>"What are you waiting for?."

>WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR
>WOMEN I SWEAR
>YOU MADE IT CLE-
>She kisses me
>Not soft

>Not hard
>It's a half peck, lips closed
>Then she pulls back and her eyes smile, her mouth puckers
>I'm on that tiger
>Push her back and ravage her, mouth ,breasts, everything my hands can touch
>She won't let me get a full kiss off
>Every time i go in for one, she teases
>Pulls away an instant later
>I'm terrified i have bad breath, but she just tastes like liquor, so probably not.
>No flavors i could tell, sorry anons
>Not that i could get a taste
>Wouldn't even let me, squirmed away every time.
>Fine then!
>I go for her neck
>sink my fangs in, latch on and kiss and suckle
>Drain her blood for my endless plague on the night
>She's not a virgin, so she can be my vampire queen.
>Muahahahaha!

>What really happens is that she sighs, moans softly.
>Leans back, exposes more neck, that i appropriately ravish
>Enjoying every detail, every crease.
>I've got a hand softly cupping her chest, and another wrapped around her lower back
>Keep it up, maybe four, five minutes of suckling
>Then she pushes me off and says its sensitive
>Oops
>I've left an awfully obvious bright red spot on her throat
>A serious hickey
>She doesn't realize, but she asks anyway
>"...never had anyone do that, it felt really nice~"
>The sentence is full of energy at first, then drifts off
>Her eyes shift
>Then upwards to me in a smile
>I can't resist
> back to the kisses

>She still teases me with those kisses
>All i want is a full, tongue to tongue kiss
>Those are my favorite damnit, lose myself in a girl.
>Get a good taste
>COME ON
>She won't let me in
>TEASE
>I give up, drop my hands to her chest again
>Squeeze
>Then follow with my mouth
>Her nipples are soft
>I mean it's hard to really even explain nipples because every girl has a different pair.
>Soft, hard, sticky, dry, lickable, smooth, bumpy,knobbly, innies, outies.
>She had soft, soft soft soft soft soft nipples
>No matter what i did, they were small, they retreated into the confines of her breasts when i licked or sucked at them, squeezed them or chased them with my tongue.
>Couldn't get a firm grip unless i used my teeth..

>Even her nipples were a tease.

>I worked on those for...
>Well i don't know
>I know i had her writhing
>Gasps
>Mumbles in languages i didn't understand
>Little sounds i don't know how to describe
>Like "auuu" and "Aryumm"
>I was pretty sure i could treat her to one of my famous boob-only orgasms
>Really just takes time, a ton of nipple tweaking with one hand ,and licking till your tongue is sore.
>Oh and the secret
>[spoiler]Spell the alphabet with your tongue[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] find the letter she likes the most and do that one, over and over[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Gadget liked the letter W[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]This has been an episode of storybro's magically lewd practical advice for women[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You're welcome lonely anons[/spoiler]

>After a while i stopped being able to feel my tongue
>Then the rest of my mouth
>Doing tongue pushups over here
>But it was worth it
>She fell apart in my arms
>Screws loose, arms and legs crumbled to dust
>Took the pudding way out and slid down
>I caught her, lowered her to the ground, sitting against the wall
>Stood up again, turned the water on us and turned it up (a tiny tiny bit)
>It didn't feel as warm as it used to be.
>I wrapped her up in my arms and pulled her close
>Well, totes just got a girl off with my tongue and her breasts, that counts as cheating right
>Probably
>Or not
>She moans, loud
>Right into my ear
>It's weird, frantic, almost like she's frustrated

>Uh oh
>I ask, seriously
>"What's wrong?!"
>Not worried, as much as curious where i fucked up.
>I didn't think i did anything too wrong, but she wasn't responding

>Just heavy breathing
>I wasn't dumb enough to think i broke her anymore from sucking on her nipples
>Unless
>UNLESS
>I ACTUALLY BROKE HER
>"DID I HURT YOU?"
>That came out as a yell
>She responded quick with a "shhh!"
>"You are loud"
>She said it with her trademarked smile, but then another heavy breath and her head went back down
>Gave her a moment
>Listen anons, i'm good, but not really
>I'm not even close to that good
>Seriously
>She proves me right
>"What... was that?"

>The hell do you mean what was that
>That's not even not knowing the syntax or the american word here
>She continues "What did you do to... nobody ever, they just always go straight to-"
>Interrupts herself with a breath
>Doesn't continue
>Hahahaha
>Wow, well you're welcome for your first breast-induced orgasm gadget
>I mirror this, in simpler words
>Then she looks up at me panting
>Confusion in her face, but twinkling in her eyes
>"Orgasm?"

THATS WHERE WE END TONIGHT ANONS wE'LL BE EXPLORING THE OTHER ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF A BALANCED BREAKFAST PROBABLY TUESDAY AT 8:00 PST. BRING A SPOON.

Update #19 : July 1st

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12348239

>... you're joking right
>Hold on
>*Takes a drink of water*
>*Spits it out*
>I'm uhh...
>"Gadget..."
>I'm actually at a loss
>I'm not qualified to explain this
>Her mouth is practically curved into a question mark in a quizzical expression
>Not really, but it's just what that looks like.
>She's still smiling though, or her eyes are
>She attempts the amazing feat of snuggling up to my arm
>Breast to either side
>[spoiler]Fuck yeah[/spoiler]
>Eyes still facing me, never once lost eye contact.
>Practically a rainbow of smiling eyes.

>[spoiler]You ever heard a guy try to explain a female orgasm[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's a fucking trainwreck[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]An amount of magical bullshit and conjecture that could propel the north korean space program to the moon and back.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Really, it's that bad.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]and i knew it was that bad, oh man the truth is that women are JUST as bad at telling men what it feels like[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So they tell the guy an awful example that men don't even think feels the same way, and then men pass it down. [/spoiler]
>So i try the best way i can probably explain it
>"Alright, you know what i just gave you?"
>She perks up from the snuggle
>"You did not give me anything?"
>She's a non-native english speaker, i guess "Give" is a little more literal in other languages.
>Alright
>"Made you feel, what i made you feel! What did it feel like!"
>I put emphasis on feel
>She did her job as a girl though
>"... it felt like... "
>She nuzzles her nose into my arm
>"really nice~"
>See what i mean

>They can't seem to explain what it feels like either
>It's a god damn mystery to everyone
>But i poke and prod her a couple more times.

>She gives me some explanations i've never heard before
>Different words
>"Fluttery"
>"Smooth, and shivvery, like ice cream"
>"Like a bird wanting to fly, but can not get off the ground"
>It's always a treat to ask a girl what it felt like
>They always make it the best effort to tell you exactly ,and it never makes any sense
>But it sounds awesome every time
>Unluckily she made it pretty clear that i actually didn't get her off at all
>She got all fluttery, and icecreamy, then got scared
>Told me i was moving with my au-
>Made me stop
>Something about being so sensitive that she couldn't take it anymore too.
>Well, i was going to fix that
>Probably
>Or not

>Might as well use an awful line here
>"Tell you what, instead of explaining i'll show you"
>She knows it's an awful line
>I get a smile
>She tells me i sound "Quirky"
>I think she means awkward
>No comment
>I grab her head again, pull it up and nuzzle in for another kiss.
>She's still a damn tease
>Not comfortable with kissing maybe
>But every time i lead, she seems to run away
>I give up on getting a full one ,and just go back to half-kisses
>trail my hand down to her stomach
>Down to her belly button
>Tickle it
>She giggles into my mouth

>I manage to slide my hand lower
>And lower
>Waistband of those panties
>I realize they've been completely flush with her curves
>I said this earlier
>They're soaked through and through from the shower, and maybe something else but i can't tell
>But the one thing i can see for sure is they're sticking to her like a wet piece of cloth
>And i slide my first two fingers, snap back the waistband.

>She stops kissing me and just looks down
>Watches
>Like she's curious what i'm doing
>I think she is
>I get my hand down ,and finally get those pieces fit together
>Her panties are flush with her skin because she's completely smooth.
>I mean SMOOTH smooth
>Which
>Well that's bad
>I better not be fingering an 11 year old over here.

>I mean i'm pretty bad at telling girl's ages but this is ridiculous
>Babybutt smooth
>She can't be that young
>It's soft and squishy and oh god
>I yank my hand away
>Nopenopenope
>I don't know if i'm paranoid or what, but fuck i've had raven shave and that shit aint ever that smooth
>Plus i've been with gadget for the last couple days, unless she shaved while i was sleeping she would have scratchy stubble and i should be able to feel it.
>I pull back
>She could be like an underage spy sent here to watch us and feed back info to her masters
>I know north korea does that, maybe other countries do too.
>Gadget instantly worried
>Yeah, imagine that previous self esteem breast reaction, except a thousand times worse
>Nothing like someone deciding they don't want their hand in your pants after all
>I try to alleviate it
>By making it worse
>"You're not secretly younger than i think you are right?"
>Yep
>She's confused

>She's still confused
>Probably also insulted
>Probably mood also ruined
>Got her mouth open in a little "o" questioning what the hell i'm talking about
>I try to elaborate
>Operative word "try"
>"Gadget, you don't have any hair"
>Her "O" changes to a smile
>I hear her exhale a funny puff of hot air at me
>"Yeah, duh"

>What duh
>What do you mean DUH
>I try to ask "why"
>She just gives me a simple mysterious sentence
>"Secret, from home country"
>W... what
>THIS EXPLAINS NOTHING

>"You're absolutely sure you're not secretly a little girl or something?"
>She's giggling up a storm
>Responds with the best one liner i've heard in weeks
>"I have breasts do i not?"
>Right
>yeah...
>I guess those two are connected
>Using my primitive male knowledge that seems about right.
>i hope
>[spoiler]Don't worry they are[/spoiler]
>I tentatively reach a hand back down
>Still smooth as a baby's butt
>No Pedo
>But i get to enjoy the texture and softness of the skin
>Something that i'll tell you right now, you just can't enjoy properly with any kind of hair or bristle down there.
>It's just like people have different kinds of skin
>and lewd skins are just softer
>I could trace circles all day down here, but my goal was to get her off because i left her hanging earlier
>She would be all pent up all night if i left it where it was
>[spoiler]Yes, women are exactly the same as men, stop pretending it's not true[/spoiler]

>I Make my best effort
>Fingering a sitting girl isn't an easy task
>It's a ton of rubbing, squeezing, squiggling and scrunching your fingers up to get those hard to clean places
>But i mean it was fine, because i was distracted trying to kiss this damn slimly slippery brown fish i had in my arms
>She was squirming out of control every time i squiggled or scrunched
>Let me kiss her already
>Ended up flopped on the floor, squirming around with me above her
>Pinning her head back and forth
>alright i give up
>I stop

>Everything
>"Why won't you kiss me!"
>I'm serious
>I want a kiss damnit
>She's giggles, copying a phrase she'd heard elsewhere
>"I dun wanna"

>HHHHHHNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGG
>Fucking tease
>I slide her over against the wall
>Press her head softly back into the crease between the shower floor and the tile, and go in
>She's smiling
>Can't escape
>I get her, full mouth to mouth
>Gotcha!
>Tongues even, shame i can't taste anything but liquor
>I make it last
>Fingering her all the while
>She starts making sounds
>Muffled
>Mmhpff
>aughhff
>Hahahah ,i start laughing
>Pull back
>She's got her face scrunched up in what looks to be pain
>Oh no
>She's saying "ow ow ow ow ow" over and over again
>OH NO

>I pull back, and stop everything
>Then she looks at me like i'm crazy
>"No! Keep going!"
>What
>"You're saying OW, that means pain"
>She's instant
>"No! It means good, please..."
>Seems i'm wrong
>That's not a good sound where i come from
>that means stop you're hurting me
>Freaking exotic women i swear
>But she's begging, that "please"...
>HNNNGGGGG

>I'm going to assume "Yes" means ow you're hurting me from now on
>Or that she'll shove me off
>So i keep doing what i was doing
>But what about the fa-
>She stops me when i go in for a kiss
>"Your breath tastes like liquor, yucky"
>Oh
>That explains the face

>No wonder she doesn't want to kiss me, i muse to myself, still fingering her.
>I mean why stop, she can't taste me down there.
>Wait
>I taste my mouth
>don't taste any liquor
>Im not sure if i should be able to taste it though.
>Does that mean
>I hear a hiccup
>It wasn't me
>She's the one with the alcohol flavored breath
>Meanie!
>Making me stop
>I inform her
>"We probably both taste like alcohol, put up with it so i can kiss you!"
>She's giggles again
>Pouts a breathy "OK"
>Along with lots of other sounds
>Not all of them sounding painful now
>So i go back in for a kiss
>Get my tongue on hers
>She burps

>Oh god
>I can taste her up here
>The gin
>Stomach acid
>This tastes awful
>I pull up laughing
>Mostly because of how unladlylike that was
>And because laughing is the only way i'm going to not vomit
>She's far far gone
>Not giggling herself, just panting and looking up
>At the ceiling of course
>There's a look on her face that i can best describe as calm content ecstasy.

>Those eyes almost rolling back into her head
>Then thats it
>She's bolt upright
>ramped off the building and did a backflip and landed
>Squeezing my arm with all of her strength
>Screaming at the top of lung.
>to be continued?~
>I can feel her entire body spasming
>Every time she squeezes me along with everything else
>Over
>And over
>And over
>I've long since stopped moving my fingers

>But again, and again she squeezes my arms, my hand between her thighs
>Little pants and squeals after the fact
>I think she's done, maybe five minutes later
>Latched on like a clamp though
>Won't let go
>Hahaha
>She mumbles something along the lines of "thanks for giving me..."
>Wait
>I ask and make sure
>She gives an answer like a breath of fresh air
>"Yeah"
>Sweet i took her-
>There's a knock on the door
>Loud actually
>Alright fuck it better not be frec-
>"Is she alright?"
>It's penny, she's talking about uncle gadget.
>It's alright i'll just tell her to go away
>I start to tell her
>Except then she wiggles the door knob
>And fuck this motel
>The door just jangles a bit and opens, unlocks and everything

>Whats left is penny standing there
>I've got my hand in gadget's panties
>One innocent, one evil hand
>I wave with the innocent one, the other makes me doctor claw.
>Even if glasses already took that title.
>Penny's just standing there dumbstruck

>Or not
>She just grins
>"Yeah? So what, you mistake her for raven sleeping beside you too?"
>damnit blondie
>She's just standing there, door wide open, hands on hips
>"Close that door before anyone sees!" i snap at her.
>She doesn't move
>"We have this room alone, they're all sleeping in the other one"
>Oh...
>what
>really
>She nods
>Neat

>Soo
>Blondie stamps her foot down
>"Still though, you didn't hurt her right?"
>I realize gadget's just limp on my arm now
>She's got her head peacefully on my shoulder
>Eyes closed; smiling
>"Naw she's fine"
>Blondie won't take that answer, she stomps over
>"She doesn't sound or look fine..."
>Yeah well
>I point out what gadget confirmed for me
>"That, i think... was her first O"
>Blondie's turn to look absolutely in amazement
>Or wait she was doing that already
>"Seriously? Wow"
>I get a smile from her after that
>Tells me she saw me in the car with raven earlier
>Says i had a great "O" too, she saw my face.
>I Blush a little bit.

>Fair play though, i turn it around
>I pull out my fingers
>Why the hell not
>Seductively lick them, right in front of blondie
>They don't taste like anything really, little bit sour like iron or something.
>Blondie grins
>"Stop it or you'll make me want a turn... anyway why are you cheating on raven INTENTIONALLY now?"
>Now

>Implying
>Well she's right , except freckles probably counted too.
>Difference was, i felt bad about freckles
>No regret here
>I think gadget was out cold snoozing happily on my arm
>Wait
>"You mean you weren't listening at the door with freckles?"
>She does her usual thing
>Goes lobster red
>Cutest blush that you ever did see, and because she was in pajamas you could see it went to her bellybutton too
>But i already knew that
>*wink*
>She clarifies they were only listening to some of it, and didn't hear the first bits, because she wouldn't let freckles get close at first
>Based blondie
>"But then freckles said we had to make sure gadget was safe, and i couldn't stop her"
>damnit freckles

>I don't really know what to say about raven
>Only girl i wanted to tell was gadget, because she was like my go-to friend besides the two cheaterrrss.
>*shrug*
>"I figured you heard"
>Shes confused
>"What, heard what?"
>It doesn't need to be said what i told her
>But you know
>I ended it with
>"But yeah, open season now, want a turn?"
>She's back to blushing, and hides behind the showerframe
>I continue, why the hell not
>Room to ourselves and all
>"Yeah, if you want, help me slide gadget into the other bed and i'll fuck you right now"
>After that comes out, i realize i might have just fucked myself over
>that was crazy forward
>But i mean it was what was on my mind
>Hopefully it was on hers too
>I can't read her face since its half hidden
>But i can read her eyes
>They're bedroom eyes
>Yesyesyes
>Crystal Blue, Eyelashes fluttering seductively

>Except for one word that comes from her mouth
>"But"

>NO
>TAKE IT BACK BLONDIE
>DON'T CONTINUE
>i'm mentally screaming this
>But
>Its too late
>She says those words every male dreads
>"I'm on my period"
>NOOOOOOOOOOO
>Then gadget mumbles, half asleep
>"Me too"
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
>Wait
>I tasted my fingers before
>iron
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
>OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
>OOOOOOO
>O

>Well
>I put that last bit out of my mind
>"Got any Condoms"
>That's a nope from blondie and gadget is pretty much snoozing
>Alright forget it
>I'm fuzzy on details because i don't deal with it with Rave
>But im pretty sure thats a no-go on sex.
>[spoiler]For lots of reasons really, messy, uncomfortable, all kinds of things[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I've known women who get terrible cramps during sex when they're on the rag, and i've known women who are perfectly fine with it, but just don't want to.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So if they bring up "No i'm on the period" as an excuse, you're shuck out of luck anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Or you can just to them in the shower and run em through anyway, but i didn't know that at the time[/spoiler]
>I pull my arm and the girl up together, turn off the water and walk her out groggily.
>I'm not getting any poon, tang tonight... dang.
>Blondie grabs gadget's other arm and we maneuver the topless and wet angel into toweling range
>At which point we towel the fuck out of her

>Tickling her as we go
>I'm pretty sure i feel up every inch, every curve of her body i hadn't already touched
>She giggles sleepily the entire way, but damn if it isn't adorable
>Plus i get to inspect everything up close
>that beautiful creamy texture never ends
>I tickle it and towel it all dry
>ALL OF IT
>even that part that seems to not want to get dry
>Blondie just seems to toweling the top bits, and leaves me all the bottom ones
>Thanks blondie

>Gadget appropriately dried, she's not really asleep anymore
>I still tell her to go lie down because i want to ravish blondie now
>I think those were my exact words
>Gadget and Blondie give mirrored hiccups
>Blondie didn't even drink anything
>Fookin adorabul
>Gadget says "I wanna watch"
>Hahahahaha
>We pick her up, carry her out of the bathroom and plop her on the bed
>Then i turn around
>Stare at blondie for a minute
>She stares back
>Gadget's looking on
>Oh man this is awful, this is going to be awful i know it.
>Too late to stop now.
>I grab blondie around the waist
>Huge hug, pick her up and give her a twirl
>Full 360 spin
>Then i set her down
>Step back
>Say one word to the flustered smiling girl.
>"Hi"

>She says "Hi "back
>I'm in
>She's properly seduced
>Foreplay complete
>Smiling eyes
>I tackle her against the wall and start the makeout session
>Blondie ain't afraid of no kissing
>I knew this from the sleepover

>Hadn't changed one bit, but her technique had
>She was passive, but at least gave some real effort this time.
>And she tasted like sweet oak
>Syrupy even
>Maple
>OH YEAH
>THAT'S WHAT SHE SMELLS LIKE
>I growl this at her
>I'm pretty sure gadget is cheering off in the background
>Like its a soccer game
>I'm definitely winning, she's up against a wall
>and i get a hand on her chest
>She's not wearing a bra
>Neither am i

>She thinks i need to be wearing less however
>I find a hand sliding my boxers down
>Knowing her, she wants to steal them.
>BAD BLONDIE
>SWIPER NO SWIPING
>SWIPER NO SWIPING
>I push her hands off
>She grins
>Pushes me back away from the wall
>Hahaha, i lose my footing and step backwards
>She's after me giggling, and we start a shoving and kissing competition
>I hit the bed, she's on top
>She hits the other bed, i'm on top
>Gadget's screaming "GOAAAALLLLLLL"
>Well throughout most the entire thing
>Im not sure whos goal it was anymore
>I tackle her down and it's tongue tug of war
>Then real tug of war because i go for her pants
>She's kicking back
>Hahaha
>Ooofhh
>Gets me right in the stomach with her right leg
>God damnit blo-
>I stagger backwar-
>Hit the cabinet
>Right on my back

>OWWW
>FUCKING BLONDIE
>I mean at first it seems and sounds like she just did the exact fucking same thing from the sleepover
>Hit that stupid nerve
>Stunned me, can't breathe, whatever.
>But no corners this time, im pretty sure im fine
>The cabinet made a hell of a racket, clattering against the wall.
>Making the split second assessment, it hurt like hell, i hit my heels on the hard wood, and my right shoulder.
>But i'm fine
>Gadget shrieks
>I have enough time to look up at her open mouth and pointing hand
>Before something huge and heavy hits me on the back

>Oh no maybe i'm not fine
>Believe it or not i was thinking this to myself as i went down
>That and
>"This rug is disgusting"
>Pretty sure i could see a toenail
>Hit the floor
>Chest first
>then my face
> then my arms
>Maybe i was flapping to try to keep my altitude, but i went flat
>Whatever it was that was on my back was heavy as hell
>Big, round, must have been as heavy as a small child
>I couldn't move
>Anything

>I also try that breathing thing
>Also doesn't work
>Not good, i need that air stuff
>We went over this last night
>I hear shouting
>Something along the lines of "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, GET IT OFF HIM"
>I think its gadget yelling
>Well my ears work
>I blink
>Eyes too
>It's a minute
>More yelling at something
>One of the girls is yelling at the other to move her fucking ass and help
>I don't understand what's gone on, probably collapsed the room on myself or something
>Good as dead
>It doesn't hurt though, im pretty happy here
>Must be getting air somehow
>Then i see hands
>White hands, so blondie
>They flit around, and then it seems the big heavy thing is being hauled off my back
>Yay
>It rolls off my and to the side
>SUDDENLY I CAN FEEL EVERYTHING
>OH GOD PUT IT BACK

>more yelling, someone saying "Hold this"
>Then im dragged off across the room
>brown hands
>Gadget
>Then she lets go and runs off again
>Bang
>Bang
>Slam
>Then she's back
>No clue what she's done, but thanks i guess
>I think i can probably move, so i try
>Yep
>Actually besides my back hurting like hell, i think i'm more or less fine.
>I try to get up
>Hand on my shoulder
>"Don't move for a sec"
>Gadget

>A... alright wh~Y OH GOD
>She punches me right in the spine
>HURTS
>SO BAD

>Then it stops
>Oh, well maybe she fixed something
>I sit up
>No pain
>Oh, alright i guess
>Check myself over, nope, no breaks, no bruises, nothing too bad
>Im worried about the spine bit
>"What uhh.. why did you punch me"
>I get some answer about something looking dislocated, a disc slip or something else
>o... ow
>Alright
>I try twisting my upper abomen
>Little sore on my spine, but no serious pain
>Doctor gadget punched me back to good health i guess, so i look over at the mess where i was lying.
>One of those giant 40+ inch cathode ray TVs lying on the ground
>Blondie sitting cross legged crying beside it
>Cabinet propped up against the wall
>Oh
>I had the TV fall on me
>And the cabinet
>Huge ass teak or something cabinet+Tv probably weigh 200 pounds or something
>Those old TVs weighed a ridiculous amount, specially the bigger ones.
>Why am i not dead
>I ask that.

>You know, ask how the hell i survived a big ass cabinet falling on me after a TV
>Gadget clarifies
>"The cabinet didn't fall on you, i stopped it"
>Seriously?
>What, across the room in like 2 seconds to save my life
>That makes sense why she was yelling, blondie must have been sitting there not doing anything
> the TV half on me half being held down by the cabinet.
>As gadget was trying to keep the damn cabinet from falling.
>I make out a "Thank you" as loud as i can
>Pretty sure gadget's beaming
>Grind myself up onto the bed and off this terrible carpet

>Remind myself that gadget needs a pay raise and i need to hire an assassin to take care of blondie for me
>I mean i'm used to it by now, but it's such a fucking bummer
>Every time i try anything she just tries to ki-
>No excuses this time
>I watch gadget get up
>Cross the room
>Grab blondie by the scruff of her nightshirt and haul her to her feet.
>Quite a sight, considering gadget is still just in panties, but she's got some real strength hidden in those arms.

>Gadget hauls blondie up
>A kicking and squirming blondie
>Apologies all around
>Gadget doesn't give no fucks, aint one to clank with
>practically throws blondie onto the bed
>Then chases her and throttles the poor girl
>"YOU"
>That's not a nice yell, that's a growl
>Blondie's squealing like a stuck pig, until gadget growls at her to shut up
>Then she's silent
>as gadget, uncharacteristically loud, yells.
>"EVERY TIME HE IS NICE TO YOU, YOU HURT HIM"
>This is true
>Gadget's accent was shining through in her bout of anger
>"I WATCH YOU HURT HIM MULTIPLE TIMES NOW, AND I HAVE HEARD OF ALL THE OTHERS"
>I'm actually trying to scoot up the bed myself
>Fuck i didn't realize gadget had a temper like this
>Even if it's not perfect grammar, she's not mixing words.
>Terrifying
>She keeps it up

>"WHAT IS YOUR FUCKING PROBLEM!?"
>Her voice almost lost her pitch, more animal than girl at that point
>"YOU WANT TO INTENTIONALLY HURT HIM ?"
>Poor blondie
>She is desperately trying to escape now
>I can see she's terrified, crying, squirming, everything to try to get loose
>Even trying to slide out of her shirt to get away, but gadget just holds her still
>Legs locked by a well placed knee
>an iron grip to prevent the rest.

>"YOU HURT HIM ONE MORE TIME, I DO IT RIGHT BACK TWICE…
>A pause, and for a rare moment i think blondes there was on the receiving end of some eye lasers
>Poor blondie, doesn't even move
>Which, Gadget sees as an issue, as she shrillly adds.
>"UNDERSTAND?"
>This shocks the her into movement.
>practically trying to nod her head off
>Until gadget is satisfied, then she lets go of the poor girl and sets her eyes on me
>... uh oh
>NO
>NOT ME
>I start scrambling up the bed in pain trying to escape behind some pillows or something
>But there's nowhere to hide
>Gadget's on me, hands around my throat
>Can feel her squeezing the life out of me

>Eeep
>Except its not really a life squeeze
>Just a cuddle squeeze
>I find her curled up, arms around me
>O.. ok
>Soft with me, hard with blondie
>Gadget's breasts press against my chest and i realize she's pretty hot temperature wise
>[spoiler]Agitated, angry emotions do that, seriously.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's a thing, look it up.[/spoiler]
>She makes a demand for blondie to turn out the lights, and that we're going to sleep
>Who knows what time it is
>Blondie doesn't take that very well
>"No! wait i wanted to sleep in the same bed a-"
>Gadget interrupts her quick
>"Yeah fuck off, you nearly killed him"
>That's true but blondie is pretty cuddly gadget
>You don't want to pass up her offers to cuddle, long as you wear bulletproof armor.
>I can tell blondie took that badly
>Terribly actually
>I see her tearing up across the room staring at me
>Gadget can't see her
>But she's sobbing

>"I'M SORRY I DIDN'T MEAN TO"
>lol
>That'll stand up in a court of law about as well as

>"HELP, FRIENDS, A GUINEA PIG TRICKED ME!"
>which coincidentally would probably stand up in a court of law pretty well if you played the crazy card.
>Still, Blondie was in tears
>She was blabbing on about how we were going to cuddle and all she wanted to do was sleep next to me once to know what it-
>Gadget interrupted her
>But she just gets louder a second or two later
>Sobbing about how i was going to wake her up and she-
>"Shut up…"
>A low rumbling growl from the lioness pressed against my chest.
>Interrupted again
>I smile to myself, but yeah blondie's torn herself into some kind of emotional wreck here
>Like she'd just ruined a relationship all on her own or something
>I can't figure it out, i didn't know she wanted to cuddle
>Lonely maybe?
>No clue what her thoughts were

>I can still hear her tearing herself to emotional shreds though
>As much as i hate the almost dying, totes used to it by now.
>Plus, i can't be mad at blondie
>Too cute
>Not possible
>So i offer her an out
>"Blondie"
>She stops
>Sniffles from across the room
>"Tell you what, you stop hurting me and i'll cuddle with you some alright?"
>Another sniff from across the room
>She's got a runny nose from crying for sure
>"Long as you don't hurt me, ill-
>She knows what im going to say and interrupts
>"I wont ill be super careful i promise!"
>Gadget growls again
>Down girl
>Let her sleep on it and not kill me tomorrow
>I confirm blondie's agreement
>She turns out the lights
>I feel a pressure on the bed
>Blondie trying to get in with us
>Then some kind of hiss and a yowl
>Catfight or something

>Blondie ends up alone in her own bed ,gadget practically draped around my arm like a purring kitten
>We all pass out
>My back still kinda hurts though, wheres a backrub when you need one

That's all for tonight anons. More friday evening 8:00 PST. Probably.

Don't use the suggestion feature, it just makes Blue's and my job harder which means less time in each update for storytelling

Tomorrow (5th & 8:00 pst) ill do probably the last update before i get home. Yeah i know it sucks, but you guys ARE getting my free time. This is all i have that i'm not working, or sleeping.

Update #20 : July 5th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12401259

>As a rule i try to make sure i wake up first when i'm sleeping with women
>Doesn't always happen, but i'm usually up and down multiple times before they even start to peek out from under the covers.
>It's a personal preference thing, i like to be the one to wake THEM up
>Usually, if i can manage.
>Most the time i'd wake up at the same time
>They squirm a bit, i waggle a bit more and we wake up together in one another's arms
>Raven was like that most the time
>we already know what happens when i get up first.
>Today
>I wasn't the first to wake up, not even close
>I got blindsided
>Sideswiped
>By two things
>Morning wood in my boxers, uncommon for me
>Followed by a good neighbor, a hand
>That's just a plain rarity.

>Gadget, far far too good for me
>She's got her hand lazily tracing patterns

>One finger, then another, back and forth across what i realize is probably her fault
>Figure Eight
>Some letters
>A huge circle that encompassed some other sensitive skin
>The entire nurburgring (i swear!)
>A portrait of my fourth grade english teache-
>You get it though
>Patterns
>Fingers, tracing
>WORST, FEELING, EVER
>Mostly because it doesn't feel like anything, nothing at all
>Just like you take your own fingers and trace
>Its teasing, playing, tooling, toying, god damn torture is what it is.
>Illegal under at least seven or eight parts of the geneva convention, merely a minute or two has me already begging to sell out my country for sweet full hand contact.
>Aint gonna happen though
>I can tell from the angle gadget's sleeping at, she can't actually get her full hand up and around my front for contact
>Sleeping on her elbow i am, probably numb as hell it is.
>One with the force to accomplish the impossible she must be.
>Is it still the stranger if her hand is numb?

>The tracing continues, She's technically spooning me
>Not too much wiggling from her, none at all really, but i can tell it's the arm im lying on that's got me.
>So its time to play back, i reach my other arm back up and over.
>Wierd as hell angle
>Doesn't matter, i get where i'm headed
>Breast!
>she's kind of pressing into me and squeezing, but i get the top one.
>Squishy!
>I shall call her squishy and she shall be mine and she shall be my squishy.
>Squishy Squishy!
>In all seriousness, there's just something about playing with breasts
>the texture, sponginess, softness and warmth of them in your hands.
>Plus i never really got to play with any decently sized ones, not for ages.
>So there's a bit of re-exploration, as i try to decide what gadget likes the most
>I try to lead myself on by the sounds she's making, but it's quiet
>Little breaths here and there, i go where they quicken and stay away from where they slow.
>It's a different experience when she's teasing you and you're just teasing her
>Not really actively trying to get her off or anything
>Just teasing right back
>Because fair game is fair game.

>Teasing breasts is always an adventure, a guess at what you're doing
>But not here
>Practically anything i touched was instantly covered in goosebumps
>Seconds of teasing
>Turned to minutes, time and time again i circled a nipple, teased a point from what she had.
>Then i squeezed
>Once
>Twice
>and holy fuck she stopped
>Moved her hand
>Full palm and finger action, wrapped around my shaft
>and a squeeze
>HNNNGGGGG
>Beyond good, give me another
>I squeeze back but she doesn't get the message
>Or she's teasing me even more
>Until i squeeze again and she stirs
>Moves up, back, a little bit away from where she was holding me
>Arm moved beneath me, farther back pinning her wrists under my sides
>Then another squeeze on me.

>Eyes wide open now
>It's pitch black in this room, either late, or early morning with no sun and clouds still raining.
>But i knew where both of gadget's hands were
>and neither of them were the one in my boxers.
>Like, i should come up with a rule
>Double check before fondling
>Triple check before getting fondled
>Seriously i mean what was this, the third, fourth time now
>I'm not playing the covert ops game anymore
>I sit bolt the fuck upright
>Grab the hand
>Yank
>A squealing girl follows

>Blondie
>It's obvious because she squeals that same damn way anytime anything happens unexpected
>She definitely didn't even think i was awake
>I yank her by the wrist and get her other one
>Pull her up to her feet and throw her towards the other bed.
>Frankly i'm not sure what to do with her

>Since if i even let lewd occur, i'm probably going to die without gadget awake to stop a cabinet from falling on me again
>Unless...
>I throw on a bedside light
>Gadget still topless, rolls over and snuggles her face up into the pillow i was using
>Blondie's got some pajamas she put on to sleep in
>But she's sitting cross legged pouting on the other bed
>Hmmm
>Idea
>I rummage my way over to one of the bags on the floor
>It doesn't matter, because it isn't mine
>Any of em will have what i need
>Panties
>I grab two pairs
>She'll have no clue what's coming
>Poor blondie is just sitting there, wiggling her toes
>Lookin kinda cute
>Too bad
>Tackle the fuck out of her
>To the bed, forced back
>My hand at her throat
>Other around her wrists, pinning them above her head.
>Then i take a pair of the underwear i'm carrying and tie her wrists together
>Not really a hard feat, just a double wrap and a kinda knot
>Without her even realizing what i've done i let go
>Slide down to her legs, pin them too
>Repeat the same action with her ankles
>Leaving her more or less motionless, unable to move at all
>She didn't actually struggle so i don't know if it counts
>didn't even fight me
>Probably didn't even realize what i was doing until it was too late and i had her legs
>Doesn't matter
>Tied up little girl in my arms
>Incapable of hurting me
>Ravishing her probably safe now

>Well
>Not really because the first thing i do is go for her pants
>I mean she was yelling things or something
>Ignored her mostly, because it wasn't "No"
>It was something about how she was just trying to be nice and return the favor because she hurt me.
>Nothing i needed to be concerned with.

>Stick a hand in, wiggle it around a bit
>She gives one of those teasing moans
>I try to finger her
>BLOCKED
>Tampon
>*sigh*
>Finally tie her up so she can't hurt me, and looks like she's already bleeding all over the place.
>Plus i can't have my way with her
>Why do i even try
>Fuck it

>I pick her up
>Half pick her up really
>Mostly just force her to take little hops over to the bed i was in with gadget
>I get back in
>Take leverage to give myself a little blonde pillow this time.
>But with a trick
>Her hands are tied, wrists too, but not her arms
>Place em above my head, over my shoulders
>Pull her into myself
>Gadget spooning from behind, blondie forcibly hugging
>Hot
>Except it was really hot
>Seriously
>Frankly it was about the least comfortable i'd been in a bed in weeks
>So i shoved blondie off and left her tied
>Told her if she needed to pee she could wake me up
>Im such a jerk
>Rolled away from gadget and just ended up in the middle
>Back to sleep.

>So we wake up again
>Except not me
>There's a god damn hand, on my dick again
>I swear to god blondie
>I grope around
>Find her hands
>Still tied
>The one in my pants gives a squeeze
>I SWEAR TO GOD GADGET
>I search around behind me
>Find one of her hands

>It must be the other one
>Well
>Until
>Well...
>I find that one too.

>ZOINKS
>GH
>GHUH
>GHUHGHG
>GHOSTS!
>I jump out of bed again
>Knock someone off, hear a clunk as they hit the ground
>I reach over and turn on the bedside light
>Click
>Click click click
>No light
>NOPE
>NOPE
>NOT ANOTHER SPOOKY EPISODE
>I fucking ninja flip my way across the other bed and to the lightswitch on the wall
>Holy god damn feet dont touch the ground
>Hit the light
>Bam
>Light floods the room

>I knocked blondie off the bed, she's on the ground
>Rubbing her head or something
>Gadget's wide awake, staring at me from her perch
>There's nobody else
>OH HELL NO
>There's no "Under the bed" to check
>The bathroom's empty
>The door is locked
>There's no way there were five hands
>PANIC
>Whatthefuck
>whatthefuck

>Later that morning
>Sitting bolt upright we heard a knock at the door
>Blondie shrieked, left the bed
>Gadget hid under the covers

>I got up and answered it
>Freckles
>Something about it being time to leave
>Breakfast at a nearby ihop or something
>Right
>We all pick up our bags, fully packed
>Flee in terror from that room
>Flee
>FLEE

update quality just not here tonight. Blame the girl, or the fact that i'm burnt the hell out. Lets just promise a nice big fancy bunch of high quality updates when i get back home.

i enjoy telling the story, but i'm burnt and this laptop is just frustrating the hell outa me.

Scheduled programming shall resume. July 11th, Friday (8:00 PST)

Update #21 : July 11th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12481041

>Well it doesn't really matter what happened in that room
>Just because Thing from the addams family suddenly decided to visit us doesn't mean anything
>We don't talk about it alright
>I mean we weren't jumping at creaks from the wind on the rafters, or jolting awake from squeaks of the floorboards as the motel shifted.
>We didn't listen to shrieks and bangs from rooms adjacent to us that didn't seem to come from the storm outside.
>Glass breaking, maybe a window.
>Wailing from a soul recently departed
>Moaning, Groaning, the splintering of wood.
>Just because we were fully packed and out the door in seconds, that didn't mean anything.
>We don't talk about what happened in room 6 adjacent to ours, and if anyone asks we weren't there.
>Leave it at that
>I said LEAVE IT.

>We left the room and it was drizzling
>Not stormy anymore, there was sun out, scattered rainclouds
>World looked fresh and new
>Then the air was crisp and delicious, but i don't really have to explain that at all
>You should know what the world smells like after it rains.
>Unless you don't, and then i'm deeply sorry
>The three of us shuffle over to the car, bags in hand
>We've got clothes on again, that was part of packing of course
>We look like haunted souls
>Faces torn into grimaces resembling zombies
>Gadget with the slack jaw, deep set eyes and downward stare.
>Blondie with one arm outstretched, the other limp at her side carrying a bag, dragging her heels along.
>She's just asleep pretending not to be
>and myself i'm hunched over forwards and sideways
>Mouth in a silent groan
>I'm leaning to the right, even though i'm carrying two bags of equal weight
>Something hurts wrong
>Proper undead we must be

>Freckles handed blondie the keys and had returned back to the room for something.
>We open the doors, start to pile everything in
>Smells like air freshener.
>Hear laughter in the distance
>Which is funny, because we all unanimously turn around and watch the other hotel door open, room 8.
>Raven first, then Glasses, than Freckles
>Bubbling stream of happiness and joy
>all of them giggling about a joke or something
>nearly bouncing every step they take
>effortlessly carrying the bags they brought out.
>Gadget mumbles something under her breath about the girls
>calls them a "Baba" something.
>Its probably another language
>Doesn't matter, blondie agrees
>Me too
>They arrive beside us
>Completely oblivious to our zombified state
>Glasses strikes up some kind of conversation about an old joke with blondie
>To which she just nods along silently to
>Freckles helps gadget with her bag and offers her the shotgun seat since she hasn't ridden in it yet

>Oddly nice today
>No clue why
>I'm too tired to jump to conclusions
>Then raven shows up
>Instantly beside me, like she just teleported
>I'm assaulted by the familiar sensation of what you humans call a "Hug"
>Then headfirst into a question, hopeful tone into my ear.
>"I forgive you for what you said in the car yesterday by-the-way, let's sit together again?"

>I'm still holding two bags
>So my arms are limply at my sides
>Glad really, i don't know if i would have hugged back.
>Thinking about it, no, actually
>I wouldn't have hugged back
>It's kinda like my thoughts had time to mix, muddle and muddy themselves overnight
>That long night with no sleep
>I said i wasn't mad
>That i was fine with it, i'd talk with her in the morning
>That i'd just fuck around a little bit and it would be all over.
>Well things had changed
>Not to be the girl in this situation but "I forgive YOU"
>Yeah, ain't the place or the time after what i caught her doing.
>She owed me a good box or two of get out of jail free cards for that.
>Just keeping up appearances, that's what she was doing
>So i did the same
>Let out a grunt, shoved the rest of the bags in the car.

>Gadget said she forgot something and ran back to our room, came out a minute later
>Walking kind of funny, maybe she stubbed her toe
>Waves her ipod around in the air, she left it in the bathroom.
>Hah
>We end up in a rather creative mixture of seating
>Blondie and Glasses in the back seat, sitting one window each
>Freckles driving, Gadget shotgun
>Myself in the very middle, and raven to my left side.
>Great
>We're all buckled, situated, everything accounted for
>Glasses has sorted the checkouts properly, the front desk was supposedly really busy
>And we drive away
>The other three don't notice, and we don't mention it

>But the door of room 6 is missing.

>I would pretend it was all lovey dovey and fine up there in the middle seat
>Raven was cuddling me and purring in her own little way
>I was just there
>Stone faced
>Staring forward, or out a window
>Trying my best to ignore her
>She didn't get the hint, and probably wouldn't ever
>Women don't ever get hints like that, they chug along like nothing is wrong
>Right alongside you to the bitter end
>The other girls seem to have discovered which dimension of being lost we had managed to enter.
>Twelfth plane of torment it seems, on the way to the kitchen
>Whatever it was, we knew where we were now
>Got directions back from a friendly friendly demon
>Front seaters are delegated the task of finding us an appropriate breakfast joint
>Glasses is chatting up a storm, i'm pretty sure blondie is just pretending to be awake and listening.
>Raven's telling me something as if it was important
>I'm not really listening
>And even if i was i didn't care
>Guess i was mad
>It wasn't as much what she did, as how she was acting the next morning
>Like we were besties still and nothing even happened
>She wasn't even embarrassed, or avoiding eye contact with me
>Just playing it straight
>I was about to tell her to shut up
>But we pull into the parking lot of an Ihop
>Yeah alright, pancakes better make me less mad

>I didn't really pay attention to anything else
>The way she opened the door, jet black hair in a swish as she dropped the distance to the ground in a little hop
>Her bouncing steps, she was wearing some slip on silly shoes as she bounded over the asphalt and up onto the curb
>The jean thigh-high skirt she was wearing bouncing along.
>Through the door gadget was holding for everyone
>How she smiled, asked the male waiter nicely for seating for six. Hands behind her back and a 10 degree lean to the right.
>Telling him "Don't worry, we'll fit" when he asks if a booth is fine.
>How she nearly bubbled and trickled her way across the god-awful carpet designs to our booth
>Shoved me in first, then went in next so i was against the wall.

>But she was against me
>Like she was the only girl i was allowed to touch, as she cuddled up under my arm and we waited for food
>It came to mind she might be trying to make it up to me
>So now i could count
>Every time she was more cuddly, more awake bubbly and romantic than usual in the mornings
>Count the times she couldn't keep her hands off me in innocent, and as she had already slipped her shoes off and was playing footsie with me, not so innocent ways.
>I could look back, and count
>And that just pissed me off

>For a breakfast with all of us
>It was quiet, amazingly so
>Glasses was sitting across from me
>Tried footsie once, but found raven's feet and backed off
>I grit my teeth
>Conversation was sparse
>Just ordered pancakes and waited
>Glasses tried, but with Blondie myself and gadget more or less unresponsive, she doesn't get anything out of us.
>She and freckles end up the only conversation
>Something about roads to take or maps or something, i don't listen
>Just stare at the table
>It's not too much of a warning to anyone else, because blondie and gadget are doing the same thing

>I think raven realized
>Freckles too, but only the one beside me asked.
>We got a question
>"What, did you guys not sleep well?"
>I don't answer, neither do they
>But that's fucking strike two.
>Raven shoots me a worried look
>Asks a couple more questions, and i either give simple answers or nothing at all
>At which point she hugs me harder, kind of sideways and cuddly in the seat
>Tells me she'll keep me company until i feel better
>Thats definitely what i need
>Strike motherfucking three

>The only thing that stops me from snapping and striking that bitch out of the park is the pancakes

>They arrive, they're delicious, i chew the fuck out of some pancakes
>All those fixings
>Butter, Maple syrup
>More butter, more butter, more butter
>Maybe if i clog my arteries it'll stop my chest from hurting.
>Drown my sorrows in pancakes
>She still plays footsie and cuddles with me
>Takes adorable bites out of some of the pancakes, eats a sausage seductively
>I mean if that's even a thing, or i'm just a pervert.
>Then she says something about me having maple syrup on the side of my mouth
>Takes a paper napkin, licks it and scrunches it up to go and wipe it off me
>I guess i react
>Shrink away, hold up an arm to stop her
>I don't know who notices
>Not freckles since she's having a kicking war with a half-asleep blondie on our side of the table.
>Nor gadget, Maybe glasses since i see a glint or two of reflected light off her lenses
>But raven notices
>Footsie stops
>She asks what's wrong, serious, quiet and far far too worried than she deserves to be.
>I ignore her, grab my own damn napkin and wipe my cheek
>There wasn't anything anyway, she just wanted an excuse to lavish care on me.

>That
>That was cute
>But i wasn't interested
>I focused on other things
>The other people in the restaurant
>Used my sherlock holmes powers, because it was a distraction.
>A couple, obviously cheating on respective spouses
>Mid 40s, obviously both married, but not to one another.
>Both had rings, The man was uncomfortable being around the woman
>and she was suckling her fingers every chance she got
>Seductively
>They finished, she got up and pulled him along
>Obviously for some one-on-one cheating.
>Then another couple
>Second, third date maybe
>Still trying to decide if they really liked one another, but they were young
>I could see them laughing, sometimes forcibly with one another's jokes
>Like they just didn't fit as well as they thought they did.
>That didn't help at all

>So i stared down at my food

>I actually kind of felt sick
>So i just stared off to the side, at the menu sitting on the wall
>Read about the new fruit themed almost-alcoholic beverage teas they were serving now.
>You know the ones parents can drink when they're regretting not going to a bar that served pancakes instead.
>Six or seven times
>Pineapple, Peach and ice tea, that one sounded good.
>We just all got water
>Can't drown myself in water very well
>But i try
>Crunch on ice for the rest of the meal
>Someone pays, tips the waiter for putting up with us
>Even if we were little angels, not loud or anything, didn't make a mess
>Still, murrica
>Raven doesn't touch me the entire time, not again

>We finish up, arrive back at the car
>She's still frolicking as though through fields of poppies or lilies
>Gadget's still frolicking as though through a bog of cattails
>[spoiler]So dragging her feet the entire way[/spoiler]
>We arrive in the same seats
>Even though i try to get away, it seems every other spot is taken before i get to it
>So no escape
>I end up in the same place
>Raven at first doesn't touch me
>As if she's deciding what the best course of action was
>I obviously wasn't reciprocating her attentions at all
>I was pushing her off, nearly telling her no in non-verbal form.
>But all that fuss in the restaurant didn't seem to to phase her
>She went in for another hug and a snuggle
>Wrapped one of her legs around mine
>Whispered in my ear something about me not having to apologize, it was fine now
>Strike four
>Then she tried to kiss me
>I shoved her off

>Real hard shove
>Not even a little bit soft
>Then she tried asking me what was wrong
>Real worried this time,

>While doing the absolute wrong thing, which was getting real close again
>Even unbuckled her seatbelt to snuggle up to me
>I could smell the maple syrup on her breath
>But it wasn't blondie
>Shoved her off again
>Fuck i didn't want to deal with this right now
>Neither did she it seems
>She yelled something
>"What's your PROBLEM"
>Shoved back
>Wasn't much time involved
>Just
>quick really
>Slapfight, catfight, shoves and pushes
>We didn't really hit one another, but there was yanking of various bits, shoves, squeezes and yelling
>the car shuddered to a halt

>The car door opens right as i give raven a rather hard shove
>Which instead of her tumbling backwards into the door
>She just tumbles right out back first
>I dont even know what happened next
>The other door opens, i was yanked out and my seatbelt undone
>Glasses screaming at me asking what the fuck i was doing
>"What's your problem all of a sudden, she's just trying to be-"
>I cut her off
>"Shut the fuck up slut"
>oh wow
>You know what
>I lied
>I'm really fucking angry at both of them
>And at myself
>Funny sometimes
>How you think you're not angry but you're just lying to yourself
>This was one of those times
>And Glasses when white faced, prim lipped
>Didn't say another word as i shoved her off too
>I get a glimpse of freckles inspecting raven
>that good ol question "What happened?"
>Raven's crying and telling her she doesn't know
>Fuck em
>I crawl in back, lie down across the entire back row where glasses was sitting

>Use blondie's lap as a pillow
>Fuck, em.

>Glasses yells back at me
>"We aren't moving until you tell us what the fuck that was just about you jerk"
>She continues,
>"All she is is nice to you, and you just up and treat her like this, what the fuck"
>She's serious
>Hahahahaha
>Fuck her too
>Two can play at the making others feel like shit game
>I throw out the big guns, real quick
>"Yo Glasses, you ever ask gadget how she got those cuts on her legs?"
>Blondie's silent
>Freckles is silent outside
>I can still hear sobbing,
>Gadget shifts in her seat, even though her legs are covered she hides them anyway.
>i ask the second question
>"What about freckles, or blondie? Did they tell you what happened?"
>Her face says it all
>Serious
>Eyes cold behind those rims of steel
>Of course they didn't

>She's a main culprit, and the last to know i guess
>I lay it thick and hard
>"What, did you think we just walked back safe after you left us at the fucking hot spring?"
>Fuck i'm even cracking in my voice every word
>"That we walked back all cozy to the room and everything was fine?"
>Just staring up at the car ceiling from blondie's pillow of a lap
>"Everyone knows but you, because it's practically your fault"
>I pause, let that sink in
>That she's left out of the loop for once
>She's not used to that i bet
>"Well we waited for you and you never came, and we walked, got assaulted, nearly fucking raped and killed."
>It's not really, but i sum it up that way
>"It's all your fault too,"
>Then the kicker
>"And guess what, that's not even what i'm fucking pissed at you for, so fuck the fuck off"
>Theres times when you want to have a little tact
>Save face, keep everyone friends

>Now was not one of those times.

>What we had right here was a good ol fashioned rift in the ranks
>On our cattle drive, a couple of the cowboys realized they didn't get along
>See, Raven and Glasses were now on my shit list
>They weren't this morning, but i kinda just put them both there
>Freckles could go to hell for all i cared
>Gadget wasn't on very good terms with Glasses or Freckles, and probably not raven through me.
>Freckles and Raven weren't on very good terms either.
>I think blondie was kinda neutral, but leaning towards my side too.
>Not to mention all those other little intricate relationship points i don't want to calculate out on paper
>The deal was
>I just started the shitstorm
>If we were somehow getting along now, we might be at one another's throats now
>So fuck em, Blondie's lap is comfy
>She doesn't mind, hasn't said a word
>Someone's still crying, and i'm not sure its Raven.
>I doze off, maybe a little bit but not much

>I wake up a little bit later
>Blondie's asleep with her hand on my shoulder
>I don't care what the other seating order is
>don't get up and look
>Just listen
 >Someone mentions we're in texas now
>Probably
>Then we hit what can only be a toll road
>I'm not watching, just listening
>But the person at the booth asks for $3.50
>I sit bolt upright, but it's too late
>We've already passed the booth
>I wasn't quick enough to stop us from giving them the money
>The monster from the paleolithic era
>The fucking loch ness monster
>in texas, who would ever expect it

>Still it seems things had changed
>Raven was all the way upfront, Glasses middle left and Gadget middle
>Didn't really matter to me
>Glasses batted an eye at me when i got up

>Turned away quickly
>I made small talk with gadget
>Jokes, topics of interest
>Asked her just how much music she brought along
>Days and days according to her
>Every now and then i would get a look
>Freckles would give me little angry looks, maybe for hurting raven.
>But not really, maybe just a questioning look from her looked angry
>Maybe she was worried
>Hah
>As if that would happen
>Glasses gave me looks too,
>I would expect angry looks or something
>I did call her a slut
>But they weren't angry
>Her eyes were cold, sad,
>I bet she was crying
>And raven
>She wasn't even giving me looks
>Fuck her.

>So i waited
>Waited for her to give me one
>Then there it was
>Sad eyes
>Angry eyes
>I wasn't really looking at those green wonders though
>I leaned forward and whispered in gadget's ear
>The ear without an earbud in it, luckily
>"Come sit with me, and giggle on your way back"
>She did it, beautifully
>Green eyes up front, she gave me a look of disgust
>Anger
>And some kind of sadness
>I was taking some kind of sadistic pleasure in toying with her emotions
>So i was probably an asshole
>Not probably
>Was
>But i was enjoying it
>And in my mind, she deserved it
>So i scooted over
>Gadget unbuckled and came back
>Lay her head down on my lap

>Feet on blondie's legs
>Her jacket rides up, just a tiny bit
>I see stomach, and bellybutton
>Remember i've seen much more
>She notices i'm not as soft a pillow as i usually would be.

>Which results in karma
>Really, if not for me, karmic justice against raven
>Doesn't really matter what i call it
>Gadget realizes i have a hardon and flips over
>Gives it a squeeze
>Yeah probably karma
>I see her cute little face scrunch up
>Almost questioning
>Then another squeeze
>And she asks
>"Can i...?"
>Little flicker of the eyes
>Hahahahaha
>Exactly what raven did Day one huh?
>I should have seen this coming
>Why not.
>I nod
>She places her hand on my lap again, and unzips
>Rather loud actually
>I'm worried someone will hear
>But blondie's still asleep, and Glasses doesn't turn around.

>Lean back
>Might as well enjoy the-
>No chance to even think about it
>She's got my dick in her mouth
>Not soft either, not licks
>Just flat out envelops it in warmth
>Wet
>She's got absolutely no technique
>Just attempting to eat the darn thing
>Probably like a corndog, or popsicle
>I can be thankful she's not using her teeth, but that's about it
>I would instruct her otherwise, but there's no way for me to do that
>Not without waking everyone up
>Or alerting them to what's happening
>So i do the universal language, give her a push downwards

>If she's gonna eat my banana, might as well try for the full thing.
>It's not the best sensation, but it'll do
>Karma is still that thing
>Because Glasses decides right then she wants to turn around
>Apologize for what what she did to gadget and myself
>She's halfway through the apology too
>Before she realizes

>She gets one good look
>Gadget's happily going at it, not a care in the world
>I think frankly she's just as much curious of what its like to blow a guy, as she was grateful i got her off the night before.
>One good deed deserves another as the saying goes.
>See, glasses
>She turned around and got that good look
>Saw what could only be a pretty clear indication of why i wasn't talking to raven
>Probably because i was cheating on her with gadget
>I mean what else do you assume
>I wasn't going to explain it
>But now it was like glasses understood it all
>Saw a different picture than she had a moment before
>Her apology stops
>instead i get different words
>"So... this is why you're not..."
>Trails off
>Gadget hears her though and starts to pull up
>I'm really not interested in dealing with modesty or politics
>So i hold her down, lightly
>Tell her in a directed soft tone
>"Continue".
>Hesitation would be a thing, but i guess not
>She trusted me, and i was going to deal with glasses anyway
>So she started back up again, differently this time
>Suction was involved
>And my face changed from a smiling glare at glasses, to an O.

>Gadget even curled her toes a bit
>Squiggled them in the wrong place, brushed up against the wrong part of the thighs on blondie
>She was awake too
>Groggily wiping the sleep from her eyes
>See i mean this looked bad
>But it wasn't
>Not even close

>See, blondie already knew gadget and i were having our fun.
>She wasn't an issue, i even offered to include her if she stopped with the murdering.
>Gadget was going to town on her own, and doing wonders with her tongue.
>Then glasses was just staring
>A mixture of things
>"What the fuck"
>"Really?"
>"WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME"
>and a bunch of other things.
>She was too surprised to act sorry
>Or be really sorry
>Doesn't matter, she was safe too.
>Because she kept the secret of Raven cheating.
>So she wouldn't betray me
>She couldn't
>Bro code forbid it
>And i gave her a smile, a knowing smile
>She couldn't do anything but watch
>bro code worked both ways yo
>She smiled back
>Turned around
>"Hey Raven!"
>oh sh..
>Maybe it didn't

>Gadget coughed
>Blondie jumped up flailing her arms and shrieking at Glasses like she was insane
>Freckles swerved, Raven turned around in her seat
>I grabbed a lock of Glasses' hair and started to pull her back and growl "Don't you dare"
>All in all, Glasses got out only a couple of words
>"I'm done, i'm telli-"
>Before the consecutive mass of screaming grabbing from the back got her pinned
>and Raven, from the front yelling something too.
>Sounded like "Don't!"
>Half cry, half yell
>Who knows why Glasses stopped ultimately, but the car was loud for a moment.
>I didn't hear it
>That lovely fuzz had started
>Green met mine blue
>And i came quite a sum down Gadget's throat
>I think she swallowed, maybe because she didn't have a choice at that angle
>Maybe because she wanted to and saw raven do it earlier.
>Funny how that always works out though

>I wasn't thinking of gadget, i was looking Raven right in the eyes and smiling
>I know my eyes sparkled for a moment
>Wondered if i gave it away, any twitches or faces i made
>She would know
>But that was a thought that came later
>First thought was how it was funny i never seemed to be thinking about the girl giving me the blowjob, just whoever i was making eye contact with.
>Second thought
>Was i wondered how many more it would take to make things even between us.

Update #22 : July 14th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12522378

>Her eyes weren't focused on mine for very long
>Maybe a ten, twenty seconds
>She turned away, no more green
>Didn't turn back
>s... sorry raven
>I'll be honest
>I felt kinda bad
>Really bad
>Also completely like an utter dick
>Its those stupid hormones
>When you're aroused you're just thinking "Yeah this is a good idea!"
>And then you blow your load and suddenly its just regret and shame
>I was left not only with regret, but two pairs of eyes absolutely glued to me
>Blondie
>Glasses
>There was no way i was going to deal with glasses, at all
>Gadget was doing whatever it is that women do directly after a blowjob
>Pulled off, played with the limp tube a little bit and wiped her mouth on the sleeve of her jacket
>Looked up, gave me a smile like the sun kissing the clouds
>That age old question "Did i do good?"
>I was prepared to dispense the proper reward
>1x pat on the head
>1x nod
>1x half sideways hug as i pull her upwards

>1x nuzzle of my chin on her hair
>She cooed like a content dove

>It's a coin flip who i'm supposed to deal with next
>Tails, so Blondie
>Right
>Wait how the hell am i supposed to deal with blondie
>Thoughts
>Beta, beg her to help me keep glasses quiet
>Alpha, Tell her "You're next!"
>One or two
>Flip that coin again
>While flipping it, aka pondering in my head how to deal with her
>I accidentally let my true emotions shine through
>The omega option so to speak
>So blondie catches me staring her down with a shit eating grin on as i'm contemplating what to tell her
>She breaks out into absolute giggles and laughter over there in her corner
>Face light, eyes glittering and she curls upward and throws her head back in peals of sound.
>I probably looked like the funniest bastard at that moment
>Or she was laughing because gadget's toes were tickling her
>Or because i was completely fucked and glasses was going to rail me with a pipe cleaner
>Probably that third one
>Like that industrial one, with metal blades, for toilets.
>Glasses wasn't going to take kindly at all to what happened just now
>Specially because she was turned around again and scowling

>Her eyes were the first angry bit
>Not often i saw a clear unobstructed view of those amber beauties, but in the darkness of the car they were clear as day.
>Also on fire
>And pointed at me
>We could pretend she was still throwing around the good ol premature daggers and longswords she had years ago
>But she had since evolved
>Glaring daggers was childs play
>She was glaring death threats
>I had dagger proof armor anyway by now, instead she was just glaring silent promises.
>Bodily harm, injuries, death by various means
>But also hurt, and a bit of confusion
>She wasn't quite sure if she wanted to kill me, or kill me.
>Atleast as far as i could read
>She didn't know what to do

>What DO you do in this situation
>You're cheating with his girlfriend, while trying to seduce him, and now you find out he's cheating on her with another girl.
>Not to mention blondie, who seemed to nonchalantly be accepting this entire thing
>The OTHER girl i had in the room with me that night.
>She goes straight to the danger zone instead of asking me
>I mean why ask me right?
>The guy with his dick out in the back seat and gadget curled up under my arm in a sideways hug
>(she couldn't ask gadget because i'm pretty sure she had headphones on under her hood)
>So she turns to blondie, still giggling up a storm in the corner
>Asks that one question that's never the right answer
>"You too?"

>Stop being such a beta glasses, GAWD
>Except in this situation she was simply following the white rabbit
>Seeing how far gone i was, if it was just easier to cut me loose and let me drown.
>Blondie stopped the giggling
>Just long enough to assume a straight face
>Those eyes were cold, Amber met blue
>I saw sparks fly, but the cute girl won
>Easily
>"Fuck off, he can do whatever he wants after what YOU did"
>That's a visible blow
>You can almost see glasses peel back in anguish from that hit
>Hard amber eyes to soft
>Tearing up even
>Her face turned from scowl to pout
>I might be mistaken anons, but of all people, blondie may have broken her.
>Like blondie was the only girl that could have had any emotional impact on her
>Like she just never factored blondie hating her into a possibility.
>Glasses turns to me
>Eye contact
>Avoiding my lap
>"No..."
>That's a whisper from her, quiet, as if she's thinking
>Then sincere
>Like she realized the best course might be taking the blame herself...
>"I'm sorry, i'm so sorry, but don't take this out on her, don't do this to ra-
>Gadget interrupts her with quite a loud burp
>Seriously, resonates in the car
>Blondie doesn't help, she breaks out into giggles again

>[spoiler]I love how everyone pretends first times, or inexperienced women are a romantic thing[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]As if sharing your first blowjob, or handjob, or sex, or even fondling in the dark, are somehow heart to heart[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Comes from women mostly, about giving a "First" to a special guy, or whatever that religion is that imagines sex isn't an important part of a relationship before marriage.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's just, fumbling experiences aren't ever romantic[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They're a comedy[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Every, time.[/spoiler]
>Fucking gadget
>I was smiling to myself
>On the outside
>Gadget had that skill, to make me look back on any situation and say "God damnit gadget" with a smile on my face.
>It's a good thing to have, it was cute in this situation
>But glasses wasn't going to stay interrupted for long
>I use a lapse in blondie's giggles and glasses' bewildered stare to get a word in
>Less a word and more a snide comment
>"What, cheating's perfectly fine, what else were YOU trying to get me to do"
>I make sure it's quiet
>So maybe only she, and gadget can hear.

>She recoils, but tries to respond
>Something about "That not being the way it is" or "that was different"
>I mean somehow
>Its always different when they're the ones doing it right?
>Like that's a valid excuse
>It is, really in their head they have all the answers and don't want to give them to you
>I could see her struggling
>She's holding all the cards in her hand and trying to decide what ones she should play
>But doesn't realize she's been bleeding this entire time
>[spoiler]Yeah i always hated that term, i always checked my arms for cuts when people told me that[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It means you can see their cards, yw non-card playing anons[/spoiler]
>So she had nothing she could play
>Except, you know
>She's glasses
>She's always got something to play
>I see a hint of a smile
>Which brings back my old friend worry, because i've never once beat glasses at her games
>Even if i was trying my damndest here.
>Freckles interrupts, saves the day maybe
>"What's so funny Blondie?"

>You gotta remember
>Raven, Freckles
>They can't see shit
>They have no clue whats going on back here
>Thank God

>I mean you think raven would just be quietly riding up there if she knew?
>Nope, this car would be on fire
>Twice
>But that didn't mean i was safe
>Blondie makes up an excuse about gadget being consecutively cute and tickling her with her toes
>True i guess
>Glasses is silent, glares the entire time
>Thinking, Scheming, plotting
>Glasses could only bro so far before breaking
>Which she was at
>That was it for her, i could watch it happen
>The little string in her heart snap
>Her words
>"Give me one reason i shouldn't tell her"
>Oh
>Fuck

>Saved actually, Gadget pipes in, a whimsical
>"Because the fault is yours!"
>laying in the hard hits
>Blondie too, drops in a crushing blow
>"Because the trip will be over, right here if you do"
>This, out of all the things
>Might be the truest
>We could go over politics now for pages
>Glasses had her reputation shot with us in the back seat now, fuck her credibility
>Blondie didn't know she was trying to seduce me, but that would come out just as easily.
>I was done, practically tried to fuck gadget and blondie already
>Glasses could assume as much
>So freckles would probably take their sides, just because.
>Even if she got punched, lesbians man, that's totally her thing.
>Probably liked it rough
>But relationship wise, it was pretty fucked
>Us VS Them
>We splittin dis car, backs vs fronts yo.
>If either sides secret crossed the gap, it was shitstorm alley, with glasses in the middle.

>I made this clear to her
>She frowned
>Knew she was trapped, for the time being.
>Then a smile
>"Freckles, next rest stop, pull over please."
>Completely innocent in her voice
>But those eyes
>They smiled too
>She had a plan

>Rest stop was a couple miles
>It turned into a staring contest back there
>Blondie, Myself giving Glasses a glare-down
>Gadget wasn't really paying attention to glasses, she was idly tracing fingers across my stomach and snuggling me sideways
>I also might have been lightly stroking myself too
>I could argue it was to distract glasses
>But i think it was just distracting blondie, who i could swear kept giving me sideways glances
>Eventually we stopped, i shuffled around and pulled up my pants
>Sticky mess was an understatement
>But i can put up with it
>Glasses announces in no covert terms "I need to pee, anyone else?"
>Except
>She just glares down gadget and blondie so they don't say a peep
>And declares loudly so everyone can hear that i'm wiggling around so obviously i need to as well.
>Well... kinda
>But she can't know tha-
>She just grabs my hand and pulls me around the seat too
>Oh ok then

>It's a McDonalds
>Which means raven demands french fries because she's depressed
>She uses some of those words
>I know the rest, because she always gets french fries when she's sad):
>She doesn't even know yet, it's just the fight that has her down.
>Blondie demands a milkshake and gadget wants an iced tea.
>If they don't have to pee, they soon will, but whatever.
>Glasses has me by the hand
>Like a possessive lover or something
>Hard enough that freckles and raven raise eyebrows at me
>Really it's just so i don't try to escape, make a run for it or something
>But she's squeezing hella hard, i can hear bones cracking

>It's fine ,she just wants me inside so she can talk to me alone or something
>Which you know can't be that bad
>She finishes taking orders from the other girls, who seem content via glares to stay in the car
>Tugs me across the parking lot
>Nearly tripping over my own feet she's got such a brisk pace on
>This can't be good
>I'm contemplating escape methods again, maybe cut off my hand
>Leave it behind, make a break for the wooded area in the distance
>Except, she stops
>Right in front of the door that says "Pull"
>She pulls alright
>Me
>Into an embrace and a motherfucking kiss

>I wasn't expecting it at all
>But it wasn't even a secret kiss this was in FULL VIEW of EVERY female in the car
>Who she had nearly made sure were all looking at us
>I was struggling like hell
>Hands waving in the air
>Wacky waving inflatable arm flailing tubeman status
>I didn't hear hoots, or whistles
>I just saw Raven who had clambered over freckles to lean out the window
>Yelling "HEY"
>Loud, angry, she was pissed
>Glasses dropped a hand off my back she was holding me with
>Threw it up with a single middle finger raised toward the car
>yelled "DON'T FOLLOW US"
>I tried to yell "ignore that save me"
>But she got my mouth with a hand and pulled the door this time
>Dragged me in
>Didn't even waste a second
>She had me down a hallway, in perfect window view of the car
>Into the back area, and right into the men's bathroom

>I knew full well this was fucked
>I wasn't even sure why i even followed this far
>No men in here, phew
>Didn't smell bad either, thank god mcdonalds has the nicest bathrooms on the road
>It wasn't one of those locking rooms though, it had a stall and a urinal
>I fought back
>Tried to shove her off and backwards
>But i was wearing some old sneakers
>Really which would be no big deal in any case except for here

>Kinda slick tile floors
>No treads
>I gave her a shove and newtonian physics were not on my side
>Slid backwards cleanly, stumbled and ended up in the stall
>Her too
>And it was locked
>Fucking evil grins be damned, she was beaming
>Except she didn't act
>Not a single movement from her, she just stopped at the door
>Told me to "Wait"
>For what

>Didn't take long
>A minute or two
>Door opened, footsteps
>Rave-
>Water running, then unzipping
>Oh, it's just a guy
>He's taking a piss, lovely
>Glasses had dropped her smile
>Tapping her foot impatiently, as if she still had hope.
>I didn't
>This plan was shit, what was she trying to do, make it look like we were in a relationship or something?
>Fucking in the bathroom?
>I can't ask her, because there's a god damn guy here
>Well
>Until the door opens
>Shriek of a god damn harpy from outside
>Scream of a little girl from the poor guy at the urinal
>All high pitched and everything
>Who knows if he finished or not, or ran screaming trailing piss everywhere, but he was gone quick
>Then the door was closed
>Footsteps, and a growl
>Raven
>Three words, from the girl herself
>"WHAT, THE, FUCK"

>My thoughts exactly really
>I step forward and start to yell
>"Fucking..."
>Get a hand over my mouth before i can say anything about glasses having some ridiculous

plan and not sure whats going on myself
>Uh oh
>That sounds bad too
>What sounds worse is glasses
>"You saw, fuck off i'm taking him from you"
>I would pretend that's what she said
>But i couldn't hear the last part over the flurry of banging and screaming on the other side of the stall
>Like it was going to be ripped from its hinges
>holy fucking shit im not playing this game
>Not even once
>EVER
>I knee glasses in the stomach
>I don't know if it was hard or soft or what, but i connect and she keels over
>I turn around
>Get a breath of air in my lungs and ready to yell "this is all a fucking mess and everyone needs to shut the fuck up"
>Doesn't happen
>I get tripped, smashed head first into the tile wall on the other side of the stall with a hand over my mouth
>Two arms around me
>Legs holding me from moving
>Full fucking weight of glasses on my back
>All i can get out is muffled words, nothing coherent
>I'm so beyond fucked
>Is what i would be thinking if my head wasn't pounding

>Glasses makes it probably as bad as its going to get
>"Yeah, we thought it was time to tell you!"
>NO GLASSES
>"We've been going behind your back for months now, every time you were away."
>"Ends up he likes me more than yo-"
>FUCKING NO
>Im screaming but it's too late
>The door opens again
>She can't hear me over the shouting outside
>One of the staff saw Raven run in, seems to be throwing her out
>Struggling, screaming things, they don't listen
>Door closes and she's gone, guess they didn't see glasses, or me.
>I bite the hand over my mouth
>Should have done it sooner
>The girl attached gives a yelp, and i get free enough to shout at her
>Top of my lungs

>"YOU, FUCKING IDIOT"
>oh dear god this is fucked
>Beyond fucked
>There's no saving this
>"What the fuck were you trying to DO"
>She's smiling
>Holy shit what the fuck is she thinking
>She just spouts nonsense
>"There, now we're even, i made it up to you"
>MADE UP WHAT
>HOLY FUCKING SHIT
>She smiles again, then says the dumbest thing i've ever heard
>"What, you wanted to break up with her right?"

>WHAT
>FUCKING
>DIMENSION HAVE I FALLEN INTO, WHAT KIND OF GLASSES CLONE IS THIS STUPID
>She hears some of those words
>Then throws together a question
>"What do you mean, you obviously wanted to break up with her, and this way it's the least painful and she'll actually take you back when you realize how stupid you are"
>I interrupt her
>Mostly with a sob
>She still blurts out something else
>Tells me "It's ok because raven and i we-"
>I shove her and she stops.
>Didn't realize how fucked up this all was but i knew
>I told her i knew
>i saw them screwing around
>Which you know
>Interrupts glasses master plan
>It was a good plan, honestly
>I feel like it had been her plan all along, she just never got me to go along with it properly.
>I saw how it could work, pretend it had been a real love triangle and not a fake one.
>Then it would be a fake breakup and not a real one, and glasses could pretend in the end she was just making it easy for raven to tell me.
>Could end in one big sobbing happy family
>But it wasn't really a plan because i'd already gone and fucked it up
>Fucked around with Blondie and gadget behind raven's back
>I didn't know how she was even going to fix that with what she just did
>Shoulda just let me do my thing, she was realizing that too.
>Really, Glasses' usual grinning face was replaced with an "O"
>An "Oh No" you might say

>I see , really i do
>It was her master plan to get out of raven cheating on me with her
>Just... not the plan we needed
>I give her a sad pat on the back
>Mentally
>Because im not touching this bitch
>Just yelling at her
>She becomes gradually more and more crestfallen
>I mean seriously when i explain my plan it seems brilliant compared to hers
>Just fuck around a bit with blondie and gadget, then admit i saw her cheating and call it even.
>Compared to what just happened?
>Yeah...
>Now i'm the bad guy, fucking around with everyone probably behind her back on the trip
>Even "Glasses" who i had barely even touched.
>I'm pretty distraught
>Emotionally i can't feel my legs
>I'm not there, because it wasn't ever my plan to do anything but make raven a bit angry and jealous and then spring it on her
>But this was just cruel
>wrong way to handle things

>Sure she technically did it to me, but you saw my reaction
>A bit mad, but it wasn't too bad for me
>I was just like "Eh, let's make this even"
>For Raven, me picking another girl over her and breaking up with her over it.
>As glasses had just "Announced" through a bathroom stall of all places.
>I think glasses kinda forgot why that was a bad thing.
>EVEN if she was doing the same thing
>I was like a seaworthy ship compared to Raven's canoe on the emotional high seas.
>I don't know what to say about that.
>Kinda give up.
>ask why they never just told me they were screwing.
>She tells me she doesn't know, just promised Raven not to tell me.
>Thanks...
>Well, i'll never find out you idiot.
>Because Raven probably won't ever talk to me again over this shitty fiasco in the crapper.
>Made worse by her being pulled kicking and screaming away (never ever a good thing).
>To imagine the worst between us.
>Yeah i point that all out
>And the kicker
>You know because nothing can just be simple, it can't just be a nice traumatic breakup in the bathroom of a mcdonalds

>As i mentioned, it's someone's birthday on this trip. Tomorrow to be exact.
>Guess who.

Good night anons, we'll have more wednesday at 8:00 PST

Got busy things in the morning, but the 2 day update schedule is resuming.

Update #23 : July 16th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12549830

>As you've guessed, or noticed
>I mean it's obvious
>Glasses was.... she was losing her touch this trip
>Some of her plans seemed great, worked out exactly like she wanted.
>[spoiler]Hint: Bumpy roads and blondie on my lap[/spoiler]
>This one?
>Yeah this was fucked
>I told her this was fucked
>I told her she just fucked over everything and practically bent me over and prepared to ram me with a broomstick fucked over everything.
>Really no two ways about it
>But it's not like anything changed
>it's just the presentation
>I was crying
>[spoiler]Not because i was sad, or depressed...[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Just that kind of emotional distraught when everything you planned goes up in flames and there's no salvaging it.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]That deepening anxiety that nothing will ever go back to the way things were[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]About how there can only be the very worst outcome from this situation[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]How nothing i could possibly do anymore could fix what just happened.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's a paralyzing fear that kind of anxiety, that worry.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Stops you from thinking like you should, or taking the calm way out and solving things.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Yeah, i was practically having a panic attack in that bathroom[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Happens, when your relationship with someone you care about goes from a mess, to gone in seconds[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Even if nothing really had changed[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Just the presentation[/spoiler]

>It's kind of confusing how simple that is
>Take my old plan for example
>Say i went to raven
>Told her the two big things
>First said "So i found you and glasses schlicking in the car"
>Second said "So i lewded it up with gadget/blondie to make us even"
>Simple enough right, that's what happened
>Except
>She would be FURIOUS
>Firstly i put the big thing "First"
>That was my big card "You cheated on me", so by placing it first in the queue i completely lessen the impact.
>Superseded by the second point, the bad thing I'VE done.
>I make it sound like its a justification, and somehow i've done something much much worse.
>She would be angry because i'd found out, supposedly "Known for a while" and then decided on my own to take action to rectify it.
>Even if i was completely justified in doing so
> i'd left HER out of that decision making process of the punishment and just decided one for myself.
>So let's swap that around

>Walk up to raven, go "Hey bb, i'm trouncing around with blondie and gadget n dey b fineee"
>Then she starts charging the inner rage, that hyper beam
>I drop the truth before her second turn, "I saw rims givin u some fuk in da car"
>Anger, Hyper beam subverted
>Defusing her Dragon moves with some ice cold shame attacks.
>That'll work better, than the first one usually
>Shame < Anger = Anger
>Anger < Shame = Shame
>That's just an example, and frankly i'll never know how it really would have played out.
>Because Glasses just activated ALL of my trap cards
>Made me discard my hand, my graveyard...
>Shuffle my deck.
>Hit me for atleast half my life points
>Banished my soul to the demon realm, ect ect.
>Plus a couple curve balls she threw too
>She meant well and did HORRIBLY
>Next words out of her mouth
>"I'll... talk to her and fix it"
>I mean she was barely talking, just whispering
>And my ears were doing that fuzzy thing where i couldn't hear very well because of how fast

my brain was working out solutions to this problem
>But i heard it all anyway
>Told her straight
>"Fuck off"
>I wanted no more master plans
>Shoved her out of the way and opened the bathroom stall and angrily went to wash my hands

>Remember i'm white, gotta wash your hands after emotional trauma in the bathroom
>Don't want to share those germs with anyone else
> it's just polite.
>Left the bathroom, i don't think glasses moved an inch
>Wallowing in shame, or guilt, or just that sad feeling of "I really fucked up didn't i"
>All three
>I doubt i looked like a sane customer when i walked up to the counter and ordered the milkshake, tea and french fries.
>One of my little head-devils was screaming "GO CHASE AFTER HER YOU IDIOT"
>Fuck him
>I told the little blondie head-demon to go assassinate that one.
>Made the fries large, just because of him.
>They weren't busy at all, besides what seemed to be the manager standing over by the window staring out.
>Probably the guy that tossed raven
>Wait patiently, that tap tap tapping of my foot as i listen to the constant beeping of various alarms from the kitchens
>Must be the most stressful job working there, always alarms telling you what to do and when things are done.
>Just my alarm clock stresses me out, i can't imagi-
>Slamming of some doors over in the back bathroom area
>Two
>Glasses changed bathrooms i guess
>Going to make it look like she's coming from the girls and not the guys, specially with the manager watching everything like a hawk.
>Clever
>Fuck her

>Some lady handed me my food and gave me the fakest smile and "Have a nice day" i've ever seen
>y... you too lady
>Storm the fuck out of mcdonalds in anger
>Which is far less dramatic than it sounded, because i was carrying drinks and a baggie
>Can't be menacing with a drink tray in your hand, trust me anons
>The girl who is menacing however
>She does not have a drink tray, or a baggie

>She's got blood fucking red hair and burning eyes of grassy green fire.
>Does her best to throttle me the second i get close
>Except i step backwards half a click
>Raise the drink tray upwards as if saying "Look!"
>She stops
>Blondie shows up out of the side of the Car, alleviates me of my liquids
>Places it calmly behind her on an open seat
>Then you know
>The throttling
>It's kind of funny that there were no words before that point
>Nothing needed to be said, it was just freckles' job to choke me and blondie's job to smile and watch
>Or frown actually
>Not at me, or freckles
>At the girl behind me

>Ten seconds later Glasses had joined me in the washer spin cycle of choking and screaming "WHAT DID YOU DO"
>See but the difference was that blondie was choking the shit out of her.
>Blondie knew i was pretty much innocent
>I just wish she had saved me before getting caught up yelling various things at glasses
> "She just ran off CRYING because of what you did"
>"You just fucked up EVERYTHING, its not like we wanted to hurt her!"
>"YOU and your STUPID plans every TIME, can't you just leave it be for ONCE"
>I like blondie
>She makes sense when she's choking someone
>Even if she was streaming tears down her cheeks and using both hands
>Tad emotional maybe
>But freckles
>She was awful, it was like i was being force choked by darth vader himself.
>Just one hand, no effort in it
>No emotion
>Just the same usual insults
>"ASSHOLE"
>"PERVERT"
>"RAPIST"
>"LUKE I'M YOUR FATHER"
>No effort really
>cliche even
>Truth be told, i just let her do it, don't even fight
>Easier to let her get it over with, i bet glasses is limply doing the same thing
>I know she could throw blondie off if she wanted.

>My spin choke cycle ended quick
>Dropped me that little bit, i got to scrabble and feel up my throat
>Ow
>But it didn't hurt much, like i said, no effort.
>Didn't even drop my french fries
>Little hoarse though
>"Where's raven?"
>That's my only question, tiny bit squeaky at the end
>Blondie drops a hand from throttling and points
>Towards the woods
>*sigh*
>So what she ran away or something
>Alone and off into some random woods somewhere
>STORYBRO'S MAGICALLY LEWD BLAIR WITCH PROJECT
>Or not
>"Gadget is with her, go find them"
>Oh

>That's actually reassuring, knowing gadget she could craft some kind of distress beacon and call for an airlift or something if they get lost.
>Easy, i'll just follow the music
>I wander off in the general direction i was pointed in
>Which actually just takes me over to this kind of grassy field, and i find a hooded female sitting on a bench
>I don't see Raven anywhere at all
>*sigh*
>Sit down next to gadget, she nods at me in acknowledgement
>Pulls an earbud out of her ear
>Informs me
>"She is just right there lying down in the wheat grass"
>Oh ok, it's just tall is all
>"She will not talk to me"
>"...She will not talk to you…"
>Not true gadget
>Not true at all
>I have french fries

>Gadget points out those probably won't work
>Blasphemy!
>She continues the conversation she was having with raven before i came up
>Talking into the grass like it had ears
>I mean it was a one sided conversation
>Heaven forbid what she said before i showed up
>But she started gossiping
>"Yeah so, Storybro last night"
>Uh oh
>Ears pricked up
>Warning
>Danger
>"gave me my f-"
>I leap across the bench and clasp a hand over her mouth
>NO
>I silently mouth NO
>I do not need the LAST thing she doesn't know about, told to her.
>She's smiling
>"Yeah do not worry i already told her about blondie"
>Gadget
>God damnit gadget
>And not the good kind

>I was not looking back fondly on that one

>Fuck it
>meander out into the tall grass
>It's like two feet tall
>Guess it's summer so it's just yellow with little blotches of green everywhere.
>It's a field of grass what do you expect
>Probably not an unhappy girl lying about five feet in.
>But i found one of those
>I mean she looked pretty damn unhappy
>Staring upwards with a blank face, looking at the sky
>Then she caught wind of me, turned up her nose
>Turned away, different part of the sky
>Scowling
>Great, thanks gadget
>Doubt it was her fault even
>Who knows what she told about blondie, but it didn't matter
>I join my good old green eyed friend in the grass
>Lie down next to her, not touching but close enough
>Set that bag of fries down too, after giving it a good shake so she could hear what it was.
>It strikes me now i do the same thing with my pets.
>Stare up at the sky

>Which, actually
>It's pure blue
>Pristine, Clean, Perfect blue
>Framed by the willowing grass
>I don't think i'd ever lain down in a wheat field before
>had finally stopped drizzling, so the ground was kinda moist
>Wet actually
>It was just springier and more comfortable than you would think
>Wasn't a farm or anything, just a patch of untamed land.
>Plus the sky was pure, clean.
>That kind of perfect pure blue that happens after it rains
>So clear you stare up and then your vision spins
>You start using it as a backdrop, and instead of seeing the sky you see the little bits of goo floating around in your eyes reflected in the color changes
>Start accidentally focusing on the little bits of goo
>Get dizzy
>whoah
>I sit up straight
>This is one case where staring at the ceiling is gonna make me sick
>Raven's lying there, hair practically a flowing mess spread out around her
>Still looking away
>Not making eye contact
>I'll start negotiations i guess
>Mention the sky is making me dizzy when i look upwards
>No response
>Alright
>"I brought you french fries"

>No response
>I can quickly check myself over for bullet holes, knife wounds or other serious trauma
>Nope
>Everythingwentbetterthanexpected
>I reach into the bag and grab one
>Waft it around (The smell is the best part)
>Crunch into the thing
>OW
>OW
>Its scalding hot, practically molten potato
>burning, roof of my mouth, blowing air across it frantically
>I think she tries to hide it
>But i could swear raven giggles
>Or not

>Maybe it's just a sigh
>I offer her fries again
>Waft em around near her nose for two, three seconds before i'm roughly shoved away
>"I hate french fries"
>...
>That's so fucking not true
>You're just angry with me and taking it out on the innocent slices of potato you monster
>or...

>Im wrong
>Because she slaps them nearly out of my hand and away
>Precious golden slices go flying, but i manage to keep most of them intact
>Yells something obvious pain in her voice
> "The smell is making me SICK"
>Then it's just a matter of things happening
>Before i know it there's someone standing behind me
>French fries are lifted out of my grasp
>A cute little "Mine then!"
>Then the sound of prancing away
>Before i realize it, gadget has annexed the french fries and returned to the bench
>Munching away on them like a voracious chipmunk
>hey... those were for raven
>I give gadget "That" look
>And she gives me a serious one back
>It tells me that i'm permanently going to be associating the smell and taste of french fries with a dramatic breakup the day before her birthday
>):
>Oops

>Right, gifts of goodwill failed
>Time for words
>"Raven. Everything glasses said was a lie"
>That's a good one right
>I would think so
>No response
>"She just told you all of that because one of her pl-"
>I'm interrupted
>Not by my childhood friend anymore
>But easily my childhood mortal enemy
>"STOP...LYING...TO...ME"
>That's a growl if you couldn't tell, a shout, a growl and an explosion at the same time
>I didn't quite realize a girl could make that kind of sound

>Mechanical, evil
>I jumped
>She jumped
>That's how you know it was sincere
>But i was sincere too
>Panicking even
>"I'm not lying what..."
>She interrupts me again
>"I KNEW, I KNEW YOU TWO WERE TOGETHER. NO WONDER YOU WERE SO DISTANT"

>That yell converted to sobs halfway through
>Gadget was up, alerted
>Through her music she could tell
>I was dumbfounded
>I WAS THE ONE being distant
>nope
>Nuh uh
>Zero, nope,
>You can't be serious
>There was no physical way this was my fault
>I tried to continue
>Explain it calmly and rationally
>"I saw you two in the car yesterday, and... and i was furious"
>She doesn't respond to that
>Got a chance to continue
>"So i went and got drunk with gadget and decided i was just going to...
>Interrupted again
>"WHAT, DO WHAT"
>Oh that's a trap
>"trade ME in for a newer 'Exotic' Model? Don't pretend you didn't know, you can't LIE your way out of this one"
>What
>Gadget
>Help...
>Please?
>She's just staring
>No help at all
>Raven's furious
>Eyes on fire, brighter than stars
>They hurt to look at
>Just as bad as the words
>"You can't hide it anymore, you've been lying this entire time about being loyal"
>"i leave you alone for a night and you're fucking the half the car you haven't already"

>She started screaming halfway through this, calm to a shriek in less than 20 words.

>Violent screaming too
>She sounded like multiple sirens going off at once
>So loud
>Didn't lash out at me, but she lashed out at gadget's leg
>Tried to grab her, rip it away from under her
>So i grabbed Raven
>My usual policy with women was let them take out anger on me, that's fine, it's not like it really hurts
>But taking out anger on another girl is a big no-no
>I'm assuming direct control of this situation.
>These attacks are pointless
>Still screaming though
>About how she can't trust me, yelling for me to get off
>Shrieks of how we're hurting her as gadget helps too
>Just holding her still really, face down in the wet grass, arms behind her back
>We're not hurting her
>She's not being hurt
>That's just what people yell
>And eventually she stops screaming, squirming
>Maybe a couple seconds, 10, 20
>Then she's quiet
>One last comment
>Sad, empty
>She'd given up
>"Just... leave me here, both of you leave, so i can be with the only friends i have left"

>Fuck that, We're not leaving you alone
>Not for a s
>I'm wrenched to my feet
>Thought interrupted
>Then thrown facefirst into the grass
>Holy shit the person doing this is strong as hell, lifted me like i was nothing
>Knocks the wind out of me
>Next thing i feel is a knee, placed on my upper back and across my neck
>Arms pinned behind my back
>Cold metal
>Two clicks
>Handcuffs
>...
>Oh
>Those WERE sirens

>The Mcmanager probably called the cops when he saw us choking one another.
>I'm being arrested

>*shrug* first time for everything i guess
>I manage to wrench my head around as the weight lifts
>Gadget too, she's staring at me from her facedown position
>Sweet, we can be cell buddies
>Except i'm really just thinking it'll all be fine
>None of our group is going to press charges on one another?
>Right?
>One of the officers seems to ask raven if she was "Assaulted"
>I don't hear what she says
>But i'm hauled to my feet and gadget's told not to move
>Short march later, i'm at the squad car
>Guy tells me to "Watch my head"
>Then i'm in the squad car and the door's closed
>Wait
>WAIT A SECOND
>YOU DIDN'T TELL ME MY RIGHTS
>THE TV LIED

>Minute later gadget joins me
>We seem to be the only two arrested
>She mumbles something
>"What?"
>I try to get her to speak up
>So she talks louder
>"She says we attacked her"
>...you're joking
>You've got to be joking gadget
>There's no fucking way raven would get us arrested right
>I'm severely underestimating how emotionally hurt she was, this wasn't like a small charge or something
>Assault is serious, our parents would be called and we'd be flown back and away, trip was done for us.
>Maybe that's what she wanted
>No
>There's no way
>I had to talk to her, i'd ask the officer if i could just talk to her
>Or fuck her, i could just talk to an officer
>Explaining things would work right
>Gadgets just looking at me and shaking her head back and forth
>Mouthing some word

>C
>Why isn't she saying it?
>O
>Oh, maybe they have recorders in here and she knows
>K
>oh
>FUCK
>Out of ANYONE they could have arrested
>Its the two that are going to test overwhelmingly positive for cocaine.

That's our cliffhanger for tonight. How many fingers will storybro have to cut off to escape the handcuffs and fight against the evil tyrants that are the police? Find out on Friday 8:00 PST. Longer next time.

Update #24 : July 18th

Archive: http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12576817

>The back of the squad car is awful
>Smells like cigarette smoke
>Awful squeaky leather seats
>Large discolored stain right across the middle.
>[spoiler]As far as i hear, this is actually rather nice for a cop car[/spoiler]
>Plus these god awful bars on the windows
>Nobody ever told me handcuffs restrict your movement this much, i can't even seem to twist my body around and look up and out the window without hurting myself.
>Dread of not knowing what's going on outside
>How fucked you are
>They haven't even talked to us
>Fuck this shit
>I'm getting out and talking to raven
>ent_fire !picker unlock
>ent_fire !picker open
>...
>Invalid Console Command

>[spoiler]Fuck i forgot to enable cheats[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Guess im just waiting here then):[/spoiler]

>I could see blondie saying something to someone, and glasses talking to an officer with a phone in her hand.
>She looks really quite mad.
>Uh oh
>Its not like she can help.
>Fuck them anyway, letting this happen and not warning us.
>Not that they would have known we were fighting in the grass
>But still fuck em
>I turn around
>give up trying to crane my neck and look out the window at the mess outside
>Focus on the mess in here
>Back to gadget, hurts my neck anyway.
>Who was a mess
>Before, i didn't even look properly but she was now...
>No other word for it, frazzled
>Her hair was all over the place, hood hanging limply, earbuds dangling at her waist.
>Had half the jacket askew, showing bare purple shirt and part of a shoulder
>Plus a blotch of dirt on her cheek, i bet i had one to match.
>Where we were held down in the wet dirt
>Outfit wise she was a mess, but that's no big deal
>Mentally she was in tatters
>Sitting legs together, edge of her seat
>Those eyes i loved to talk about, they were darting
>Back and forth, avoiding me entirely
>Windows, seats, the bars on the cage we were in
>Panicked, frantic
>Like a trapped animal, looking desperately for a way out.

>I could see her rocking back and forth, heels to toes
>Flexing, tensing and releasing the muscles in her legs
>The officers weren't very rough with me, but whatever they did to her had her stressed into a frenzy
>I tried to do my best, put my hand on her leg and make her relax or something
>Tell her everything's ok
>But my words fell on deaf ears, and i couldn't do anything more than lean at her with my hands behind my back.
>Raven's going to get absolute hell for putting us through this, i swear to god.
>But it can't turn out that badly, as long as the officers listen they'll know she attacked first and

we were simply stopping her until she calmed down.
>It would backfire on her, maybe it wouldn't if it was just me alone in that squad car
>Because face it, officers like the girl's side of the story every time.
>But gadget was a reliable witness too, even if she was involved. Everything would work out fine.
>Poor girl was fiddling with her hands, tensing them too
>Fists, Palms, trying to put them sideways into one of her pockets and reach something
>I tell her to stop
>No point even if you've got a bobby pin, you're just going to make it worse.
>That gets through to her
>Because she looks at me as if i'd just stabbed her through the heart, haunted, sunken eyes.
>No color left
>w... what did i say
>come on just calm down, i bet they won't even give us a drug test
>We'll be fi...
>wait
>NO
>Gadget NO
>You didn't mean we would test positive for coke on a test
>YOU HAVE IT IN YOUR POCKET

>Cocaine, the gift that keeps on giving
>And giving
>And giving.
>I can imagine the pink bunny clapping his arms , slow clap for how fucked we now were.
>She returns to tensing
>Struggling against the metal bracelets they'd given her
>You can't break those cuffs):
>I just sigh
>Serves me right
>It's like i'm incapable of living a normal happy life, it has to be THIS.
>Knock on my side door, then it opens
>One of the officers, tall guy with brown hair peers in
>Gadget jumps four feet, backwards, far away from the guy as she could
>I think he was actually more surprised at this than she was
>Can't really see his face, but i think it was a scowl, or a smile, or just a look of shock.
>He didn't seem to want me though
>Tall Closes my door again and leaves us there, gadget hidden up against the other door as far as she could go
>Poor thing is terrified
>Eyes squeezed tight
>Gives her the fright of her life when he opens her door next

>I'm not really sure what happened here
>I could swear she tumbled out that door backwards to the tune of a very surprised officer who wasn't ready to catch her
>Imagine that would hurt like hell, the angle she dropped out of the car, probably would hit your head
>But she didn't, not even a little bit
>Squirm of legs, arms, and then she was standing
>Not just standing
>Running
>Officer just standing there with a confused "What just happened" look on his face
>Welcome to the club officer
>Then he just drops his hand to his belt and unbuckles something
>NO
>I've got like two seconds to react, try to jump forward and stop this guy
>That goes about as well as you would imagine
>Jetting off with my legs i just bang my head on the top of the car, land bellyfirst on the seat
>Can't move forward without inchworming
>sorry gadget):
>I failed

>Officer Tall doesn't reach for his rooty tooty point and shooty though
>Just his radio, which he fiddles with something on while holding the mic on his chest
>Phew
>Of course he wasn't going to shoot her, what kind of idiot am i
>Gets across some of his indecipherable cop speak
>Some of those magic words you can't ever translate when they say them
>Just before gadget rounds the corner out to the front of the mcdonalds
>Two seconds
>Three seconds
>Then a very loud scream
>Definitely gadget
>):
>Shouts, yelling
>Then gadget yells something again
>Another male voice telling her to quiet down
>Then a female voice yelling something
>I don't know who it was, i can't hear them very well
>I realize the other officer was probably right around the front, talking to the manager.
>He was probably who called the cops in the first place
>Sorry gadget): Out of all the directions you could have run
>I plead with the officer the typical
>"Don't hurt her!"
>and

>"She didn't do anything wrong, she's just scared!"
>Im sure they hear that all the time
>Tall cop just nods, then reassures me
>Points out his buddy probably just pinned her down again, and a chirp on the radio confirms it.
>Then that same cop comes around the corner
>Pulling, nearly dragging gadget along
>He would have had an easier time just picking her up, she was so resistant to moving
>But this other officer was short, stocky and had the weight advantage. She had nothing
>She was just being dragged along like a sack.

>Officer tall pulls me up, and officer short brings her to stand beside me outside the car
>QUESTION TIME
>"Why did you run?"
>It's directed at gadget
>Officer short fills him in actually
>Points at the girl trailing behind them from around the front
>Glasses
>"She's told me, this girl"
>He points at gadget
>for an instant, she stops fidgeting, then starts up again
>"She's foreign, had a run in with some south american police and was abused"
>He continues on
>About how "Rough" those jails are, and how American police weren't like that
>Holy shit what
>Great story glasses, 10/10
>Explains her being panicked and running and everything
>Short cop is being pretty soft on gadget, not holding her too roughly or anything.
>So even if he pretended, he felt bad for her.
>Or...
>Tall cop
>Well he explains
>"Yeah well i was surprised is all, don't often have innocents trying to run"
>"Usually that's when we start asking the real questions, but in her case i can understand."
>He nods at gadget
>Still looks like she's going to bolt at any moment, even after hearing we weren't in trouble.

>Innocents
>What
>I'm not going to be butt buddies with a cell mate named steve for the night?
>I'm pretty sure he could see the look of shock on my face
>Gadget wasn't looking at him
>"Oh, your friend"

>He points over to the left
>But there's nobody there, and he gets a puzzled look and just says "The black haired girl"
>Continues
>"Well, she said she attacked you first, and that you both just acted in self defense"
>Oh my god
>Thank you raven
>Gadget just heard you wrong is all
>You're really not mad enough to put us in jail, thank you thank you thank you.
>Tall cop moves around my back and unlocks the cuffs for me, Short cop doing the same for gadget
>Gadget still looking ready to run
>this time without cuffs
>Which turns into Tall cop and Gadget switching places
>Because the second he's got my cuffs off and walks around in front of me again
>She's behind me
>I'm about to throw out an arm and stop her from running again, but that's as far as she goes
>She's hiding behind me like a little girl
>Hiding in the folds of her mother's dress from a stranger.
>Except i'm not wearing a dress
>It's still cute, like i'm gonna protect her from the big-bad cops or something.
>The officers start on what IS going to happen though

>They point out glasses again
>Supposedly she explained it all
>explained it was a car trip involving all of us, that we're all together as a group and that a fight broke out over something silly
>Charges as follows
>Public Misconduct (or they called it a disturbance or something) for Raven entering the men's bathroom.
>The manager (who was the owner actually) wasn't pressing charges because it would look bad.
>Supposedly there was a fight out by the car the manager witnessed, but nobody admitted to it.
>They asked me if i was attacked
>Shaking heads from me
>Then they asked if we wanted to press charges against Raven for attacking us in the field
>Shaking heads from both of us
>Nope
>Nuh uh
>Don't take her away officer
>They nod
>They point out we're lucky Gadget didn't attack the officer to get away, and he just let her slip, or that would have been a charge too.
>She also wasn't going to be charged for evading arrest because we weren't under arrest yet

(or something like that)
>[spoilers]Thus why i didn't hear my rights[/spoiler]
>[spoiler] i knew i could trust you TV[/spoiler]

>Everything went better than expected
>I didn't move
>At all
>Those officers just got in the car and drove away
>All in a days work for them, i guess
>Gadget too
>Well except as soon as the officers left the parking lot she turned around and broke into a run again
>Off somewhere down the parking lot
>....
>I'm not chasing her
>Glasses came forward from her watching position and addressed me
>Three words
>"I fixed it"
>I acknowledge them
>But ignore her
>About face and walk off towards the car
>Short walk really
>Take the time to contemplate life as a free man
>All that time behind bars really gets you to reevalute your surroundings, and what really matters
>New perspective
>You know what i mean?

>Arriving i find Blondie sitting on the back of the Subruban
>They opened it up, it's got the little door pulled down and everything, she's just chillin
>She's not really worried, or anything.
>Just there
>Staring at me
>Blank face
>Actually she's got her milkshake in hand and might just be watching the entertainment.
>Thanks blondie
>Car's empty though
>Where's everyone else?
>Glasses i guess is behind me, no clue where freckles is
>Blondie points
>Other side of the car
>Freckles and Raven, sitting backs up against different tires
>Oh

>Hiding?
>Doesn't matter
>I spy a drink in freckle's hand
>The iced tea
>YOU BASTARD

>Then the owner of the iced tea (technically) rounds the corner of the mcdonalds.
>Flies at top speed towards us
>Whatever she was doing
>Half expected a pack of dogs to be following her, hood down, hair trailing in the wind
>Whatever it was, she was smiling
>And there weren't any dogs or angry midgets following her.
>She contacts me
>Hug, softly
>All momentum somehow lost an inch before impact, i didn't even lean any differently
>One of those good small cute hugs
>Where she's not really shorter than you, but pretends to be
>Nuzzles head in your shoulder for a minute
>She was good at that
>Gadget and her nuzzling hugs
>Like a kitten bonking you with its head to let you know it wanted you to pet it
>She did those hugs very well
>Then that look upwards
>Which had me laughing when i saw her cheek
>Still covered in dirt
>She sheepishly realizes and wipes it off.

>I inquire why she was running and she just shifts legs
>Tells us all
>"just wanted to run"
>Freckles pipes up from the background
>"Well thank god you came back, we're already late for austin"
>Shut up freckles, your girlfriend can wait
>I'm the only one who scowls at her though
>Raven's not looking at anyone
>I think she's just staring at the ground at the far tire, crying maybe, or thinking.
>I don't know what i'm supposed to address
>What mood was she even in
>"Thanks for not telling them we attacked you?"
>or
>"I promise i wasn't lying"
>or
>Glasses interrupts me

>"Hey raven!"
>Everyone perks up
>Like this was the moment they were waiting for
>Except gadget, who's now spied freckles with her iced tea
>and is glaring at her.
>Raven responds a mumbled "What"
>Empty shell of a response, but it was words
>Glasses continued "Apologize to them"
>Oh god glasses wait that's the wro-
>"Fuck off"
>-ng thing to tell her to do...

>Wasn't really an angry fuck off
>No yelling
>No screaming
>Might be good
>Blondie growls from the back of the car
>Surprises me
>"How about YOU apologize glasses, it's your fucking fault this all happened"
>Ooohh
>Yeah but it is
>I agree
>Glasses is back to looking sheepish
>Like she's not used to being the one at blame for a situation
>Freckles adds her usual input of "Just apologize already so we can leave"
>Glasses looks around once
>Catches my eye
>Then blurts out some kind of apology directed at everyone
>IT was pretty awful
>Not heartfelt at all
>No emotion
>But it would have to do, because even if freckles was bitching, we were way behind schedule.
>Gadget meanwhile is blaring her fangs
>Like a tiger ready to pounce
>Her hair starting to stand up
>Eyes fixed on the iced tea
>Freckles finally realizes she's getting stared at
>Shakes the cup
>Ice cubes, all that's left
>"What? I thought you were going to jail"

>It's all i can do to keep the snarling hound on her leash
>Even if freckles could use a little bit of mauling

>Might improve her disposition.
>Or... the snarling hound i thought i would have
>Instead Gadget just hangs her head and stays silent
>No fights
>No girl drama
>You're still a dick freckles
>offer to go inside and get more food since we might as well just have lunch here at this point
>Glasses points out we're all permanently banned from this mcdonalds.
>Oh
>Ok
>Is it just me, or is that the most trivial thing that's happened all day.
>Guess i can't get gadget another iced tea, another time maybe
>End up with everyone putting everything away, back door goes up, doors opening
>Raven still sitting, staring at the asphalt near the front tire.
>Yep
>I guess i need to deal with her
>Walk over, position myself in front.
>She can see my feet, she knows my shoes, she knows who i am
>No movement
>No reaction
>I offer my hand
>Still no reaction
>Then her hands drop to her side, pressing down on the concrete
>And she's up
>Away
>Didn't even look at me

>I don't even know how i'm going to fix that
>Or make that better at all
>She's just going to hate me forever
>Now seating order is a mess
>NOBODY is happy with one another
>Freckles ends up in back, Along with raven. Full seat length apart.
>I end up front with Glasses, Shotgun, somehow.
>Blondie and Gadget squirmed up next to one another middle.
>It's inconsequential
>Nothing happens
>Raven doesn't talk, not once from Mcdonalds to Austin
>Which must be five, six hours of a drive from where we were.
>I try to get her to talk, i beg freckles to talk to her and make her feel better, i offer to switch seats
>Nothing gets through
>She's just silent staring off into the distance out the window.

>Gadget does her usual "Bury myself in music and don't leave" gig
>Brings blondie along for the ride with her splitter
>Freckles seems to have charged one of the PSPs and embedded herself in some adventure game or other. I never saw it, don't know which.
>What mattered mostly, was that i had a chance to talk to a Glasses that couldn't strangle, hit, or maim me.
>Without crashing the car atleast
>That last bit was important.

>Freckles had earbuds, Blondie had Earbuds, Gadget had Earbuds
>Not that it mattered
>But they weren't listening to us
>(they could if they really cared, but they didn't)
>Just me and Glasses
>Raven could listen
>Even if she was pretending not to.
>I used this to my advantage i hope
>Started off the conversation lightly
>Asked glasses what she told the cops
>She told me
>LOTS of things
>It seems she was elaborately back to mastermind status, working the Manager, two of the witnesses in the mcdonalds and one of the officers into believing we were just having some innocent teenage drama and weren't trying to murder one another.
>This is true, blondie wasn't technically involved
>(ok she was, but we didn't tell them that)
>I'm still furious at her for what she did in the bathroom
>I mean in terms of Bro status, that was a completely no-bro thing to do.
>But i guess getting us out of searching Gadget and finding coke since she was acting suspicious and running (probable cause).
>That's pretty damn good in my books
>I give her props for making up such a great story on the fly
>Give Her a half smile
>She doesn't smile back
>Knuckles tighten on the steering wheel
>"I didn't make it up"

>What follows is five minutes of explaining, and thirty minutes of pure silence in the car.
>I was confused at first, because Gadget never even told me stories about her life in other countries.
>I mean i heard nice ones sometimes, but they weren't very often, and usually in reference to something american.
>Glasses heard it from the father when she was picking gadget up for movies or something one

night.
>It just doesn't compute sometimes
>Doesn't make any sense in your head
>I mean i can turn around, see the smiling girl with her hood up, leaning heads against blondie and zoning out with a smile on to music
>And it just doesn't connect.
>She had a cousin. Older, into trouble all the time.
>He dealt drugs, hard drugs usually, supposedly introduced her to Coke
>(Explains why she was calling gadget a druggie and i didn't know about it)
>Anyway, gadget carried for him
>Not really big stuff, bags or two sometimes to a friend once in a while.
>he let her take hits sometimes, so she enjoyed it.
>Most of that is stuff i found out later from the girl herself.

>What glasses told me then was that gadget got caught
>Friend let it slip, or she was taken down for one of the guys the cousin dealt to.
>Doesn't matter, why
>Police of her country caught her with coke on her, and they weren't just police
>They were owned by whatever cartel, mafia or gang ran the city and the drug traffic there.
>And she wasn't carrying THEIR drugs
>Not her fault, she had nothing to do with it, just a kid doing something they didn't know any better about.
>Didn't matter
>They beat her
>Abused her, who knows how
>Tied her up, and threw her in a jail cell
>For two days
>Didn't even feed her, or give her enough water.
>It's just, you can't really imagine it
>We live in this country that we bitch about all the time, with little injustices that make our day to complain to one another about.
>But it's nothing.
>Nothing at all compared to the lives some people had to grow up with
>That was just "The way things are" down there.
>Her cousin eventually bribed someone, got her out
>Two broken bones, fractured ribs and untold manner of other injuries that healed since then.
>That was "The story"
>The reason they came to the united states, the Dad just gathered up everything he had and left to protect her.
>Probably why the brother was insane too. I hate when things make sense like that
>It's so painful you just should have known.

>After that, i don't even remember what i wanted to ask glasses

>Like it was some big plan in my head to make everyone apologize and secretly get raven to listen and it would fix everything
>But why bother
>I was just depressed now
>Just thinking that freckles drank her Iced tea
>Like as insignificant and dickish that was, it just felt that much worse
>Left me with that feeling in my gut about making people happy, or everything better.
>Gonna buy her like 20 iced teas, i swear
>as insignificant as that is.
>Our conversation up front resumes, but its empty
>I don't have the heart to tackle anything bigger
>Nudge the conversation around, eventually get to what happened in the bathroom
>Didn't take it there myself
>I think glasses did
>Like she wanted to talk about it
>Or not talk
>She apologized, sincerely
>Loudly
>Good
>Raven could hear
>I figure i make it an attempt
>Ask "Why did you lie about us being together to break me up with Raven"
>It wasn't a question i cared about the answer of
>I just wanted raven to hear she was lied to
>That's all that was on my mind
>Except
>"Because she doesn't love you anymore"

>I just turn the wheel 90 Degrees
>Spin the car off course
>Does a couple flips when it hits a road barrier
>We were at speed after all
>Get to watch all the fun electronics flying around in the gravity and momentum changes
>Hair flailing
>No screaming though, too quick to realize what happened i guess
>Couple meters of air time, before we crash sideways into a giant oak tree on the side of the road
>Crushes in the entire left half of the car, forcing metal shrapnel through each and every passenger
>No survivors
>Blood, Electronics and blaring techno music encompassing the wreckage
>The two cops who tried to arrest us are the first responders
>Shake heads sadly

>They show up at our funerals

>Except
>I wasn't driving
>Didn't matter
>That was my emotional state, right there
>Fuck this, fuck everything, kill me now
>I demand it
>"GLASSES PULL OVER"
>She asks "Why"
>Like
>that was a question that needed answering
>Freckles heard me yelling and informs us calmly that if we do, she'll scream.
>Because we're so far behind schedule
>Nope
>Nope
>"ill fucking show you screaming"
>"I'll fucking sh-"
>Glasses interrupts my angry musings
>"She's not going to talk to you"
>Then she raises her voice
>"You've already fucked me plenty anyway, why do you need her?"
>NO
>GLASSES
>NO

>Someone please help
>This isn't real
>I need an adult
>Gadget and Blondie weren't listening to music anymore
>They just stopped
>Pulled the earbuds away
>Glasses is just chattering away about how great a couple her and i are
>I'm speechless
>She's saying Raven stopped loving me a year ago and was too afraid to tell me
>She's saying she's been with three other men i didn't know about
>Plus two women
>Plus she lied and i wasn't re-
>I don't get to hear that bit
>My heart was already in little
>Itty
>Bitty
>Tiny

>Tiny
>Bits
>But she was stomping on the bits
>Setting them on fire
>Then throwing them in a lake of acid
>Then setting the lake on fire.
>Blondie rescued me from the lake
>Calm
>Single sentence
>"Glasses, if you don't stop i'm going to get out of the car and not come back"

>She was determined
>A look i hadn't seen before, a color blue set of eyes that were steel and ready to do what they must.
>Thank you blondie
>Miss Glass rims up front did stop
>Looked to me
>Then at the mirror to see raven and blondie
>Then back to me
>I wasn't diamonds
>Opposite even
>She saw, and was crestfallen
>I mean actually she went from being angry, a glaring mischievous smile while she was saying all of this
>To just
>straight faced
>And then a sad near frown
>Like she expected something different
>I don't know what she fucking wanted
>Her eyes went from fiery amber to dirt cold
>I retreated
>Gave up
>Went to my own paradise
>Started ignoring everyone
>Raven didn't say anything from the back
>Not a peep
>I'll have to kill her later
>Start sending encoded communications to blondie to fix a price

>Glasses stops talking
>Blondie tells her something along the lines of
>"You were supposed to be his friend"
>Yeah

>I don't know when that stopped, but it seems like it has for a long while now
>Where's the spiders when i need them
>I lean my chair back
>Recline the entire way
>Nobodys back there, that seat is down
>Fuck yall niggas, im going to sleep
>When i wake up everything better be happy again
>BETTER
>BE
>HAPPY
>AGAIN
>I wake up later, who cares how much later
>Sky's dark
>Clouds again
>Freckles is still playing in the back of the car, whatever game
>Her face lit up in spots of color as she presumably blows bitches up on the PSP
>It's neat, no other lights in the car so she draws the most attention
>Plus the light makes her look twice as evil as she usually does.
>Gadget and Blondie were chatting now
>They seemed to be the only two girls still friends here
>Just a barrel of laughs and giggles in the middle of three warring queens.
>Still see raven's silhouette in the back
>No details, it's dark in the car
>But she's still staring out that window.

>Freckles looks up
>Around
>Then does some kind of cheer to herself
>Saves, pauses, ends the game, whatever
>Decides its time to start telling us about how GREAT her girlfriend is
>All these fucking details
>Ughhh
>I mean we've heard it all a thousand times before
>She won't shut up about her, but technically we're close to meeting
>Just let us see the damn girl and have it over with.
>Evaluate her, let her join along if everyone likes her.
>Black hair, Skinny
>Wiry, small chest, long lankey legs, small but cute butt.
>If i didn't know better, i would say freckles might be a pedo.
>Smile that would light up a room, Dark brown eyes (the best part obviously)
>Oh and did we mention for the fiftieth time
>Hates men
>Great

>We put up with that for who knows how long
>Or i do
>Nobody else does, i just nod and pretend to listen
>Get all the details, down to what she's going to be wearing
>Some kind of tank top, sneakers with some stupid eagle logo on them, shorts, and expensive glasses or something.
>I might just have to get blondie to kill me now
>Glasses Announces that we're here in austin
>Probably
>I can't tell, it's just car lights and streetlamps out here
>Outskirts of the city maybe
>Looks like it might have been raining here too just an hour ago
>Everything's still wet
>Car headlamps are reflecting off the streets
>Looks pretty good for a video game
>Except glasses points out it's time for time trials
>We've arrived
>But we're technically supposed to meet up with Freckles' girlfriend in thirty minutes
>In some restaurant/cafe we've never been to, and don't know how to find
>Great

That's all for tonight anons. Sunday sunday sunday yeah (8:00 PST as is usual)? We finally meet unnamed asian girl.

Accepting name suggestions for the story, since i haven't named her anything yet.

Try to keep to a 2 syllable thing when making suggestions, all the girls have 2 syllable names.

Update #25 : July 20th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12607261

>It's never that easy
>It's a nice city, we end up driving off in various directions we assume are the right ones until proven otherwise.
>It's not until we are probably halfway to the cafe that the car realizes
>Not that we're lost, or that we're seriously running behind schedule
>Even if we were
>Nope, we had a car full of women. I think freckles pointed it out first.

>Everyone was dressed as if they had just been in the car for seven hours.
>Because
>Wow, get this
>That's what happens on road trips
>No makeup, messy clothing, everything askew and not-very-fresh
>It's not like it was a car full of stinking sweating humans that hadn't changed in days or something. We just weren't very dressed up.
>But we were meeting someone new
>Blondie, Freckles, Glasses
>They made it clear that had to change
>Now
>I didn't care
>Doctor Freckles' Girlfriend was going to hate me anyway.
>Blondie, pretty much the only person i was even slightly willing to listen to at this point, asked me nicely though.
>In between her attempts to crawl over the back seat, and haul a piece of luggage forward to rummage through it for a nicer outfit.
>While the car was moving
>Raven didn't seem too interested, still staring quietly out the window
>I wasn't staring, i just couldn't not look
>She got bumped a few times, knocked out of her reverie by a suitcase and tilted and shook her head.
>Clasped something in her hand and demanded answers
>She really was out of it i guess
>But she joined the "Dress fancy for the new girl" effort along with everyone else.

>Everyone was too busy with their own clothing to get me not to look
>As if i could see anything
>Freckles was doing backflips in the back seat changing her outfit, changed out of jeans to a skirt of some sort, dark blue and short. Then finished the ensemble with a logoed t-shirt.
>I saw a flash of bra, nothing else.
>Changed from "I'm a dyke" to that "I'm a tomboy" kind of look.
>No makeup, i guess that's a tomboy rule.
>She even looked kinda cute
>Kinda... if you ignore the glares she gave me after she was done.
>Raven just stripped to panties, without a care in the world
>Started throwing on a new tank top and a pair of shorts.
>I looked at first
>Caught her eye once
>Remembered
>I loved her chest, her stomach, her hips, everything about that body
>And that crushing thought in my head hit me
>I won't be able to enjoy it anymore

>Turned the key in my stomach, made it turn over multiple times
>Wouldn't start, flooded my engine with gasoline
>Turned me sputtering and whining away in my mind, towards blondie and gadget.

>Blondie changed the entire outfit
>New tank top accomplished with her back turned to me
>Got to see her lovely smooth white back and the strap of a blue bra.
>She had crawled into the back seat though, so when she changed her skirt i couldn't see anything but an errant leg
>Still a really nice leg
>I wasn't paying too much attention to her
>Until miss blue eyes plopped her old outfit right down on the middle seat
>Sweatpants, Old shirt...
>Pair of blue panties
>They were just normal hip huggers, nothing outlandish, but my male mind loved the sight
>Just that simple fact, that i knew where that pair had been, and it was probably still warm.
>Call me a pervert, i bonered internally
>Until an exclamation from the back as she was rummaging through her suitcase brought me from staring at her pile of clothing.
>She was still rummaging
>So she was missing something?
>Made clear, real quick.
>"Drat, i don't have any clean underwear, gadget can i borrow some of yours?"
>Gadget says sure, asks her to grab her a new jacket from her bag too.
>Normal girl stuff i guess, trading clothes is all the rage
>I would feel weird swapping underwear with someone else, but i'm not going to argue or anything.
>Blondie says "Sure" and flings herself head first over the back seat again to look for more clothes.
>That's when it kicks in
>That god damn universal male seventh sense.
>Eyes upwards
>Latched
>Fucking glued

>I don't know how my brain does it
>Like it's just subconsciously keeping track of everything and knows exactly when it needs to be alerting me.
>Just tells me to pay the fuck attention.
>My eyes go up, there's a girl in a skirt with no underwear leaning over the back seat head first
>Butt in the air
>Wiggling enticingly
>It's still mostly covered, it's some kind of silky white material with ruffles in it.

>Pleats i think they're called
>Whatever they are, they're draped down about halfway to her upper thighs
>Enticingly high
>We're talking a matter of two inches, if she shifts two inches forward then that's it
>I get a view to remember
>Every time she shifts her legs, back and forth
>The skirt rises on one side, thigh shows a bit more half an inch, but the other goes down
>Just this amazing smooth creamy expanse of private skin.
>So close
>Must
>Mentally
>Will. Cloth. To. Rise
>What i wouldn't give for an updraft
>Start going over mental options, maybe the air conditioner on that feet cooling setting on full powe...
>She shifts again
>Steals my attention away from thoughts
>Whatever she does, the cloth gets caught and pulls up just the tiniest bit more
>drop my head far as i can, this stupid armrest thing is in the way
>She shifts again
>So... close
>Then she leans forward

>Except not properly
>Thighs mushed together she ends up sideways
>I see nothing as she turns around
>Pair of pink panties clasped in one hand, a jacket for gadget in the other.
>She had a cute half-smile on as she turned, obviously happy with her discoveries
>But i was not a clever man
>I was still staring at her, head pressed as low as i could get it
>Her Blue eyes meet my Blue eyes
>That connection, the laser of sudden understanding between us
>Frozen was an understatement, she dropped to zero kelvin, not a single movement even on the atomic scale.
>Then i guess her atoms got excited
>Electrons rose to a higher level of energy and started giving off red light

>Neon red
>She was the color of a stop sign and growing in intensity every second with her blush

>I try to look innocent
>Like i wasn't just doing exactly what she knows i was doing
>That doesn't work
>She screams
>"PERVERT"
>Everyone stops what they're doing
>Even glasses
>(which is really bad she's driving and brakes far too hard all of a sudden)
>I'm getting a disgusted Glare from raven, Embarrassed stare from blondie, a straight face from glasses
>Gadget's funny, she just gives the underwear a look, then me, then blondie
>Then back to me, a knowing smile
>back to blondie
>And god damnit gadget, still smiling
>She drops her head lower to try to peek too
>Blondie squeals
>Clasps her hands down over the front of her skirt, pressing it tightly against her thighs.

>Hahahaha
> I hold out two fingers with just a tiny bit of space between them
>Give out an exasperated sigh
>Shake my head sadly
>"This close"
>I'm really just tormenting the poor girl
>Too fun when she enters blush mode
>I mean she gets redder when i say that, far too fun.
>Raven stopped looking at me, back to the window i guess
>Glasses is just watching the entire thing, no look on her face.
>Gadget into fresh giggles
>Freckles hadn't said a word this entire time
>Which i thought was weird until i saw her sit upright and raise her hand
>Right up the back of poor unsuspecting blondie's skirt
>From this angle it was obvious at the same instant the poor cute girl took flight
>That was a squeeze of a bare butcheek
>Along with a comment from our redhead "What do you expect, he's a boy, he won't treat you right anyway"
>The cute girl had liftoff for a split second, then tumbled over in another squeal backwards onto raven's surprised lap
>I couldn't see anything because a seat was in the way, but she landed legs splayed in the air
>Could tell from the reactions of the two girls

>Gadget wide eyes, and freckles with a smile.
>Freckles even had her own words of wisdom for the situation
>"It's not like you have anything to be embarrassed about anyway"

>Blondie stopped being red
>Just went pale white
>The laughter in the car did that to her, i didn't keep track of who was laughing
>But i was too
>She scrambled upwards and jolted on the new pair of underwear
>Threw a jacket at me, and a shirt that was folded up at gadget
>took us a combined minute of confused looks to realize she got it wrong and we traded, gadget ended up only putting on a new jacket and myself a new shirt.
>The important pieces right
>Gadget n me bros 4 lyfe
>It's another fifteen minutes in the car
>Freckles dominates the conversation
>If you could call it that
>She's obviously excited
>Hasn't had any "Action" in months as she calls it.
>Gadget throws on another quizzical look
>Oh no
>Gadget don't, don't go there
>She seems to contemplate, and then just doesn't ask
>Phew
>I guess she's saving the questions for me
>Freckles starts outlining what the stupid girl will be wearing again
>Again about the fucking sneakers
>I tell her that her girlfriend's pair of shoes seem to interest her more than the girl herself
>make a joke about how it sounds like she doesn't even know what she looks like.
>And she gives me a glare
>But it's one of those worried glares
>uh oh

>Women are intuitive creatures
>Gadget, Raven and Myself all latch on instantly
>She doesn't know
>Oh god freckles
>Oh no
>The sky itself is laughing down upon her
>Online relationship
>Don't know what the girl looks like
>hahahahaha
>SPLIT YOUR LUNGS WITH BLOOD AND THUNDER

>WHEN YOU SEE THE WHITE WHALE
>BREAK YOUR BACK AND CRACK YOUR OARS WOMEN.
>THIS IVORY LEG IS WHAT PROPELS ME
>THRUST YOUR HARPOONS TO THE SKY
>This can only go well

>I can't stop laughing in my head
>But i feel sorry too
>I mean as much as i loved to hate freckles, she wasn't joking
>Talked about her online "Girlfriend" all the time, all the conversations they had.
>The opinions they shared
>She was easily in love with this girl
>If not the girl, than the idea, the abstraction of the girl
>The thought that somewhere out there, there was someone who wanted to be with her
>Loved her for who she was
>That always seems to be what online relationships are
>You never spend time with the person, you never really fall in love with them.
>You fall in love with who they present themselves as, and the idea of them.
>Lots of times it doesn't even matter what they look like
>Just that they love you back
>I didn't push it too hard
>I might be an asshole sometimes, but that's a pretty mean sore spot to poke.
>I hope for the best as we finally pull up to the cafe

>Freckles tosses a full outfit into glasses lap, who kicks us out of the car.
>Minute later she's out too, completely changed
>Dress shirt, brown skirt of her own.
>As if speed dressing was a competition she regularly competed in
>Knowing glasses...
>Anyway
>Me in my fancy shirt, dressed like an Ex Professor
>Miss blonde haired blue eyed bubbles of fun
>Miss reddish brown haired blossoming mastermind
>Miss green eyed black haired buttercup
>Sugar, Spice and everything nice themselves.
>Not to mention our master of Mojo and tough past
>Then who could forget our evil gay arch nemesis Him.
>Yeah we walked into that place like we owned the joint
>So normal walking
>Was like an old 80s style restaurant actually
>Coffee, milkshakes, hamburgers
>Neon lights, ugly tiled checkerboard floors and red coushiony booths.
>We're fucking late though, fifteen, twenty minutes even

>I doubt Freckle's favorite pair of sentient sneakers is even here anymore.
>Looking around though, i sigh in relief
>No fat chicks, unless you count the waitress
>OH NO

>Waitress is just a chubby fat white girl
>Oh
>we're safe i think
>Looking around there doesn't even seem to be many asians in here.
>Restaurant is half full, there's plenty of people, but the only obvious asians i can see are a couple over by the window.
>Some guy and a girl who look at us when we walk in, but quickly go back to drinking the same milkshake through two different straws
>Cute
>I'm totally doi....
>oh... right
>I depress myself again and go to staring at the floor
>):
>Freckles and everyone else look around expectantly
>Then freckles mostly loses her excitement, doesn't see what she's looking for
>Whoever it is isn't here, or left, or hasn't come yet.
>The Waitress shows up and asks us if we want to sit, everyone's kinda hungry (dinner time, it's like 5-6ish) so we figure we might as well.
>Pile into a booth
>I end up in the middle, Gadget and Freckles of all people
>Gadget practically flung herself at the window seat to watch the people outside, so i got trapped
>Raven, Blondie and then Glasses on the other.
>I think we were mostly neutralized seating wise, no arch enemies next to one another.
> I Think

>Nobody catches fire right away, so i figure we're safe
>Freckles is too busy looking around to actively hate me.
>Even if she was passively doing it by taking up wayyy too much space on the chair, i was pretty squished against gadget.
>She didn't seem to mind though, practically had her face smushed up against the glass looking out at people anyway.
>It was a shopping district, so the entire area was full of lit up shops, lights, and young people all dressed up in hip clothing.
>Dark enough for everything to be in proper full swing.
>I can't see outside too well so i stare straight forward and to the left
>WRONG PLAN

>Raven's glaring at me
>Eyes of ice green
>I can't handle that, i avert my eyes to blondie
>She's giving me warm glowing blue eyes
>Much better
>Even if there's a hint of blush in her cheeks
>She smiles and closes her eyes, pretends i'm not staring at her as she gets redder.
>oops, sorry blondie, ill move o..
>Glasses
>She's just looking at me with empty depressed brown
>On the outside she's smiling, looks happy
>But she's not
>I can't stare at anyone in front of me, turn away
>Start to play the ol inspect everyone else in the restaurant game.

>There's a bunch of interesting groups
>Freckles herself isn't in my way so i have a clear view, she's just sending off text after text to her imaginary pair of sneakers girlfriend.
>I can tell she's distressed, but there's nothing i plan to do about that
>Instead i start inspecting the groups.
>There's three white girls sitting across from us, giggling laughing and drinking cokes with burgers.
>A young black male, decently dressed sitting down the row and across. He seems to be alone and reading a book with a coffee.
>That asian couple, still sipping the same milkshake together and staring deeply into one another's eyes. Awee true love.
>Some other young couple cuddling together over by another window, they looked cute together.
>A group of males by the counter, obviously preparing for a night painting the town red.
>I give up, focus on the girls next to us
>Pretty cute i guess, they just seem to be friends out for a meal.
>Two blondes and a black haire...
>She's not white she's asian
>HAH
>found her!

>I'm so smart, i start internally praising my detective skills
>She's kinda cute too, not really as adorable as freckles said she was, but i could see liking her.
>Definitely had nice eyes when i caught her gaze
>I mean i tried not to be too obvious i was scoping her out.
>She was wearing a T shirt and jeans, didn't look like a lesbian but could be i guess. Looks are deceiving.
>Kicking her legs back and forth under the table, occasional giggles when someone in the group

said something funny.
>She's alright, 7/10 maybe
>I point her out to freckles, and redhead instantly latches onto her
>Three seconds later shakes her head
>"Nope"
>w... what
>Everyone else stared too
>The other group stopped talking and looked back
>Oh no
>They were super uncomfortable
>I mean you could see it, one of the blondes shrunk backwards against the asian, the other one stared back.
>Then the asian one raised her hand to flag down the waitress and asked for a check and a box
>Oops
>Less than two minutes later they were packed up and gone
>We scared off the new girl):, sorry freckles
>I kinda say some of these things, but i'm not as nice
>Gloating, ish
>She just shakes her head again
>"She wasn't wearing sneakers"
>o... oh
>Suddenly i remember that's the detail i should be looking for, so i scour the room again

>None of the girls in the room seem to be wearing sneakers
>Just flip flops, slip ons and some ballet shoes on one of them.
>I do notice sneakers though
>On the black guy with the book sitting down one from us.
>Who has the nicest, whitest pair of nikes you've ever seen
>Blinding white really
>Just beyond perfect condition
>Uh oh
>What is it with black guys and bright white sneakers.
>He catches me staring too
>"You like em?"
>Across two tables, pretty loud.
>I don't sperg
>I just, wasn't ready to start a conversation about sneakers
>Say something about just admiring how clean they were
>He mentions he bought them a week ago, boasts about how much they cost and then drops the conversation
>Returns to his book
>Oh
>Fuck me i've embarrassed myself, it wasn't him either.

>Get up, excuse myself to the restroom to keep some semblance of respect when i return.

>Restroom needs accomplished i've got my head held high as i leave
>Glares
>Raven and Glasses across the room, holy shit
>I can feel the heat searing my flesh
>It burns, burrrnnnsss
>Drop my eyes instantly
>It's a wonder i did though right then, because i was walking past the Asian couple at the window
>Staring at the floor
>I spied a pair of sneakers
>Ragged, beaten up, all the white bits were nearly grey. But on the lapel it had exactly what freckles described, an eagle.
>I look up
>It's the guy,
>Black hair, Brown eyes
>He was staring straight forward
>The girl was looking at me half out of interest and half looking at her obvious boyfriend Mister sneakers
>Sneaks himself has his phone out and sitting on the table near me
>I watch it flash, light up and vibrate slightly with a message
>"Please, don't make me leave without getting to see you"
>I turn, freckles staring intently down at her own phone.
>Everything connects
>This is too good
>That's an understatement.

>I snatch the phone off the table
>Mister Sneakers tries to get up.
>He's pissed
>Angrily yelling "Hey that's mine"
> and with one hand i give him a shove
>You can't really get up out of old school 80s booths that easily, lots of shimmying
>He had no balance or leverage, just tipped over backwards
>The girl speaks up too
>"That's my brother's phone don't take it!"
>BROTHER
>oh man what the hell have i even stumbled on to
>She doesn't get up
>But i do hear footsteps
>Glasses made some excuse to join me
>She saw i saw something, saw i just shoved a guy, knew she probably needed to get involved.

>I ignore her and the girl, read the texts on the phone
>[6:15] Hey sorry we're a little late, we'll be there in ten minutes
>[6:27] We're here! Let's sit together!
>Scroll down...

>Text messages are usually fun to read from other people
>But these weren't, they.
>They hurt, i could feel pangs for every one.
>I was watching the girl the entire time, watching freckles decline. But here it was again.
>They continued, definitely her phone number.
>[6:29] Where are you?
>[6:30] We're waiting for you, booth by the window look for us
>[6:31] You said you were going to be here, come on so we can hang out?
>[6:31] I just wanted to see you
>[6:32]You didn't lie to us did you, please be here
>Then her last message
>[6:32]Please, don't make me leave without getting to see you
>I passed the phone to glasses
>She was confused
>At first
>Then she saw the number, and the texts
>Eyes widened, then hardened
>Joined me at glaring at the boy lying backwards on the seat trying not to look at us.
>I was contemplating telling freckles or just walking away and pretending the girl didn't show
>She would be happier that way
>But Glasses knew better
>She yelled
>"FRECKLES, we found your girlfriend"

>I gave glasses that look
>That "You've just opened a can of worms we should have just left here"
>She broke me and raven up, guess she was going for breaking another girl and guy's heart today.
>Or two girls
>This guy was sharing a milkshake with his sister
>I don't have a sister, i don't know if this is normal or not.
>Pretty sure its not though
>Sneakers hadn't moved, but his sister started to stand up
>Her flipflops clapped against the ground
>She kind of matched the description freckles gave earlier
>Cute face, rather small chest size, B maybe.
>The starting of some hip flair, and she was wearing a neat jean skirt with pleats.
>She did look younger though, by maybe two or three years to the brother.

>Danger territory, 14? 15? 16, i don't know.
>She breaks the ice
>Literally
>Cute voice, but obviously distressed
>"Don't just blame him, it was me too"

>So wait let me get this straight
>I do this by giving glasses another look
>This one i title "The digital rose bears its petals"
>Its a story of pain and self discovery.
>Also about those cans of worms
>What do we even say about those
>This guy Sneakers and the Girl in flipflops
>Sneaks and Flips, Bro and Sis.
>Both of them, in an online relationship with freckles
>Also seemingly one another
>Situation beyond fucked up, and freckles isn't even here yet.
>But she arrives, other girls in tow
>Her eyes light up
>Sets her focus on Flips
>It was amazing how quickly that happened, almost like she'd taken a shot to bring her from sulking to bouncing happiness.
>Doesn't last long, Glasses the unmerciful hands her the phone
>It doesn't take her more than a second to read the texts, Blondie and Gadget craning over her shoulders to read too
>They'd been here all along
>That's a low blow
>Freckles stops her smiling
>Hurt eyes, hurt smile now
>One question "Why?" staring at the asian girl
>Glasses does her one better
>Informs her its not the girls phone, its the guys.

>Freckles just stares
>At the girl
>Then turns her head
>Slow, smooth a clean bevel
>Eye contact with the guy
>Then she's on fire, i swear i see the individual hairs on her head start to spark and curl
>Even if she had straight hair, she wouldn't soon.
>"Why does HE have your phone"
>Growl, angry, fury not known to mortals in that voice
>Flips responds, "Because i don't have a phone, and he's the one you started talking to first

anywa-
>She doesn't finish
>Freckles has caught fire
>Lightning is arcing off her in electrical paths across the room
>I wonder if we should retreat to a safe distance
>Gadget and blondie already have
>Glasses has me trapped though with her arm behind me, she wants me to go down with the ship
>I wonder if i should run, scream
>Watch the waitress struck down and fried into a crispy dust by an errant strike of electricity
>Nowhere is safe

>Then it just stops
>Freckles stops being mad
>Doesn't say a single word
>Like she's just gone through all the emotions and ended up with one
>Her face says sadness
>How she's together, and not exploding
>Not punching someone, not taking out her anger on me right next to her, i just don't understand
>[spoiler]That's just the way it works anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Heartbreak isn't anger, it's pain[/spoiler]
>Freckles just dropped her head, looked down at the table
>Ring of water where the milkshake had been sitting before it was pushed back
>Asks a question
>"Who called me razzy?"
>It's a nickname i guess, something they only talked about online
>The boy spoke up
>"Me... only i called you razzy."
>Flips mentions she was the one who called her "love" all the time.
>Freckles doesn't listen to anymore
>Turns around
>Walks away, out the door
>No expression on her face.

That's an ending for tonight anons. More tuesday at 8:00 PST.

Update #26 : July 22nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12635501

>Freckles didn't stomp, trudge or drag her heels.
>Just up, turned around and out
>My first thoughts were simple
>Ouch
>Sneaks, the male, shoves his way to his feet finally.
>I wasn't standing in the way anymore
>nobody really was
>Speechless is the proper term, just watching
>Myself, Glasses, Blondie, Gadget, Raven.
>This drama temporarily superseding our own
>Blotting out all rivalries, we stood together staring.
>Silently watched Freckle's heels leave the cafe
>Stared at the space they'd been, the point they left the checkerboard floor.
>Then watched sneakers run past as well, a shouting boy the second they got outside.
>"Razzy! wait, i can explain!"
>Beat up shoes following the path of the ones before them.

>Flipflops was still on the seat
>Stuck, because we were blocking her in
>I could watch her shrink back
>The eyes contract in fear from the group of staring eyes we were
>Now focused on her, the one we could ask questions to.
>I had the perfect idea of what to ask
>Started, my mouth moved
>But nothing came out
>Actually i had nothing
>This just sucked, all around. Shocking
>It's amazing how that happens, i always talk about our relationships in the group.
>One person, that girl you bring along because of some and not others.
>So what if freckles didn't get along with me, so what if she and gadget weren't on very good terms, so what if she was punched in the face by raven days before.
>She was still one of us
>Only ones that could hurt her or make her day worse, that's our territory.
>These two new kids, they fucked with the wrong group.
>It's just one of those group dynamics we never notice, or realize until we see them happen.
>Really think about it.
>One of our own we mumbled in unison
>ONE OF US.

>Still, first question asked wasn't a death threat yet
>Just demanding an explanation, Glasses needed the details if she was going to mastermind a solution after all.
>Blondie myself and gadget, we went all bug eyed and glued our attention to the delicious

gossip.
>Gotta get it where you can.
>I was curious as a cat anyway.
>Flips started, middle first, or her beginning.
>She was Sneaks younger sister, just turned 15, snotty, cute, mischievous and no sense of respect for other's privacy.
>So, normal.
>One day her brother was off elsewhere and she noticed his computer on. Did her duty as a younger sibling and started snooping for blackmail purposes probably.
>Ok well she didn't say that
>But i said probably
>Freckles was leaving interesting messages as <her username here>
>I'd love to pretend it was something clever like "ihatemen69" or "dick van dyke" but i would remember if it was.
>It was just some boring username sending sappy messages about her life, reasons she hated things and asking how Sneak's day had been.
>Little sis decided she would chat back, got into a conversation about school and found out rather quickly her brother was pretending to be female.
>Aka blackmail jackpot

>This revelation is followed by "oohs" and "ahhs" from not only us, but the booth next to us which was full of some new group of teenagers listening in.
>Plus the black guy and undead waitress were listening too
>We were kind of disrupting the restaurant, nobody cared.
>Cute asian little sister continues her story.
>Instead of making her brother instantly her slave with the newfound knowledge, she got greedy.
>Kept it a secret, snuck in every once in a while and started up chat with freckles herself, always avoiding questions only her brother knew and leeching up juicy secrets to use against him.
>Gadget interrupted, asked how he never saw the chats she had on his account and how he never found out.
>Flips just replies nonchalantly some technobabble about clearing the chat cache and removing the registry flags for saving logs.
>Nobody else knows what she's talking about, but Gadget seems to nod in understanding.
>Either way
>To our surprise (well just mine really), when she's not hitting people or telling them how inferior they are to herself.
 >Freckles is actually a pretty interesting girl.
>Things i don't remember because i don't actually have conversations with her and only hear secondhand.
>She was politically active

>[spoiler]WHO WOULDA GUESSED AMIRITE[/spoiler]

>Had the entire punk schtick going in the background.
>Played guitar and could sing, neither of which i had ever heard.
>Supposedly was in, or forming, or trying to get into a band, i wasn't sure which.
>Flips told us plenty of interesting details
>We kept confirming the ones we knew, so i assume she just wanted to make sure she wasn't being lied to herself.
>Blondie and Glasses knew about the band, Raven about the singing and Gadget helped her out with guitar strings once. So that's all true.
>Problem was that instead of using this girl to blackmail her brother, she became interested.
>Not really enamoured, not really romantically in love. But In a friend sure.
>Funny how that works, you hear enough of someone's life and you eventually care.
>So instead of dooming her brother to a life of servitude, she kept up the secret charade.
>Which didn't last long
>Got caught red handed
>Threatened to tell his parents what he was doing, he threatened to tell freckles what she was doing, she threatened to tell freckles he was a boy.
>Cold war
>Mutually assured destruction

>That was three months ago.
>I guess little sister brought up some clever plan like giving him enough information to properly pretend to be female and how she was reinforcing it when he wasn't around.
>They ended up sharing
>Sometimes it would be her, sometimes it would be him, sometimes both would chat at the same time.
>Flips assures us it was fine, they weren't hurting anyone until her stupid brother...
>Well not only was he pretending to be female, lesbian and on tumblr
>But he told freckles he had feelings for her, and she swooned like a deck of cards.
>Not that she wasn't being fed the details of the delicious little sister in her head.
>Lesbian yellow fever, if that's a thing.
>Anyway she told us freckles asked Sneaks to be her first lesbian relationship and was all embarrassed about it.
>Then she mentioned they were going to austin and they should meet.
>Got angry when excuses were made.
>Thats where things got way out of hand
>Sneaks practically begged his sister to pretend to like freckles and make her happy
>Nope
>"That would be yucky" as she said.
>Friends only
>She called her "His lesbian girlfriend" and would have none of it.

>Part of me was just cringing at the thought of going through all this as freckles
>It's like they didn't even think about the girl they were talking to
>w.. wait

>Blondie caught it too
>Faster than me even
>"What do you mean first?"
>"She's always grabbing me in places and telling me she'd love to show me things..."
>Hahahaha
>Yeah freckles isn't a firstie, there's no way.
>I chime that in, other girls are laughing and shaking their heads.
>Oh man
>"That reminds me" i start up
>"Freckles was totally telling us about this time she was with another girl and i was thinking i should use some of those moves o..."
>I drone off
>Oh
>It's not like everyone didn't already know what i was going to say anyway
>But i've done it again, depressed myself, and the girl Flips too
>She's crestfallen, like i've revealed some grand secret that ruins the way she sees the world.
>Being lied to sucks, yeah trust me girl i know
>Some bystanders chime in, tell her its aight.
>But her eyes, that look
>Glimmering in sadness, regret almost
>I can't place it, what it means
>Where i've seen it before

>I back away from the conversation
>Everyone else is still glued, including the cook, a nearby police officer, an entire school cheering squad and the local firefighters.
>Some guy was repeating everything to people outside via a megaphone, and someone else was posting every word on some blog or other.
>Not really, but, you get it.
>We weren't the only ones listening
>I realize nobody actually followed freckles
>Guess...
>I should probably go stop her from murdering sneakers by now
>Truthfully, i don't want to do it. Try to catch someone else's eye
>Fireman maybe, rescue the poor boy out of the tree she's going to hang him with laces from.
>Raven's the only one that looks back at me.
>Everyone else is working as a laser disc array and focusing dagger themed stares at the small girl in the booth.
>Raven's eyes look empty for a moment, then peaceful.

>Phew, i'm safe for the time being.
>Then that flash, eyes change color with remembering, or recognizing.
>Still facing me, still looking at me
>"So you think everything will be fine after what YOU did?"
>She's obviously talking to Flips
>Even flips thinks she's talking to her
>But her eyes didn't leave mine.
>Escape out the side door in terror and flee for my life.
>Hands flailing randomly in the air i manage to follow the trail of clues and blood to find freckles.
>Really just turned the corner and went to where we parked
>I expected a single corpse, or two. Not three.

>Or zero, also not zero.
>Gotcha there, freckles was perfectly fine.
>Health wise maybe, but something else was terribly wrong.
>She was silent
>sitting on our car's front bumper, staring at the ground.
>Sneakers was kneeling ahead of her, begging, pleading
>Both hands clasped together.
>Fuck man
>Whatever shit i'm going to deal with here is just going to be heavy.
>I can see the look he's giving her, and the look she's not giving him.
>The thoughts in my head don't stop
>This is one sided
>I halve the distance
>Painful, one sided, and both of them are probably tearing one another apart.
>I end up beside them.
>Well, sneakers really
>He's saying the usual
>Nothing actually interesting, i mean what do you expect.
>Blah blah blah, love, blah blah blah sorry
>Just usual bullshit people spew when relationships fall apart.
>I feel bad for the poor guy, i really do
>Have to make up my mind, take sides, pick where i stand.
>Literally
>I pick freckles, sit next to her on the car bumper.
>Wrong choice.
>Literally
>She punches me in the shoulder the second i sit down
>Full strength behind it, surprised, i go tumbling

>You could say she was making me tumble, or was a tumbler perhaps
>Hahahahaha

>Fuck you freckles
>Should have just taken the guy's side.
>Well, truth be told i was more surprised than hurt.
>Mostly surprised that i didn't hit the ground after sliding off the bumper.
>I was arms flailing ready to hit cement
>Guess not, someone caught me
>Look up, prepare to see my white knight in shining armor
>She's got pale green eyes
>Short red hair
>UH OH
>Please put me back in the tower
>I can wait for someone else to rescue me
>[spoiler] this really won't end happily ever after[/spoiler]

>I don't get dropped, that's a plus
>She rights me on my feet, sets me back on the bumper
>Awe maybe she's sorry
>turning over a new leaf
>A fresh punch, this time glancing off my ribs proves otherwise.
>DAMNIT FRECKLES
>OW
>She gets a couple more hits in
>OW
>OW
>you jerk
>OW
>Squirming and struggling later, i've got her hands
>"WHY are you hitting ME"
>She was done with the hitting i think
>I had both arms held upwards, actually some of those really hurt
>She had her head down, i would say nuzzled into my shoulder but it wasn't, it was just there.
>Nuzzled means there was some kind of emotion, it had none.
>i mean it was almost word for word an anime scene.
>Girl angry at someone else, punches you
>Hits you until you stop her, and she breaks down crying on your arm.
>Except it was freckles
>She wasn't crying, she was out of breath
>Only reason she stopped was because i had her fists, and she was probably tired of hitting me.
>No dere, just tsun.
>I ask the question again
>simple answer
>"Because i can't hit her"
>Ok

>well...
>you're gonna have to tell me if that counts as dere or not anons.

>Little bitch nigga sneakers didn't even save my ass though
>Coulda taken some hits, or stopped a couple
>He just kneeled there watching
>Waited till she was done hitting
>Repeated himself about being "Sorry"
>Which resulted in freckles trying to hit me again
>Managed to stop it, but still
>I sent sneakers some god damn eye contact death threats
>Glared his ass down
>Really man, you ain't helping
>He doesn't get the hint, not even close.
>keeps repeating himself like it matters
>Like freckles cares
>She does
>Eventually stops him
>Looks up finally, away from the ground.
>I don't see her eyes, but i see the reflection in sneakers as he makes contact
>Can't really tell what she's thinking from just that.
>One word
>"No"
>Then more follow, a tumble of a single emotion
>"You're not the person i talked to, you're not her"
>Now i see it, that cold hard reflection
>Denial

>Her voice tells all
>Drops an octave
>Growls
>"Now get out of my sight you disgusting liar"
>I see it
>For the first time i see it in her eyes
>That death stare, that "i hate you so much because you're a man" look
>Just not used on me
>Phew
>Sneakers isn't used to it, he tries to argue back and gets shot down cold with another look
>It's like a ray of matriarchy, you can't escape.
>Much like Enfeeblement or Frost, he failed his saving roll far too easily.
>Turned around head hung and shuffled away to the restaurant
>Probably to get his sister to fix this

>Yeah, good luck
>Let my hand drop, guard down
>Find another fist
>This time in my face
>Except
>NOT THIS TIME FIRE DEMON

>i hold up a flat palm sideways
>To block her scissors attack, or use it as paper to cover rock
>Either or, depends if she's a marx brother or not.
>Final answer never comes, fist never connects
>Also i was giving her that look of "if you punch me one more time i swear i'll beat you to a bloody pulp in this parking lot holy shit"
>i can't be sure she understood the look, but we'll pretend i'm good at conveying tough guy looks.
>She stops
>Head down again, on my shoulder
>How do i tell if this is a nuzzle or not
>Contemplating the checklist in my head
>Maybe some movement? Yeah? or a proper embrace or something.
>I can't figure it out, just using me as a headrest is the final assessment.
>Her arms aren't around me or anything, just limp
>I'm not holding her either, she's just got her head down
>Maybe she needs a hug
>ill give her a h... no that's a bad idea
>Before i can decide what to do, she finally answers me
>"I'm sorry for everything that happened the other day and..."
>"and..."
>Her voice cracks
>"I'll talk to raven, its my fault"
>What
>Wait what
>FRECKLES
>she keeps going
>"but i'm not sorry for hitting you, you're here"
>DAMNIT FRECKLES
>WHY YOU BITCH, WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU
>WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO TO RAVEN
>"Because i'm in love with someone who doesn't really exist"
>oh

>FUUUCCCKKK

>Well she probably needs a hug
>But now she's pissed me off
>What am i going to do with all this mad
>That kind of depressed pissed off
>Actually just depressed
>Fuck
>Can't be mad at that, even plucks at my own heartstrings
>I give her a sideways pat on the back.
>Best i can do without getting murdered
>Sniffles
>She's sniffling into my shirt
>Crying
>Oh):
>Sorry freckles
>Wait, wait wait
>"What did you say to raven"
>This is more important than you crying on my shoulder right now
>She mumbles some things
>Nothing i can hear
>Then sniffles again, snorts in who knows how much goo out of her nose
>Gives me back a chaos emerald, the power to mad
>"I told her you were cheating on her, a while ago, its my fault"
>Fuck you knuckles, i swear if you weren't a main character you'd be dead already.
>You and Amy always making my life worse.
>that redesign a shit

>I'm just gonna hold it in
>suppress the anger, let the butthurt flow through me.
>I mean of course freckles told her i was cheating
>Of course glasses told her too, and now raven thinks she knew all along and that bad feeling she had about it was real.
>OF COURSE
>Nearly get out my phone and call my time traveling assassin right there.
>"Kill everyone, me too" is what i would say
>would be a service at this point
>I don't though
>Just sit there
>Calmly enjoying the awfully boring parking lot with nobody in it but us
>The girl on my shoulder calming down, less sniffles, probably no more tears.
>Next movement i see is Gadget
>Comes prancing around the corner, skipping actually
>It's not ... actually ever that you see girls skip nowadays.
>Forget it was even a thing, silly gadget.

>Lands in front of us, ends her majestic journey
>"You two look really cute like that"
>GADGET N0
>Flurry of blocked fists later freckles gets me in the stomach with an angry "We're NOT cute together"
>Keeling over in pain, i curse the stars
>Fake pain
>She just made it look like she hit me
>Getting soft
>Th... thanks freckles, keeping up appearances.

>She asks where the girl went
>Gadget just stands up straight like she's saluting an officer
>Probably realizing general freckles is going to be unhappy with the answer
>"They left, blondie made the girl feel really really bad"
>It's gadget so imagine like three more reallys, that's what she sounded like.
>Also a little "She deserved it, she was not very nice" at the end.
>I'm not sure if i should be amused, or annoyed at her attitude.
>I think she's joking.
>Seriously
>Blondie
>Making anyone feel bad
>Nice ruse Gadget
>Almost got me there
>Except she just stone faces it when i joke about blondie
>Oh you're serious
>-.-
>Man i wanted to see
>Someone took a video though right
>Gadget shakes her head to my silent question
>A cute swish
>Motionlessly
>Still saluting
>Damn

>Freckles sits up, pulls me up too
>Announces that she's no longer hungry, and that we should just leave and go to our hotel
>): but i'm hungry
>Gadget whines along with my stomach
>"But i wanted to share a milkshake with someone!"
>SEE
>i KNEW IT
>im practically jumping up and down pointing at her

>I knew someone wanted to share a milkshake, lets do it gadget
>Let's walk right up and order one right now
>i escape the clutches of our fiery menace
>She doesn't fight me leaving, doesn't care
>):
>Alright i hate you for causing shit between me and raven, but fine
>I offer her a milkshake too
>She refuses
>On the grounds that she has nobody to share it with):
>"Cheer up freckles, ill get you two straws"
>"You can share it with your imaginary girlfriend"
>"Just like i can share it with mine"

No no no): Unhappy things, Postponement to Friday 8:00 PST.

This is all i can offer you as compensation until then
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Im4TO03CuF8
(Along with promises i'll make my best effort to do a REALLY REALLY long update like people wanted)

Update #27 : July 25th

Thread : http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12680320

>It's pretty clear though, as much as i want to pretend she's a tough militant cookie.
>Freckles has her soft underbelly showing, and it's probably hungry
>She needs a milkshake.
>I tug gadget back far enough to extend a hand to Freckles
>Who doesn't take it
>At all, just stares at the ground some more
>I have to snap at her "Take my hand damnit" to get her to respond
>Her response is jumping, half a foot in surprise to her feet
>and as crazy as it sounds
>She took my hand
>No argument
>Dull green eyes staring through me
>What doesn't surprise me is that she doesn't really follow, i have to drag her along as Gadget drags me
>No big deal
>Milkshakes, stat
>Returning to the restaurant we find Glasses, Blondie and Raven discussing something
>Whatever it is, they shut up the second we arrive
>Great, another secret
>I just don't give a fuck
>Inform them
>T). Freckles needs sugar because what just happened was pretty fucking shitty
>L). Gadget wants to reenact the 50s with me and a milkshake
>D). Anyone else is welcome to join us
>R). Nobody ever uses R in lists, why not?

>Predictably
>Blondie is all for sharing a milkshake with someone
>Probably me considering the fluttering eyes she's giving me
>Stop it blondie! Too Blue!
>Unpredictably
>Glasses doesn't want to share with me...
>And neither does raven
>):
>They actually decide to sit alone

>):):
>And talk
>I give Gadget and Blondie a "That can't be good" look
>They're not even looking at me
>I'm completely ignored as they're off to decide which milkshake flavor they want.
>Blondie wants Chocolate
>Gadget wants Strawberry
>Arguing as if their lives depended on it
>And as if i wouldn't just happily buy them each their own, i think everyone needs milkshakes.
>Freckles doesn't seem to want to choose a flavor or anything
>She's just following me around, still holding my hand
>I realize actually out of all the women, she's the only one i haven't held hands with before
>Considering she's limp and not paying attention to me
>She's awful at it.

>I feel like a Father taking his three daughters out for an ice cream treat as i flag down the waitress
>One Strawberry, One Chocolate, One Vanilla
>Play it safe for freckles, can't hate vanilla
>Unless you're really perverted or something.
>The undead waitress reminds us they're going to be 3.50 each.
>In this case simply a coincidence, the Loch ness monster can't be undead.
>She gets the attention of the Clamouring Brown and Blonde haired girls as they demand an extra straw each.
>Clatters off, bones rattling to make the shakes.
>I end up sharing a booth with Blondie, Sitting across from Gadget, and freckles sitting across from Blondie
>Freckles tries to escape
>Not physically, mentally
>That kind of distance, when you just shrink up
>Fade away
>Don't react to anyone, or anything. Not even when her milkshake arrives.
>It's tough to deal with people when they're like that
>I bought her a milkshake, least she could do was drink it.
>Nudge her
>No reaction
>Give her a kick, demand she drinks it

>She responds with a "Make me"
>Nothing else
>...
>She's really depressed):
>Well maybe i will

>I prepare to kick again, this time REALLY hard
>Shock her back to her good old self
>Gadget interjects, takes the kind approach instead
>"Hey..."
>It's a soft kind of coo, directed at the depressed redhead
>"He went out of his way to bring you"
>She pauses, as if considering the next bit
>"and get a milkshake so you could join us and feel a little better..."
>Worrying part again
>It works
>Freckles sighs and takes her straw
>Tentatively lets out an "I guess" and "Thank you" before sipping away.
>Back to looking downwards, but maybe happier than she was before.
>Her eyes weren't as cold anymore
>That's a good sign
>Milkshakes are the best solution for depression
>Blondie and Gadget however, were doing their best to prove one another wrong still
>Trading shakes back and forth in a flurry of tastes, arguments, rebuttals and swaps again
>I couldn't remember who had what flavor to begin with.
>They knew though
>And they couldn't decide between themselves which flavor was best
>So of course that had to demand i taste and decide.

>This really isn't that unique, we share the hell out of food with one another.
>First i taste Blondie's, it's a pretty solid chocolate milkshake. Not too thick, not too fudgy, doesn't taste like cheap chocolate at all.
>Still though, chocolate is boring
>Gadget's strawberry is light and fluffy, plus it's got actual strawberry chunks in it.
>Tastes like summer
>Superior milkshake confirmed and established. Blondie confirmed for shit milkshake taste.
>Which i'm smarter than announcing
>What i actually end up saying is "Chocolate is alright, strawberry is pretty good, but they're both great together"
>Even though i suggest they try it, it doesn't happen
>Instead i'm somehow drinking from the second straw of both cups at the same time
>I'm pretty sure blondie is trying to take advantage of the fact i'm now available, and gadget's just trying to share her milkshake.
>Or the other way around
>Whatever it is, i get like a third of chocolate and strawberry.
>Two more straws and we could have some kind of milkshake love triangle or something.
>We all hit the slurpy parts and the cackling sound of empty glasses echoes through the booth
>Smiles all around
>Blondie smacks her lips and Thanks me for the milkshake, Gadget does the same (only after

reminded by blondie)
>Freckles
>She was finished with her milkshake far before any of us; even with two people on each of ours.
>Then raven was just sitting there enjoying the sh
>RAVEN

>She was just sitting there next to freckles
>For however long i don't know
>No smiles or frowns, not at me anyway
>I don't see her eyes once, she won't look at me.
>She gives the hunched over Redhead a pat on the back, asks if she wants another milkshake.
>Which is the wrong question
>We all recoil backwards when a "DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME" is growled across the table
>raven you fool!
>Poor girl had to spend three minutes explaining she wasn't making fun of her or anything.
>Freckles was skinny, but that doesn't mean weight jokes don't pick at the wrong joints
>I turn around and look for glasses
>She's head down on the table behind us
>Oh no, what did they talk about
>What kind of shit do i have to deal with now
>WHY won't this STOP or just work itself out for once.
>I consider sending some troops over to deal with it for me
>But Gadget and Blondie are smiling and joking about things with one another, and freckles is already broken.
>Yeah
>Sorry Glasses, you're gonna have to wait
>I'll just pretend in my head Raven didn't make her cry
>And those aren't soft sobs i hear from behind us

>I just end up ignoring glasses
>It's not that i can't help, but i just don't want to talk to her
>I don't want to solve anything else, i'll just get hit in the face, or stomach like freckles.
>Or just
>Fuck i don't want to help, or care
>I call the waitress and ask for a check, she comes back with something like 15$ worth of milkshakes on the tab
>The fuck
>I mean i'm obviously raising my eyebrow at this
>Which is obvious
>Because raven smiles and waves at me
>Not a "We're on good terms now smile"
>a "Thanks for the milkshake smile"

>*sigh*
>I begrudgingly pull out one of those 20$ bills i got from that drug dealer's wallet and throw it down.
>I swear on me mum raven, you better share.

>She doesn't
>Just gets it in a styrofoam cup to go
>One straw only
>Smiles at me and sips the damn thing the entire time we're getting up
>Whatever happened at the table behind us, it's over
>Glasses is up, to her feet and with us in an instant
>Then we're all up and out the door
>Blondie and Gadget still arguing about the superior flavor
>This time with Raven too
>She keeps saying hers is the best
>Shares sips with Blondie and Gadget
>Then, worst part
>They agree its the best flavor
>AND
>SHE WON'T LET ME TASTE
>I look on expectantly and she just smiles and sips away some more
>Until it's just that awful sound when she reaches the bottom of the cup and it's all gone
>I even try asking Gadget what flavor it was
>She won't tell me
>I never actually find out, i just should have known a cheery raven was a bad thing this soon.

>I don't know what i'm supposed to think
>Just hold freckles' hand again, drag her back to the car.
>Piling in
>I don't care how we end up
>Gadget up front, Raven alone in the middle and Blondie/Myself/Freckles in the back.
>Out of our currently emotionless and suffering from crippling depression redhead, and our just-crushed-by-an-unknown-revelation mastermind.
>I take a bet and hope Glasses is good to drive
>She seems alright
>Our hotel isn't too far, only a couple miles
>I hope she's alright
>I know freckles isn't, she's using me as a pillow
>The second we sat down she had her head on my shoulder
>Blondie wide awake talking my ear off, Raven humming along to herself
>Glasses and Gadget not saying a word
>It worries me
>That something happened inside with that other girl that made everyone else in such an odd

mood
>Warning flags you know
>Ones that i fail to see
>We arrive at the hotel and Glasses pops in and out of the office in only a couple seconds
>They overbooked
>They only have one room, and it's only got two beds.
>Goodgame

>I know we can pretend that somehow all of us are going to fit in that room and be happy
>But uhh
>No
>I'm pretty much counting the dead bodies in my head already
>Fuckin no way
>Doesn't matter who slept on the floor. Someone wasn't going to work out very well in there.
>Glasses, Raven and Myself realize this.
>We're the ones at odds anyway
>Draw straws, rock paper scissors.
>Doesn't need any of it. Raven declares she's sleeping in the car.
>Alone
>I can see her face kind of shrug up at the idea
>Won't be very nice, but it's a sacrifice she's willing to make
>Everyone else in the room
>Glasses agrees
>I don't
>I'd rather have Raven in the room with us
>But that's not my choice.

>Time wise
>It's like 7:00, not even late
>Doesn't matter
>Raven grabs a blanket, wraps herself up in the seat she's sitting on. Leans against the door and tells us to kindly fuck off.
>Yeah well, let's leave shaggy in the car.
>Daphne, Velma, Scooby and Scrappy follow me.
>Stuff wise, we bring one bag.
>Gadget wants her stuff, kidnaps the laptop too
>It's a short trek up some stairs to an awful auburn painted terrace with a door that seems to belong to our room.
>Ugly as hell this place is
>But the room's clean, simple and not too bad. Not the worst place we'd stayed in so far.
>Even if the sheets were this silly checker green forest pattern.
>Whatever
>Beds aren't even assigned, we don't bother this early

>Nobody seems to be tired
>Freckles says she's going to take a shower, Blondie wants dibs on second, and Gadget is going to watch a movie
>Freckles is out of it still, i led her in practically by the collar, but i hoped some water would do her good.
>Hope

>In terms of doing things
>We ALL did absolutely NOTHING
>Gadget didn't actually have the movie downloaded, and the Wifi was nonexistent even though the hotel claimed they had free "High speed wifi"
>Dialup is not highspeed
>But who knows, the place could be used to 23k back in the olden days.
>Glasses had lain down on one of the beds and just, turned over.
>Didn't get up again, didn't look at me, or anyone else
>Blondie and Gadget seem to have found common allies in one another, seriously they were getting along better than everyone else
>Even without the movie they were content, laughter and all
>I'd love to say i joined them, laughed at the jokes they made, cuddled with those two sitting on the pillows of the second bed
>But i was off, sitting in the only chair
>Staring at the floor, thinking
>I didn't have a plan, or anything
>Just thinking
>About things, nothing i could fix
>Just things
>Took a while for Blondie to ask me why i was magical trevor

>...
>What
>I said that outloud
>Something about disappearing the cow
>Not in her words, but you know what i mean
>Freckles was missing
>Shower still running
>That white noise carrying through the entire hotel room
>Oh... alright
>I start to ask Glasses to go check on her, but she's unresponsive
>Curled up into a ball ontop of the blanket.
>And gadget and blondie both have headphones/earphones on, watching something they managed to load on youtube.
>Right then
>You know

>As fucking terrible as an idea this is going to be
>I cautiously walk over to the bathroom
>Knock
>No response
>Well, here goes everything
>Open it, step inside
>The bathroom's practically a sauna, steam filling the entire thing
>Well, atleast it wasn't locked.
>Close the door behind me, assume defensive positions.

>Nothing attacks me from out of the mist
>No giant alien monsters, Triangle heads or religious nuts
>I think i'm good
>I call out, Freckles first name
>No response
>Step closer, try again
>No response
>Alright you know i'm not going to deal with this entire vampire jumps out of the mist and eats my face thing
>We're not doing it
>I take a deep breath and declare all in one sentence
>"Aight freckles if you don't answer me im going to probably take a couple steps closer to the shower and see you naked. So gimie a hollar so i know you're alive and neither of us need to be scarred for life"
>I forget if those were the words or not
>Doesn't matter
>I remember hers
>"Fuck off"
>Good
>I say that
>Then i ask her if she's alright, it's awfully steamy in here and the water must be near boiling
>No response
>*sigh*
>I grab the towel and decide it's for the best if i just force her to get out
>One step
>Two steps

>i realize im standing in the shower stall and the glass door is wide open
>The steam is practically this thick. It feels like i really could cut it with a knife.
>Then if this was scooby doo, eat it.
>I do see why i came in here though, Freckles isn't in the shower itself
>She's naked, sitting with her legs pulled up against her in the corner
>Wet hair plastered down the front of her forehead, staring straight forward, not at me

>But she sees me
>I expect unholy vindication upon my human form
>I'm ready for it
>Throw out the towel in front of me like i'm dealing with a raging bull
>Going to catch the girl as she flings herself at me, then see if i can wrap her up and carry her out before she gets any real life threatening wounds in.
>Receive nothing of the sort
>She just sits there
>Doesn't move
>Speaks instead
>"I knew you were going to try to look.... pervert"
>Deflated
>Un-freckles like
>I...
>I don't know what i'm supposed to do
>Yeah she's got her tits out, but i can't see anything else
>Not like that's the reason i walked in here
>Ok well its' not like that's the entire reason
>Or its not now that i see what a state she's in.

>What else do i say.
>I just... tell her it's time to get out
>Hold out the towel
>I don't know what i expect
>She doesn't move
>Doesn't come any closer, and instead just declares there being "No point" and that it "Doesn't matter"
>I start to argue, and she pretty much shatters anything i try to say.
>I tell her she'll find someone else, and she just denies it.
>Tells me she was really in love with that stupid boy after all
>And that once again in life she's loved a man only to have him break her heart.
>I try to correct her that it doesn't count, but then i stop myself
>There's no point with that.
>She's right
>I try to give her some credit, i point out the younger sister was technically female and a part of it too.
>She throws that one back too
>Tells me the reason she broke down when she learned he called her razzy. Because he was the only one who showed any romantic interest in her and it all made sense.
>So the sister didn't care at all
>Ouch
>She's just staring dejectedly at the drain, the water flowing down past the steam
>I can't see her eyes, but i already know the look

>I try again to cheer her up
>Point out she's had luck with women in the past, and it'll come again
>I don't know what look follows that statement, but i know its the wrong one
>She drops her head and sobs into the tops of her knees.

>Tells me the truth
>She's never been with another girl
>Just told us stories she read online, positions she heard about or read about.
>You're joking
>This is beyond believable, she had the craziest stories about getting with other girls.
>I'm personally shocked
>I remind her i was taking her lesbian advice for use with raven
>That gets a laugh
>Even if its forced, pained even, she mocks me
>"Yeah fancy that, the failed public lez was giving you advice to use with your closet gay girlfriend with more experience"
>...
>That's not funny
>Not even a little bit
>Fuck
>It's pretty funny actually, fuck my life.
>Well i throw in a real laugh of my own
>Smile to myself
>I just tell freckles
>"Well, i'll hold her down if you want"
>That gets her to look at me
>Wide eyes, green, questioning
>"Who?"

>I think for a moment
>Who do i want to sacrifice to the virgin volcano queen
>Well i kinda want raven, so she's off limits
>I settle on "Blondie", she hasn't tried to kill freckles yet
>Correct myself a moment later "OR glasses, if you want"
>They could probably both cheer one another up
>She smiles for once at Blondie's mention
>Then straight face at Glasses, as if she hadn't thought of it
>Then a smile again
>"What about gadget?"
>Whatever my reaction was
>She skipped over raven entirely, and caught it
>Caught my half second frown, or glare, or flash of my eyes
>Whatever tell i had

>Because her next words were "You like her don't you?"
>I press the deny button like 400 times
>She still smiles
>I tell her that gadget's just a good friend
>She smiles wider
>Only raven knows i practically was inches away from fucking my Steampunk princess the other night.
>Atleast, i think only raven knows
>I mean blondie too technically, and i was just giving her away
>Mostly because she wanted me dead, but you know
>Freckles keeps up the smile though, and then puts on a serious face
>"So we're competing then?"

>WAIT
>I DIDN'T AGREE TO THIS
>She continues
>"i'll just have to snatch her away from you"
>WAIT

>FRECKLES
>"I mean it's not like you can have both her and raven right?"
>...
>Yeah
>Yeah...
>Yeah):
>She sees my defeated look
>"It's a deal then, winner takes all, or has to take orders from the other one for the rest of the trip? First one to get into Gadget's pan-
>She sees my triumphant look
>I think i might be awful at poker anons
>Because she changes the rules right there
>"Oh wow you already did, guess i have my work cut out for me, first one she verbally picks then?"
>I shrug
>I'm not sure i want to go through with this, but i guess i can make gadget cuddle me and win a bet to get freckles as a sla-
>She corrects my thoughts even without me saying them
>"Nothing perverted or anything, just menial stuff, it's not like i'd want to touch you anyway so why would i leave that on the table"
>GOLLY THANKS FRECKLES
>SURE MAKE ME FEEL GOOD ABOUT MYSELF
>I have the worst impression that i'm getting cheated
>that i'm going to lose
>That freckles has already been in a relationship with gadget all this time
>Gee i sure hope not

>Whatever pact with the devil i've signed, it cheered the girl up
>Freckles was back to her usual self i think
>Started to stand up, and then stopped
>Realized i would get a full showing instead of only half, so she chastised me, as is tradition
>"You done staring at my tits now?"
>Oh
>Right
>I toss her the towel, after which she tells me word for word to "Turn the fuck around"
>Yeah yeah shut up, not like i wana see you naked that badly anyway jerk
>She throws down the last rules, blah blah blah
>No telling her
>Blah Blah Blah
>No cheating
>I don't even ask what that is
>I just nod
>I Guess if freckles is happy trying to seduce gadget out from being cuddly with me, it's good for

the group
>I'll just secretly warn gadget later anyway and tell her to never give verbal acknowledgement so freckles never catches on.
>Redhead seems overly confident in herself though
>Like she's broken into her last reserve of will and is ready to crush me as a male one last time
>doesn't even put on her clothes again, just wraps the towel around herself and struts out of the bathroom
>Or she doesn't have clean clothes, that could be it too
>When that door is thrown open, im greeted to a very surprised Blondie and Gadget sitting on the bed looking up at us
>I cross my arms
>This gunna be gud

>Its better than good
>Beyond better than good
>You wouldn't believe it if i didn't tell you so many other things this story that just happen wrong, or right in different ways.
>Freckles crosses the room and nonchalantly sits down with those two watching videos, asks "Watcha watching"
>Normal freckles attitude
>Tone of voice
>Everything
>I didn't notice anything different at all.
>Gadget, she's brilliant, or observant, or something
>Notices instantly something
>Looks at me, then freckles, then me again
>Then frowns, then smiles, then frowns and smiles one last time
>No clue what she's thinking
>Until she just stares freckles in the eyes and announces "Hey freckles! What kind of bet did you make with storybro"
>w... what
>How the hell did she kno-
>"Whatever it is, i like him better so he'll probably win"
>OH GOD
>GADGET
>I tumble over laughing
>I can't help myself
>Great bet freckles, nice job

>Holy shit i'm dying
>I can't breathe
>Laughing so hard i can't breathe
>Freckles is screaming something about me cheating

>Blondie's eying it all suspiciously, before asking freckles what she lost
>I can barely hear her mumbling from across the room, and over my laughter
>But i already know
>Thanks freckles, damn
>Lass
>Today is just not your day
>I mean saying i was sorry for her was an understatement
>I think that's the quickest i've ever won such a serious long term bet, ever
>Practically dying of laughter
>I manage to pull myself together long enough to make sure freckles isn't killing herself
>Nope, just looking sad again
>Back to laughing
>AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA
>I continue for a minute or two more, get it out of my system
>Then i sit up
>Straighten myself out, get everything in order
>Show up beside freckles and pat her on the back
>"Sorry for your loss" i quietly whisper
>Probably something about deserving it too.
>But i don't rub it in too much.

>Considering she doesn't turn around with scissors and cut my hand off i think she's back to being depressed
>Sitting on the floor, towel wrapped around herself and not moving again.
>Sorry freckles
>I tackle gadget though
>Not really tackle as much as leaping hug her to the bed.
>Narrowly missing blondie, the computer and freckles
>She deserves it, and giggles all the way down
>I ask her "Thanks bruv, how'd ya figure she had her knickers set on yours?"
>Or something along those lines
>She points out how simple it was
>Freckles always sits next to blondie
>This time she sat next to her
>Obviously she wanted something, and since i was watching from the door it was a bet.
>Lol
>That's actually almost too easy
>Freckles is still desperately telling me that's cheating, and demanding a recount
>*shrug* fair is fair
>She'd be already having me lick her toes clean if she had won, so i don't feel too bad.
>Blondie changes from confused, to an evil grin
>"What, so she's your slave now?"

>I smile
>I can't get freckles to do anything perverted
>She is totally my slave now though
>Or servant, because slave is oppressive or something.
>I could practically sit here and come up with things for her to do all day that suited my fancy
>Having her get me food and stuff was just boring, i never understood why people wasted valuable slave time on that.
>Probably had to just get creative to get her to lewd up another girl
>I would watch that, maybe get them to ravish her while i told her not to resist?
>Meh, no good plans, plus i wasn't going to go back on my word of no perverted commands
>Well, until Blondie piped up
>"Have her fluff my pillows!"
>Make me happy!
>I smiled
>Turned to freckles
>"Want me to hold her down now?"
>I don't get a vocal response
>Just a nod
>Poor blondie squeals before we even start to pounce her.

Update #28 : July 27th

THE THREAD WAS A LIE
The second one was not however.:
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12712028

imlatelatelatelatelate

>Tackling the innocent blonde princess is first on our ingredient list
>Along with halibut, sheep's cheese and tomatoes
>The flurry of tackling, kicking legs, squealing and squirming comes next
>that moment that blondie was still squealing as a redhead tiger flew through the air at her.
>I assume freckles had many of the same thoughts i usually do when flying at people, and blondie the same ones i have when getting flown at.
>But freckles knew her leap attacks
>She didn't bonk heads or headchest or any of that awkward missing stuff
>Nope
>When the dust settled, i had Blondie's legs pinned, Freckles was straddling the poor girl's waist and had one arm held above her respective head, and the other clasped between her knees.
>Happily pinning her, perfect face-to-face distance from one another.
>Gadget had helped too
>Which meant she picked up the laptop and carried it to safety from the kicking mess.
>From where i was, practically bearhugging the trapped girl's knees, i had quite a view
>Or lack of a view to be more precise
>I couldn't see anything
>Freckles had somehow properly placed her butt down on blondie without the towel budging an inch, and Blondie's skirt was forced down against her legs
>All i could see was towel and legs
> Not that they were bad legs or anything
>Not what the girls were doing, not unless i wanted to let go and get kicked in the face.
>Knowing blondie
>I knew better
>So i held on for dear life

>We're not sure where she got it from, but she had leg strength
>Flopped around like a dolphin, bucked like a bronco, got me with a knee a couple times but nothing harsh.
>Squealed, screamed and begged to be let go, then broke into flush out laughter
>Probably being tickled
>I helped
>She had lovely white legs, and my hands just so happened to be within finger waggalin

distance of them
>Im pretty sure we had her shrieking so loud Raven could hear
>Not really a good thing mind you
>Freckles was closest to the shrieking and got sick of it quick, demanded she "Be Quiet or I'll make you quiet"
>Not that blondie heard that over her laughter and squeals mind you
>Plus she was back to trying to escape with her legs, and i was quickly becoming terrified and holding on for dear life.
>Nearly thrown off the bull a couple times, but i was here for the count
>Twenty seconds...

>Thirty seconds
>Blondie got louder all of a sudden, kicked twice as hard and tried to roll over with me attached
>Didn't let her, but she tried
>Then i realized freckles had leaned over fully
>Towel had come off, slid down mostly to her waist.
>Milky white expanse of back, each spinal bone arched forward and fully visible.
>Shoulder blades, curves of skin across bones i'll never remember the names for.
>As she had leaned forward it all stretched, or curved, or curled, or whatever it is your back does when you're sitting like that.
>I could see it happen.
>You usually can't, no points of reference or anything.
>But remember the girl's name anons, her shoulders were covered in them.
>Smattering assortment of brown stars, perfect to guide a lost ship home on the milky sea.
>I had a quiet moment of reverie, enjoying just staring.
>Don't think i'd been this close before without my life being in danger.
>Aside from the serious bucking and kicking now, but blondie doesn't count.
>Too quiet actually, why was blondie's screaming and squealing muffled all of a sudden.

>I still heard screams, but they were garbled and muted
>Took me a moment for my brain to connect the dots
>Leaning over
>No more screaming
>Sweet
>They were totally making out, and freckles was topless.
>Oh man this is probably so hot, i'm gonna lean over just a bit and take a peek~
>A thought i attempt to complete not once, not twice, but three fucking times
>Each time i get kicked, kneed or jolted back into my holding position by blondie's knees.
>Mind you i would have tried four, five, or six more times, but that last kick hit me in the navel and i was terrified.
>Just gonna stay right here
>I know better

>Wait it out
>They seem to kiss for a couple minutes, maybe more or less
>Blondie struggled at first, like hell
>Every sound you could imagine, kicking like a demented demon horse with cast iron horseshoes
>Then she just kinda gave up
>Stopped kicking and screaming, just made mumbled "mmhmphh" sounds and nudged me with her foot a couple times.
>I took this as an indication that i could probably escape with my life, and took a dive for freedom
>Right off the side of the bed
>All limbs, and family jewels intact
>I return to my feet, time to watch the show
>There's nothing left to watch, it's all gone

>Smouldering pool of lava and fire where the women had once been
>I just barely escaped with my life
>Whatever i'd hit on the way down, probably a pressure plate i hadn't seen or a trigger i didn't have high enough perception to detect.
>Well it set off the cache of explosive barrels
>Between the three seconds it took me to roll off the bed and stand up, all the dirty hot girl-on-girl action.
>Well it was over
>The only girl still on the bed was blondie, and she was just lying there
>Yellow hair a flat mess all over the place
>Halo of pillows surrounding her
>A more poetic anon would tell you she was like a cherubic angel floating on a bed of clouds
>a quintessent mixture of the perfect female features in godess form.
>But i aint no poet, i know it
>She was just blondie, and she was just staring off at me, through me, blankly
>Cheeks flushed
>Not normal flush mind you, not blondie red, more like a soft pink around the edges
>Chest heaving, each breath pulling and pushing her clothing up and down what looks to almost be a full foot.
>She looks positively ravished
>Or ravishing, your pick
>Damnit
>Whatever just happened was really really hot and i didn't get to see it
>The worst of feels

>I check around the room for backup relays of what happened
>No clue where freckles went, she just teleported away i guess
>Glasses still curled up on the other bed and facing away from us

>I didn't see a damn thing
>Blondie's completely out of it
>I Think she's twitching actually, traumatized for life
>It's alright blondie, im sure it was sexy enough to make up for all the trauma
>That's how it works right, i mean....
>I do a 180 kickflip
>GADGET
>She's standing behind me just staring at the place freckles was with stark wide open eyes
>gadget gadget gadget gadget!
>I'm all over her like a high school sophomore getting dirt on her peers
>"Was it hot? Did freckles really do what she seemed like she was doing? Did blondie like it? Did you like it?"
>You know, all the questions
>fired off in a flurry of boyish innocence
>Gadget just stares
>Then snaps her attention to me
>Clean simple announcement, in my general direction
>"I do not really like pillows"
>I think she answered the last question?
>Or the first one
>A fwomfph from across the room announces where freckles is
>She was on the other side of the bed, in that middle carpeted area between the one we were on and the one glasses was on.
>Thrown off in the heat of passion i guess
>Or kicked off, knowing blondie

>Freckles appears over the side of the bed
>Head only, peeking to make sure the coast is clear
>Our blonde twitching girl just lying there
>Still out of breath, eyes still unfocused
>Bolts upright
>"I COULD HAVE DIED YOU JERKS"
>w...
>Blondie it was just a kiss, come on it couldn't have been that bad
>Unless
>Blondie confirmed allergic to kisses
>Or lesbians
>i realize we don't have any epi pens, and she's going to probably swell up like a blueberry and burst.
>I'm so sorry blondie):
>She decides her last actions on earth are to throw the pillows remaining on the bed at freckles though

>She's out of sight, but i can't imagine those thwacking sounds are painless. They aren't very nice soft pillows.
>Continues screaming
>"I COULDN'T BREATHE UNDER THERE"
>Oh
>Oh):
>Getting smothered with a pillow isn't nearly as hot
>Not unless you're the one doing it
>[spoiler]No boner, this is not the time[/spoiler]

>Alright i guess its still pretty hot
>Freckles seems to be escaping back to the bathroom
>Amid the pillowstorm being thrown at her.
>Gadget and i just watch
>One because it's entertaining
>Two because it's not me getting chased around with my life being threatened for once
>Three because there's no feasible way to keep a towel on while crawling away
>I was treated to a glorious amount of sideboob, some glorious low navel, and one ENTIRE buttcheek.
>That's right the ENTIRE thing
>Pretty hot
>You should try it sometime
>That's all i get though
>She's back in the bathroom with the door closed a moment later
>Then a click
>Locked
>[spoiler]Girls anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She left it unlocked before because she wanted to be disturbed, now she didn't[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]*Hint Hint*[/spoiler]

>Blondie sits up properly and turns her gaze to me
>That blonde hair is now angry snakes sticking off in a mess every which way.
>The room turns ice cold
>I fail my will save
>Gadget doesn't have a mirror on her
>We're both petrified
>Watch in silent horror as she scootches over to the side of the bed and starts to sit up
>Then as she looks down
>Sits up instantly and pulls the hem of her white skirt up
>It's practically soaking, huge wet spot across the front where her crotch would be

>Really obvious too, it's practically making the material transparent
>Those eyes turn cold, shatter into pieces of hard color.
>She wails
>Soul shattering, low almost a moan of disappointment in herself and everything else in her life
>Crying, wailing still
>"You guys made me pee myself!"
>Then pretty much every sad girl sound in the book
>Along with "Why would you do this to me..."
>In a tone that's reserved for just making everyone in the room depressed
>Feel bad, and generally regret whatever just happened
>Except gadget
>She nudges me with her elbow
>Tells me in a whisper
>"Hehe, look at her panties"

>The 13 year old inside me looked
>Also every year since
>I mean yeah ok, she was holding the skirt up so we could both see the clean pink triangle of the panties gadget had leant her earlier sure.
>Plus those delicious expanses of thighs starting right where the fabric met the legs
>Yes gadget she's got your underwear on, yes she's showing them to us unknowingly, yes she's probably just peed in them
>Whats your point she's obviously not happy.
>Gadget nudges me again
>Doesn't hear my inner arguments and reasoning
>Instead of whispering though, she speaks up
>I see her glint, a smile with both her eyes and her mouth.
>"Blondie, your panties are dry"
>Blondie just stares
>Looks down at the skirt realizing she has it held up and is showing us her panties
>No shame
>Flips it all the way up to inspect the undergarment herself
>Yep
>Those are dry
>Her eyes dart back to us
>Then get as big as neptune, along with mine

>Gadget just whispers again "Now that skirt is REALLY ruined"
>Blondie came to the conclusion at the same time i did
>Im not sure what the sounds were that came out of her mouth, but they weren't human
>She ripped that thing off like it was on fire
>Then threw it in a corner of the room
>I'm giggling

>But i'm pretty sure it wasn't what she and gadget thought it was
>Freckles was just showering after all
>But it's funnier letting them think she just got off on fluffing blondie with a pillow
>If that's even what happened
>I'm still going to pretend they made out in my head
>Hotter that way.
>Way hotter
>Well... guess it depends what you're into
>Blondie flings herself across the room and hides behind glasses
>As far away from me, and the bathroom door a she can
>Says something along the lines of "Save me, they're all crazy!"
>Or i think that's what she said, i was too busy physically rolling on the floor laughing my ass off.

>Glasses hasn't said anything this entire time
>I half assumed she had just gone to sleep
>According to the angrily growled "Leave me alone"
>She wasn't
>I think about it
>Do i care enough to really go over there and find out what's wrong / try to make it better
>Maybe half a second of thinking
>No
>Not even a little bit
>Fuck glasses
>Fuck raven too
>I just keep laughing my ass off over blondie's reaction
>Eventually i can't keep it going though
>Only so much forced laughter past the initial funny before it starts to hurt.
>Gadget's a fit of giggles too, but ends much sooner than i do.
>I sit up
>Oh right freckles locked herself in the bathroom again
>Surprisingly i care more about her probably being embarrassed and crying on the bathroom floor than i do about glasses.
>I knock on the door again, no shower or running water inside this time
>Get almost instantly, guess who's angry voice
>"WHAT"
>Like i interrupted crying or something.

>Fuck freckles i just wanted to make sure you were alright and alive or something i dono
>I tell her this in not as many words
>Angry voice still through the door
>"Yeah, well i'm fiINE"
>Half squeak through fine, like she's not fine
>Keyword Fine

>Means everything is wrong
>Everything not fine
>I realize this and try to lead her into giving me a hint
>"Yeah well i just wanted to make sure you weren't too embarassed by what just happened, we all know you were just soaked from the shower"
>Trying to alleviate fears, my old trick
>She doesn't fall for it though
>"Yeah don't worry i'm GOOD, just let give me a MomENT"
>Pitch changes again on "Good" and "Moment"
>She's putting emphasis on the weirdest words, but alright
>I turn and set my eyes on blondie, who's no longer actually hiding from me
>My turn

>I take a step forward
>Pretty sure we can just re enact what just happened with actual kissing
>Another ste-
>Wait a second
>I just stop
>just fucking stop
>BAD PENIS
>YOU KNOW BETTER
>"I know storybro, im sorry, i won't do it again"
>Yeah exactly, you better not
>Blondie just isn't worth the physical torment, specially when she's all in defensive girl mode
>That and she was also next to Glasses, so dealing with her meant the other.
>Gadget was over in the chair by the window though, watching something on the laptop
>Which even if a girl wasn't involved, was pretty much what i would rather be doing than dealing with depressed women right now.
>Strut my stuff, so ready for some cuddle youtube time
>Walk up to the club, tap the cute amazonian on the shoulder and ask if there's room for two
>She's curt
>Tells me quite simply
>"No"
>):
>"So i will move"
>(:

>We pile back onto the bed and end up listening to some new music in 240p or something.
>Pretty much the only quality youtube supports on the motel internet
>No hanky panky
>No cuddly wuddly
>We're just watching youtube
>Sometimes you need a little bit of that.

>One song later, Blondie joins us and steals ALL of the blankets
>Not that we really needed them, but she was cold, the room was cold, and she didn't have her pajamas or pants on.
>Freckles arrives from the bathroom three songs later
>She's smiling with a dreamy look on her face, or maybe its the last wisps of steam escaping the bathroom.
>She tries to join us on Blondie's side, but gets shoved off instantly by the blanket monster she had now become.
>Practically a tornado of blankets i swear
>So freckles tries gadget's side, and gets glared at until she squeezes up behind me and kidnaps one of my earbuds to listen too.
>We all end up with one in the end

>End up watching some new Wierd Al video
>Laughing
>All of us at one point or another
>Finally a moment of normalcy again
>Until captain unhappy pants over on the other bed yells at us to shut up
>Something about trying to sleep
>We ignore her
>Laugh it out of our systems
>Well i almost laugh something else out of my system and have to pee, happens.
>I excuse myself from between freckles and blondie, and duck into the bathroom
>Smells like whatever soap freckles was using, pears or something.
>Close the door and proceed to unzip and start to take a much-needed wiz
>I look away
>FOR ONE SECOND
>FROM THE GOD DAMN DOOR
>and of course it opens, and closes, and someone locks it
>I sigh, loudly
>Exclaim the good old stand to "Privacy?" and look over to see what's probably freckles or blondie fucking with me.
>Of course its not them
>Its glasses
>She's got her "We need to talk" face on
>and her mouth makes those "We need to talk" words"

>Nope
>My face makes that nope face
>I shake
>Zip up
>One sheet of toilet paper, you know the drill with women around.
>I turn to face her and realize with surprise she wasn't even looking downwards

>Just straight forward eyes, trying to catch mine
>Serious and everything
>I start to wash my hands and she starts explaining
>"Listen there's some really important things i need to tell you and please you really need to listen to them"
>I finish washing my hands, wring them dry on the towel
>"I was li-"
>I slam the door behind me

>Unbeknownst to me at that second
>Glasses was not the completely emotionally fragile girl that everyone else was
>She didn't do it often
>Not enough for me to learn how to avoid her
>Nope
>I slammed that door and walked out, and she slammed it right open again
>"DON'T CLOSE THE DOOR ON ME"
>Were the very loud words that made everyone jump
>Very loud
>I made it worse, oops
>"I was LYING alright, everything i said wasn't true"
>Including that statement?
>LOGIC LOOP ERROR
>LOOP ERROR
>ERROR
>eRRO
>Lewd.exe has performed an illegal operation and needs to close.
>But also me being the fuckwit i was, asked "What" she was lying about.
>Freckles reminded me what i was
>"Raven you fuckwit, she was probably lying about raven"

>Wow, wait
>She didn't though
>"I was lying to get her to react and tell me off alright, and she didn't even hear me because she had some stupid earplugs."
>Earplugs...
>Which would be why she wasn't even reacting to us
>and what she had in her hand...
>The girl telling the entire room this is crying now
>Glasses keeps on trucking through the tears though
>"So i did it in the restaurant, she won't talk to me anymore and you're WELCOME alright"
>Wow
>That's all i could think
>I wasn't sure what she meant, or what she told Raven

>But it was as if she'd slapped me with a large trout.
>She was bawling her eyes out just standing there, trying to hold it together
>Seconds ago i was pretty much ready to leave her on the curb, and now i find out she just took a fall for me and didn't tell anyone.
>I'm not sure what to make of that, but i guess she could have a hug while i figured out what to do.

>I give Glasses a hug
>Warm, encompassing, included one of those little "pat on the back" hope you feel better soon actions
>I mean thanks i guess, but i'm pretty sure the bridges are burned at this point.
>Put off balance more by seeing glasses cry than anything else.
>Blondie asks the all-important question
>"So... what did you tell raven?"
>Doesn't get an answer
>Just sobbing girl
>Then a seemingly unconnected, but still important answer.
>"She was going to leave alright, she was going to call her stepdad and get plane tickets and everything"
>That gets a gasp

>From me, and Blondie mostly.
>Gadget gives a sad "oh"
>"She does not think she has any friends left..."
>That's just more wail than words.

>I shiver in that uncomfortable kind of way
>Its freezing cold in the room, or its just me
>But things just kind of hit me
>Its midnight, more or less.
>She's out in that car alone
>Either cried herself to sleep, or is cold and doesn't want to come in.
>Doesn't think she has any friends left
>Probably already called her stepdad and got plane tickets to go home tomorrow
>We're just sitting in here laughing and watching youtube as a fun group
>I look at the clock
>And its her birthday.

>I realize that's pretty much the most petty thing i could be doing
>No matter how angry i am at her
>I motion to blondie and gadget to get up
>Freckles and Glasses just aren't going to help
>We strip down one of the beds. Pillows, Blankets, everything.
>Wave goodbye to the two girls we're leaving behind.
>They understand.
>A fine troop we are, Blonde, Brown and Blonde again carrying half a room with us.
>The car's locked, but those old suburbans had an awful design flaw.
>Backdoor doesn't lock properly on some models, or you can open it without an alarm.
>Pop it open quietly as we can and crawl in with all we're carrying ontop the piles of bags we had in the back back.
>Close it behind us
>It's instantly clear she wasn't asleep, because she growls at us "WHO IS IT"
>Nobody says a god damn word
>She was curled up on the back seat with the single soddy pillow (no pillowcase) and a the raggedy light blanket we brought on the trip.
>Probably an ice cube the poor thing.
>Gadget goes first, then me, then Blondie follows
>Flow over that back seat like a tidal wave
>I can't really explain word for word what happens, i mean the car was dark.
>There was a bit of screaming
>Hugging
>More hugging
>She told us to fuck off multiple times
>Plus some other mean things.

>But eventually we had pulled all the seats flat and thrown down the sheets and blankets to make a makeshift bed
>Pillows too
>And raven, whether she liked it or not was piled right in the middle
>Hugging bodies from every side
>Doesn't matter if she liked it or not
>I whispered happy birthday and used her as a pillow.

That's all for tonight anons.

More as usual, Tuesday 8:00 PST

Update #29 : July 29th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12739875

>I'm getting my ass kicked
>Fucking handed to me on a silver platter with a side of cheese
>I don't know why i'm not fighting back
>It's like there's things in the way, my limbs are too heavy
>Whatever i'm fighting bangs me in the cheek
>The Chin
>I can feel my brain vibrate around in my skull
>Why am i not fighting back
>I can't even god damn see
>All i know is i try to escape and get away
>But i'm netted, like a fish, there's heavy things holding me down.
>What the fuck is hitting me, it's those god damn demon dogs again
>They finally found me
>Tracked me down all this way, had my scent this entire time.
>It jabs me in the nose whatever it is
>Hard, ringing pain across my nostrils
>I open my eyes
>There's a foot in my face
>Early morning light, pale skin
>sky-blue nail polish.

>Who else could it be, Blondie
>I fired her, what's she even doing trying to kill me again.
>manage to dodge the rest of her lethal blows and untangle a hand from the blanket
>Shove her legs to the side and away from me
>Crane my neck upwards, what the fuck is going on.
>She's asleep still
>Also completely upside down
>There wasn't really enough room to sleep in this car with four people, so she had ended up on top hugging everyone from above.
>Flipped around sometime in the night, i'm absolutely amazed she didn't wake us all up with movement like that.
>Some people just wake up with everything on the bed on the opposite side where it started.
>Also
>Some people
>*points at the blonde girl*
>Are kickers
>[spoiler]I don't know if you've ever slept with one of them cuddled up close before, or even remotely near you[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But it comes when you least expect it, they arch a leg and practically climb you like a mountain in their sleep[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]You'll wake up, they won't[/spoiler]
>Just another example of her secretive and murderous past
>Even when she's otherwise completely unconscious, her "Murder storybro" instincts are still strong.
>Plus my nose hurt
>Her position however, was severely compromised.

>If my eyes followed her cute little villainous toes, up to the wicked little feets
>The sinful smooth shins
>Expanses of clean pale skin, and the soft fields of nearly invisible blonde hair between them and her nefarious knees.
>Those sinister curved thighs, inviting even the finest and most honorable heroes to suffer a poisonous feast upon her round table.
>The blonde hairs changing in thickness almost imperceptibly as they rise up to her...
>Well completely and utterly innocent pair of pink underwear
>Those technically belonged to gadget.
>But because her shirt was hiked up, we could travel past those lands
>The devilish navel of ill intent, men who traveled upon it never returned unscathed.
>I should know
>The diabolical bellybutton, and just barely
>If i craned my neck just right, the twin peaks of the evil girl herself.
>Yeah i could totally see up her shirt, she had her legs up and across me
>Arm and elbow practically crooked around my knee over the sheet, no clue how
>Still, shirt half on, ridden up past the bellybutton.
>Delicious underboob
>I wasn't staring though
>my requirement for staring is three seconds of continuous eye contact, and as i roamed the most i spent was a glorious 2.5 at crotch level.
>I was being polite
>Plus i was more distracted by the girl who somehow consecutively had my arm pinned at my side, underneath herself, and had me somehow mirroring the same thing.
>You know black hair, also light skinned.
>Probably wanted me dead the second she woke up
>But right now she was using my shoulder as a pillow.

>Impressive that, considering i could swear i went to sleep with my head on her shoulder.
>I was still practically tangled in her, blankets, and she seemed to have three legs all of a sudden
>I don't remember this
>Futa is a shit fetish
>Then the toes of the third leg wiggle
>Tickling where they're touching my leg

>Oh, it's someone else, how the hell
>Gadget's on the other side, i realize she's not only curled up
>She's practically clambering up Mt Raven in her sleep.
>Legs wrapped around and everything, like she's sleeping next to a living bodypillow
>I can't see what she looks like under the blanket, but from where all the bumps are i can imagine it.
>Gadget's even snoozing with a little smile on her face
>Hood still on though
>I could swear if this was a cartoon, she would have that little teardrop snooze bubble and everything.
>See
>Some girls kick in their sleep
>And other girls do THAT
>I'd much rather that.
>I was jealous
>Jealousy boner initiated
>Lewd Blondie positioning boner initiated
>Double semi activated
>Hands status, unable to comply with request, pinned down on all sides.
>Movement too risky
>I just play it safe and stare at the birthday girl.

>She's back to an innocent angel
>No anger, no tears, or prim scowls that don't let me read what she's really feeling
>Just that "ZZZ" emotion
>It's adorable
>I do stare at her, much longer than three seconds
>Minutes maybe
>Hours
>Just enjoying that half sleep smile she's got on, and the frizzly frame of stark black hair she's covered in.
>Then i stopped enjoying it
>Wasn't that i was thinking of everything she'd done the last days
>Or remembering where that mouth had been without my knowledge
>Wasn't knowing she was cheating behind my back
>With my best friend
>Nope, those thoughts came to mind and i shoved em away
>I stopped enjoying her half sleep smile because she opened her eyes
>Pure green this morning, like a forest of pines covered in early dew.
>And she stopped smiling

>Instant frown

>Just add water, or tears
>My tears):
>Then she started struggling
>To get away from me
>Pulled her head off my shoulder, tried to pull her arms free
>As far away from me as possible
>I was broken
>Disraught
>In five seconds she'd shattered what must have been half an hour of my happiness
>I could tell she hated me
>Hated everything i'd done
>And that she probably thought we just did this for some superficial reason and didn't actually care about her.
>Which isn't fucking true
>So i try a new trick
>Something i'd never expected to work, because it so often didn't
>I asked
>"What's wrong?"
>She turned towards me again
>I watched those eyes flit back and forth
>Read my face of worry, hurt
>She saw it alright and her face softened
>The frown curled upwards, edges were no longer so harsh
>The eyes went a couple shades warmer
>Compassionate almost, but still trying to escape
>She made that next part clear with a sentence
>"I need to pee, help me get out"
>Oh right
>Blondie's totally lying across her stomach

>Helping her get clear of the tangled limbs of flesh, vines, branches and blankets was a task in itself
>Eventually with a weedwacker and a chainsaw i manage to free her from the mess.
>I just put the severed limbs back where i found them
>They'll reattach
>Probably
>Then raven sits up, absolutely a tangled mess
>I mean even her clothes are all wrapped up wrong, and the long hair is practically sticking up straight
>I offer to cut her out of the clothes too
>Politely declined
>She just grabs the keys from the front and unlocks the doors
>I'm just sitting

>Watching
>Waiting for her to remember
>To get angry
>To do anything that would make sense, remind herself that we're not currently on good terms.
>You know, fighting
>That entire glasses/her thing and me/blondie/gadget thing?
>She doesn't
>Not one thing.
>Just grabs one of the duffelbags from the back
>Offers out her hand to me
>Straight face, with a hint of urgency
>"Walk me back to the room"

>I turn towards the still somehow sleeping gadget
>She's got the key in her pocket
>What follows is that awkward mixture of patting down, pocket searching and trying to not look like you're groping a sleeping lady as you try to find the keys.
>I mean i find them
>You'll have to ask raven how much it looked like i molested gadget though.
>I swear i wasn't trying
>I turn around
>pleasedontbemadpleasedontbemad
>She's standing outside
>Legs crossed
>Bouncing slightly from foot to foot
>"Hurry!"
>Not even a worried look on her face towards my actions.
>It's a short walk
>Like thirty feet, tops
>Door opens easy, we slide inside and my eyes adjust to the light as Raven slips into the bathroom
>I see the bed
>Glasses and Freckles under the covers
>Freckles practically spooning glasses from behind, a single hand draped over the top of the blankets
>Cupping a serious feel on one of Glasses' breasts
>I mean they're both clothed
>But i have no clue where freckles' other hand is
>and she's got a smile on her sleeping face
>A real smile
>A "I've got a golden ticket in my hand" smile
>I don't know what i expected, we only left them one bed.

>I lean back against the bathroom wall next to the door
>Might as well wait for Raven
>Talk to her when she's done
>I take great effort to look nonchalant
>As "Cool" and "Chill" as possible
>No negative emotions whatsoever, like i'm just alright with whatever's going on
>I think i have it down
>Mean look, staring at the floor, arms crossed
>I got this
>I hear a flush inside
>Instinctively tense up
>Here it comes
>The god damn reckoning is upon me
>Brace for IMPACT
>It never comes
>The water from washing her hands turns off
>The door never opens
>I never hear a click
>I'm just left there staring
>Waiting
>Not trying to look towards where she's going to come from.
>Trying to look cool, but looking like a fool in the process
>Finally give up
>She's not coming out
>I peek towards the relative location of a blanket covering freckle's butt, and try to discern what went down last night
>Then i realize the bathroom door never opened because she never fully closed it
>She was just standing there the entire time looking at me
>I don't have time to react when i see her
>She just grabs my hand and drags me in with her
>And this time the door clicks shut.

>I stumble in
>Cool composure lost, attitude spoiled
>I get a firm footing and look up
>She dragged me halfway into this stupid bathroom
>What the hell could she-
>She was pissed
>i could see right the second i saw her face
>Those eyes were probably red
>Demon eyes
>Snarling fangs
>Extended claws

>RAVEN WAS THE DEMON THE DEMON DOGS ALL ALONG
>I COULD NEVER ESCAPE
>The demon dog leaps at me
>Black hair flying
>Growling, sounds of hell escaping her throat
>An arm outstretched in a swing, claws extended
>I dodge
>She gets me with an underhand blow from the other side
>Smacks me silly
>Stars, little ravens spinning around my head.
>A scream, "FUCK YOU" loudly in my ear.
>Nope
>That's fucking it
>My eyes turn red too, with rage
>I tried to be nice, but now she's going to fucking pay
>She's coming at me arms outstretched towards my neck
>I throw my arms out too
>Two can play the strangling game

>Whatever happened next
>We're just really bad at strangling one another
>My hands don't even get to the proper place, nor do hers
>She does trip me though
>Kinda jabs my foot with her own
>Then i go tumbling
>Her too
>Mess of hair, clothes and flailing limbs as we go down
>I don't think either of us were thinking straight because we were practically werewolves
>clawing at one another the entire way down
>Four swipes each before we hit the ground
>I hit first and she kind of holds my shoulder and comes next
>Lands on top of me
>Well on my stomach, straddling me sideways
>Both legs off to one side, myself flat out and trying to push her off.
>My hands on her chest, anywhere i can grab
>Hers on my arm and shoulder
>I push, she nearly goes flying
>She pulls, i come with her
>I pull, she comes within punching range
>She pushes, and escapes barely
>We both pull
>and we're kissing
>and one of my hands is on her chest

>one behind her back
>and hers are around my neck
>Forcing me closer.

>It's not a short kiss
>Loud
>Smacking lips
>Spit flying
>Her tongue, as far past my tonsils as it could go
>Swirling
>I decide to turn back the tides
>Push back, go on the offensive
>Invade her mouth and go for her tongue in its native home
>She bites me
>Every time i fight back i'm nipped, or clapped together in her bared teeth
>What can i do?
>Growl
>And start to bite back
>She's not letting go of my neck and shoulders
>I can feel her fingers digging into the softer parts of my skin
>I'm not getting free, no way no sir
>That's alri-
>She drops her arms
>Pulls away from the kiss, but doesn't leave
>Just leans forward and lets her arms lie out resting beside me
>Puts her head over my shoulder, nose to the floor
>"They're still sore you know...."

>Yeah i know
>I owe her big
>So i lean forward and bite her on the throat
>She yelps
>Jumps backwards
>Enough for me to restart the kiss, wrap my arms around her back and flip her over
>I'm on top
>Her arms taking up the same position as mine, one on my chest and one around my back
>Loosely this time.
>Kissing continues
>It's less of a romantic thing and more of a war
>Every time one of us makes any kind of progress towards satisfying that urge to taste one another
>Well
>The other person just hurts them back

>She bites me
>I bite back
>She rakes fingernails across my back
>I give her chest a forceful squeeze
>Not that there was much there to grab, but a claw grasp got the most sensitive bits.
>That got me shoved off, seriously shoved off

>Across the room
>But not really, just off of her
>Then she's up, grabbing my collar and using it for leverage
>Probably stretched the shit out of my shirt
>Not like i cared
>Her hands didn't roam all over like they did before though
>One settled on my chest and grabbed a handful of shirt
>The other was past my waistband, into my pants
>Hand firmly around what could only be declared as willing and ready to go
>Every movement she made
>Those hips, those shorts, grinded against me each movement.
>Along with a couple wonderful strokes of her wrist
>That lasts
>A couple strokes, that's it
>Fuck her, holy shit that tease.
>her hand pulls back and she gives me the most angry look i've ever seen from her
>We're talking pure unbridled wrath
>Seeing me possibly as the lowest life form possible.
>No worries
>She's a cheating bastard, i saw the same thing.
>Doesn't stop her from declaring loudly, in nearly a yelling snarl.
>"You're going to fuck me now"

>Oh
>Is that what's happening?
>You can't make me
>Except
>By the time those thoughts had properly passed through my brain, she had her shirt off.
>Then it was mostly automatic from me
>I had her hot chest pressed up against something cool, and i was biting and suckling at everything i could get to from behind.
>I lost my shirt somewhere along the way
>I could swear it actually had claw marks on it, shredded from how we kept pulling one another around.
>Every time i saw the fire in those green eyes, it just pulled me closer to forcing her down and ravishing her senseless to make it all better.

>It made me think of what she was probably doing with glasses before i found out
>And that just made me harder.
>The real difference though is that everything i seemed to do
>Every caress
>Every squeeze
>Every lick or kiss, Elicited a moan, or a groan.
>Growl.
>Squeal
>She was verbal, and loud

>I threw her down on the linoleum floor with a thud
>Jabbed a hand into her pants, received a moan in return.
>She returned the favor
>I was hard and hot
>She was sticky and soft
>Whatever this meant, she decided she didn't want any more foreplay
>Instead of a shove
>I got a knee, right into my crotch
>I almost fall over backwards in surprise
>There's no way she would do tha...
>It doesn't connect
>Stops
>I'm frozen, hands aren't moving
>Just watching
>She brings her knee forward
>Sliding her foot the entire way
>Across my leg... my thighs
>My
>oh!

>Her foot ran over a little bit of everything
>Pressure on the crotch, a little higher, a little lower
>It's an amazing sensation, because feet as just a different shape completely
>They're firmer than hands
>More pressure
>Legs have this amazing set of muscles that just give you "Pushing" force that arms just can't match
>Plus toes man
>Toes trailing over everything
>They're amazing things
>Eventually right up, and across the hardon sticking out of my waistband.
>Then those leg muscles
>Contract

>Expand
>Press the toes right above the waistband of my pants
>Push, hard
>Shove it down, about halfway
>Underwear and all.

>Another bang
>I'm against the cabinet now
>More kissing
>Fondling
>Then a crash, i've got her against the wall
>Standing
>Hand on her stomach, i hold her up
>Keep her flat against her back as i drop to my knees
>Practically rip the shorts and panties right off
>Not an easy feat
>The shorts come off fine
>But i have to go back and peel the panties down individually
>Plastered and sticking to her like masking tape.
>Those out of the way i politely eat her the fuck out.
>Same deep musky smell.
>Same flavor as always, deliciously and heavily sweet like myriads of fruit
>I should make a food log for her one of these days, sell her diet to the highest bidder.
>(That is how those tastes work right?)
>She pulled me off though
>Frustrated moan, from both of us.
>A growl from her
>Two words
>"No, Now"

>She ended up mounting me
>Not on the floor, i was standing and holding her weight. Her back against the wall.
>She had absolutely no control over the situation
>So maybe i mounted her.
>It was just me, my knees, and her legs and arms wrapped around me.
>She let out the loudest howl when i penetrated her
>It was dirty
>Animalistic
>I thrust, she moaned, clawed and gasped.
>I pulled back, and plunged again
>She let out squeals and moans of every type
>Over and over
>I mean at this point i was kind of rolling my eyes internally

>IT was hot
>But i mean this was almost asian porn kinda hot
>Pretty sure my parents could hear this all the way back in LA, her parents too.
>I shut her up with a kiss
>Didn't really work
>She pulled off me just enough to moan
>Or fell backwards with a crash into the rather hollow wall
>We rutted like animals.

>The only problem i was having, is my legs were starting to hurt
>See i mean all those fancy porn actors look so impressive holding up a girl and fucking the shit out of her.
>But you're holding up, probably 100-120 pounds of girl
>Adrenaline only goes so far
>Well
>IT goes exactly to the first time you get off
>Raven did her usual and got off first
>Remember she goes off like a bullet train
>Everything inside her squeezes, coils around you like a writhing hot mass of snakes
>Then that's it
>No matter how far along you were, how many baseball cards, sheep or frogs in blenders you imagined in your head.
>We both came together, guttural umph from me (the usual) and a curdling scream from her.
>Seriously
>Bloodboiling
>MY ears
>I can't hear
>What did you do to my ears
>Please don't let them think i'm murdering you in here raven.
>I tell her seriously, to shut the fuck up
>get an "mmm" in return.
>Thats when my legs give out.

>I found myself on the ground
>Raven practically rode me all the way down like a crashing pillar
>Yelled "Yeehaww" the way down.
>The floor didn't really hurt like i thought it would
>Soft floor
>Or all those post orgasm chemicals, love those things
>I was still hard, and firmly attached at the waist to the mess of black hair, sweat and firey burning eyes sitting atop me.
>You know, think some of the normal male thoughts
>like "Man i just fucked that, shit was so cash"

>or
>"Don't be a stranger, just hit me with your best shot"
>or
>"I totally did that to her"
>That's probably pretty hot
>Well she tops it
>Gyrates her hips
>my mental pride is replaced with another "ooh!"
>Yeah it's pretty hot.

>I help with my hips a little
>But she's totally the one in control for round two
>It's a completely different experience
>She's out of breath, i'm out of breath
>The moans, squeals and groans are gone.
>She's back to being quiet, every couple times she raises her hips and drops back down again i get a gasp or two
>But that's it.
>I've got my arms on her hips, she's got her arms on my chest
>Squeezing, practically leaving scratch marks on my skin.
>Im sure she left a couple actually
>Her eyes aren't fiery anymore
>Kind of glazed over
>Focused on me, but not me
>Plunging up and down, less passion and more rudimentary lust
>Quiet sex is nice too

>This lasts longer
>Softer, more fulfilling
>Except not really as satisfying
>It's because i came in her, nobody ever mentions it.
>But when a girl is all ready to go, she's wet, but not TOO wet.
>I mean stories and books tell you she's practically soaking.
>You imagine a torrent, a waterfall, a place where you enter and can never return with dry shoes.
>But there's still enough friction to make everything feel good.
>Semen makes it all a sticky gooey mess
>Sloppy seconds are indeed just that much less satisfying, the girl doesn't feel as tight, the friction doesn't grab you in the oh-so-just-right-way
>and you're not as sensitive.
>She rides me
>Does practically all the work

>Not that i'm complaining
>Even if she's gasping and out of breath
>Stops moving with her hips after a couple minutes and starts pressing down with her arms.
>Rise
>Fall
>Rise
>Fall
>Slower and slower.
>Until i take pity and help her, lifting the hips myself.

>It still feels great though
>Just not as amazing, i can't seem to get the same angle i had before
>Same feeling
>It's just tingly and muscle burny
>Everything kind of hurts and i'm starting to think it's not worth the effort
>So you know, the usual
>[spoiler]I know you guys have been there[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Or you will be there one day, don't worry. Don't doubt yourself anons[/spoiler]
>Then that glorious second wind kicks in
>Then you're practically good forever
>Well, four more minutes or so
>Kind of a grinding forceful continuation, until i'm pretty sure Raven got off a second time and just stopped
>Kinda stopped, went limp
>Not really limp, just didn't want to move anymore
>I think she was good
>It's funny how you can kinda say this when you're still erect and inside of a girl, but honestly i was pretty good and i don't think i was going to get off without like half an hours more effort.
>I pulled her off
>Got to my feet, she came up too
>No words spoken between
>Then she shoved me over to the door, opened it and shoved me out
>Slammed it behind me
>W... what!

>Wham bam thank you sir
>NOW GET OUT
>Thrust into the cold outside world
>Naked
>Still very Erect
>Two girls in the bed, quite awake
>Staring at me
>Not even under the covers

>Glasses is sitting there with her legs together and a very obviously left hand under her brown skirt.
>Freckles, sitting right beside her
>Both of them are wide eyed
>Freckles has one hand on her lap pressing downwards slightly
>The other is being held aloft by Glasses' right.
>Just hovering in midair, as if she stopped it.
>RAVEN
>I NEED CLOTHES
>i turn around banging on the door and yelling

>The door opens a second later
>A pile of clothing gets shoved out, and then it's slammed closed again
>Phew
>I lean over to pick it u-
>Giggling, two voices
>OH for fucks sake
>Prison rules, i bend my knees and crouch down
>Shirt
>Shorts
>Panties
>IT'S HER CLOTHING
>The panties are soaked, the shorts are sticky and the shirt is two sizes too small.
>RAVEN
>i start yelling and banging
>But she's turned on the shower
>So i bang louder
>Then i hear her at the door
>"What"
>Oh no she's angry again
>I try to point out that everyone's awake and heard
>"Yeah, i sure hope they heard"
>...
>I point out nothing good is going to happen if she throws me out here without my clothes
>her words exactly
>"Have fun, she's a used up whore anyway"
>She pretends to not hear me screaming about how that's such a bitchy thing to say and she should take it back.
>Turns on the faucet and the shower up to make it louder.

>So i duck down again
>Pretend there's nobody behind me, and try putting on the clothes
>Well the shirt , stretches and barely fits

>Hem ends up at my bellybutton
>Doesn't cover anything
>I jam on the shorts, which aren't really short shorts
>But on me they kinda are.
>I end up looking like a trashy gay guy, think Reno911
>Just need some roller skates and a popsicle and i'd be set
>Oh man
>Alright
>Moment of truth
>I turn around
>Nobody has hands anywhere naughty anymore
>What they do have is laughter
>Lots of it
>FUCK YOU GUYS TOO
>They're just laughing up a storm over there
>Freckles almost falls off the bed calling me gay
>#whatagay
>You would fucking know freckles

Answering questions on r9k gets me muted, i always forget why i don't do it.
8 Minutes anons, at 1:29 PST my time. Updates will just be over here.

>What it doesn't do however is embarrass me properly
>Just kind of make me angry
>Embarrassment solves boners
>But when i flop down on the second bed without anything on it, and proceed to wait for raven to finish showering. I'm just pissed
>And the shorts aren't doing anything to hide the hardon i still have.
>Because rage doesn't solve boners
>I'm just tapping out morse code in my head to make it go away.
>Hello Stop
>Time Traveling Anons from the Past Stop
>Please send extra clothes Stop
>Doesn't work fast enough, glasses finally stops laughing and asks a question
>"So is she having a good birthday so far?"
>I contemplate what i should respond with
>I mean i'm still fucking pissed at glasses
>Mean dialogue option confirmed.
>"Yeah, she called you a used up whore"
>Doesn't get the response i expect
>Glasses just lets out an "Oh, is that all? So she's having a pretty good birthday"
>y... yeah?
>"Is that what you were yelling at her being mean about?"

>she doesn't need me to say yes. She caught me.
>Her voice smiles, that odd kind of pitch where it's happier.
>"Thanks"

>I'm not really looking at her, or freckles
>But i can feel the stares
>"Yeah, i know i have a hardon, look all you want"
>Nobody responds at first
>But i feel like they're practically leaning over on the other bed with popcorn watching the show
>Freckles talks first
>"You could almost be a dyke in that outfit, we just need a pair of sci-"
>i INTERRUPT HER
>THANKS FOR YOUR INPUT FRECKLES
>She tells me "No i meant...." and then proceeds to fill in the blanks with other words that start with sci and end with not cutting my dick off.
>She doesn't find many convincing ones
>I know
>don't worry freckles, i know
>Just let me get some superglue and a fucking dildo and two can play at this game.
>Actually no, she would like that
>Instead i turn to glasses, finally look her in the eyes
>She's not looking at mine
>She asks one question
>Only one
>"Want help with that?"

>That's not a hard argument
>The answer is yes, but the morality is no
>We have a complete philosophical debate on the subject
>Glasses implies raven doesn't deserve me being loyal.
>I refute this with the fact it's her birthday
>She counterargues it would be an appropriate set of revenge for what she did
>Also the sidepoint of "what did she expect"
>Plus that point about her already thinking we cheated, and her cheating on me.
>I use the good ol "well she probably is testing me or something" round of girl logic
>Glasses agrees it's probably a trick.
>We recess for contemplation of the matter.
>Then freckles just butts in
>Although it's not really her usual tone
>It's about sex, a timid question.
>"So... uh glasses said Raven tasted delicious... uhh down there..."
>I turn and stare at her, glasses too.
>Consecutively raise our eyebrows

>I want to know where this question is going

>"Well... can i taste her?"
>Oh
>That's no big deal
>I just shrug
>"Yeah go ahead, she's in the shower right now just ask when she comes out"
>why you're asking me permission fuck if i know
>Opens her legs for every girl already
>freckles sighs
>"No, she won't let me, that's why i'm asking"
>wh..
>Im not going to hold her down for you freckles
>fuck this conversation is stupid how did you even think i would hold down raven for you, you can't be
>She interrupts my tirade
>I see a long slender finger from her hand, pointing
>At my crotch
>oh
>wait
>THATS WIERD
>FRECKLES YOU'RE WIERD
>Im telling freckles all manners of insulting things about that being just plain fucked up, and wrong, and what the fuck she doesn't even like boys, and all these things.
>Glasses just interrupts
>"You should let her"
>nope
>That's it
>I'm leaving
>This can't be anything but a trap
>My admiral ackbar senses are just tingling all over the place
>Glasses offering "Help" and even freckles too
>They're being paid off
>Raven's paying them off
>I'm muttering these insane things as i storm out of the room and back to the car.

>On the way
>I make a stop, bang on the door to the bathroom and announce everyone's insane, probably infected by headcrazy mushroom spores, and that i'm going to the car to go back to sleep.
>something like that
>I leave the room looking like a used male prostitute
>I'll pretend nobody looked
>But i think the hotel manager saw me and did a double take

>Opened the stupid car door
>Slammed it behind me, didn't care who i woke up
>Well i startled blondie actually
>She was still lying down, and upside down, so i saw her head when i opened the door.
>Gadget had performed her magical cuddle feat on her, by cuddling her feet.
>Seriously legs wrapped around Blondie's legs, arms around her ankles and toes in her face.
>Forcibly making some kind of blonde mermaid
>Guess she wasn't able to kick her anymore
>Blondie got one look at me, squirreled free from the grasp of gadget's legs and arms and sat up straight

>Those blue eyes told me everything
>But the lips said it too
>"That's raven's outfit"
>I nod
>"You smell like sex"
>I nod
>"You got interrupted in the middle?"
>I follow her eyes
>Down to my own crotch
>Still hard.
>She starts to say something
>I already know what she's going to say
>I stop her
>"Look, blondie i don't want any help with it, i just got offered a blowjob by freckles and glasses already and i turned them down"
>all i want to do is let it die down on its own and not give raven or anyone else any more ammunition to fuck me over with.
>She changes from timidly looking downwards, to a straight up stare right at my face
>This time the colors ranged from light shades of pink in her cheeks, to pure red at the tips of her ears.
>Standard blondie attire, i could even see her legs drop a couple shades closer to crimson
>"I... i was going to say your clothes are in the back and you could change and we won't look"
>...
>Oh
>she drops eye contact
>"And you could come back to sleep and cuddle like... like you owe me"
>o... oh

Thats all for tonight Anons! Good ol-fashioned 7 hour update.
Now its time for sleeps, and updates on a day that rhymes with friday at an hour that rhymes with 8:00 (pst)

Update #30 : August 01

R9k is burning to the ground edition
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12796645

>She's shyly smiling away from me
>It'd be cute if she didn't look like she'd just spent all day in the sun and burnt to a crisp.
>Still cute, but lobster with a wig cute
>I guess that's pretty cute
><3
>But come to think of it, that explanation made far more sense than what i was thinking.
>It was blondie
>I couldn't really think she was an insane straightforward manipulative bitch who only offered me sexual favors when it suited the greater agenda they had for fucking me over.
>Now could i?
>... could i?
>Nope
>Blondie was easy, she never asked for things outright, never took the lead or offered anything.
>not openly, it was quietly or she did it without words.
>She always let someone else take the lead
>Too embarrassed to ask i guess
>Her greater agenda was simply my own murder, fast or slow.
>Whichever one came first, and i'll be honest that didn't seem to be her agenda right now.
>Sorry for thinking you're insane like everyone else blondie
>She accepts my thoughts-only apology with a questioning "so...?"
>Yeah yeah alright
>I tumble headfirst over the back seat of the car
>And i hear an "Eep" quickly muffled from the now even more embarrassed girl
>She totally watched that not-so-graceful maneuver.
>These shorts didn't cover much, she got flashed something
>Probably a ballsack
>lol

>When i sit back up, she's turned all the way around
>Staring intently out the front window like a dog watching a squirrel

>Like nothing ever happened
>Alright...
>I spam the "Smalltalk" chat option as i'm throwing on different clothes
>mostly just ask why she's so intent on cuddling all of a sudden
>"You uh..."
>She pauses, turns around
>You forgot...you promised..."
>I backtrack
>"Yeah yeah, but you know i totally woke up with you k-"
>I stop myself
>Those blue eyes are as big as saucers and shimmering with almost-tears
>Like i've insulted her by forgetting
>Or like she's just meaningless, and the realization was setting in.
>It's breaking my heart from a full three feet away
>Alright i wont tell her she totally broke the "don't hurt me" promise in her sleep with those feet.
>Or that she totally cheated by sneaking into bed anyway after we got angry at her.
>I change my details just being curious.
>I'm too nice
>or she's just learned after all these years the perfect strings to pull to get what she wants from people.
>That too
>Maybe she was a manipulative bi-
>thoughts interrupted by a careless but cautious question
>"I owe you, don't i?"
>One that throws up the biggest red flags i've ever seen

>When a girl tells you she owes you
>there's a thousand things it could mean
>Theres the good old "Oh i owe you so much!"
>Usually used after you've been nice, granted some kind of simple kindness. Food, possibly a place to stay, or a ride.
>They may intend to actually pay it back, but most the time it's a trivial "Thank you" under the guise of them offering you the same in the future.
>These are passed back and forth like insignificant good deeds, and no tally is actually ever kept. They just happen.
>These women will happily use you, and you will happily let them, because you enjoy being kind, and they enjoy your kindness. You're probably also friendzoned.
>Then there's the casual "It's on me next time"
>When you're good friends, or even in a relationship with a girl who genuinely enjoys your company and enjoys feeding you.
>Usually they don't enjoy feeling as if they're a burden, or they don't love the idea of being indebted to you.
>These women see you as an equal, are probably pursuing you in some form or another, may it

be friendship or otherwise.
>This carries over because it's an excuse to see one another again, a soft reminder that you'll be companions until finally you stop buying one another small things.
>Raven and i worked off this system, a ceaseless back and forth of owing one another lunch, a sweet pastry or a fizzy drink.
>Sometimes you lost count and started again, sometimes you threw out the big gifts and called them just that.
>Then there's the giver
>the "Here, i saw this and thought you'd love it" kind of owe-yous.
>Where nobody keeps track, but one of the participants just force feeds the other one gifts, food and trivial things until they feel so remorseful they feel obligated to give something big back.
>While the giving participant just waves it off as trivial itself, and makes you feel even worse.
>Glasses did this one, she practically showered all of us with food and silly things.
>Even a couple of the choicier selections from my vidya closet she wanted me to try out.
>Personally i always told her not to do it, but you know that doesn't matter with a giver
>They give anyway
>I was pretty sure it was plan #2034 for controlling me in-case things went wrong.
>Blondie wasn't any of these right now

>She just gave me the "you just took me out to a big, EXPENSIVE dinner, and i'm going to make it up to you" kind of i-o-u
>THAT kind
>Bedroom eyes not equipped though, no eyelash flutter or anything
>I realize she's probably got some silly idea in her head about something and i probably have to beat it out of her before she does something she regrets
>Start off with the
>"Yeah, you don't owe me anything" card
>The wrong one to play, it never works, i don't know why i tried
>Because she instantly went from wide eyed, to doe eyed and turned away.
>"Shut up yes i do!"
>then softer, her voice echoing how grateful she actually was
>"At the pool, you saved me from drowning and i didn't even get to thank you properly"
>if by saving you, you actually mean ruined your only swimsuit and totally got to see you topless, sure i guess.
>Im trying to drift off into memory lane with blondie's breasts but she won't let me
>Also cries out
>"And you stopped me from doing something stupid in vegas, and i would have just gone with it because i haven't had any ch... cha... cha"
>She ran out of batteries here, or confidence depending on if you think she's a human or robot assassin.
>My opinion is she's the latter
>Skipping over whatever it was she didn't have the batteries to say, and ending with
>"You saved me twice!"

>Then a defiant
>"So i owe you twice!"
>With a characteristic pout at the end, smiling fire in her cheeks.

>I smile
>A little to myself, and a little to the entire world
>Only blondie would try to repay someone saving her life with cuddling
>That silly princess in the tower, save her and she gives the knight a kiss in gratitude and that's all he gets.
>After he fights the dragon, loses his trusty comic relief companion and nearly gets shanked by a powder knight.
>Such is the chivalrous life i guess
>I pile headfirst over the seat again (the only way to get from the back back)
>I've applied a shirt to my shoulders and boxers to my waist
>I want to sleep
>Like that's just what i came back here for, it's not even properly light out yet, i've got an hour or two of napping time left, and if blondie wants to be a self-heating pillow for those hours i've got no argument anymore
>As long as she doesn't wake me up with any bullshit
>I set those rules down right away
>"Cuddling ONLY, alright? Nothing else!"
>She nods twice
>"And i've just come from fucking raven, so don't imagine you have any ch-"
>She interrupts with a "I WOULDN'T!"
>A loud shout
>Followed by silence
>Then an "Ayuugwhhh!"
>not me
>Not blondie
>we both jolt and look around in surprise
>Gadget's just made some kind of sound in her sleep, stretched out her arms and legs up in the air
>Then wrapped them up around herself and rolled over
>Guess she was facing the other way, but she was facing us now
>Da cutest
>Poor blondie gets trapped staring, i manage to wrench myself away from the adorable sleeping girl's innocent smiling face
>I ask the question everyone wants to know
>"How do you want to cuddle?"

>She looks up and stammers
>"H... how?"
>Like there's a choice

>She didn't even realize there's like a million and one ways
>I could go over them all, but practically anything involving physical contact could be cuddling
>She's just staring at me
>Confused, lost in a sea of thought or frozen with shattering fear at picking the wrong one
>I give her a minute to think
>She takes three
>My face changes from a questioning smile, to just a blank stare
>Still nothing
>Earth to blondie
>Hello
>Please respond
>... please?
>She finally winks back into existence when i start pleading with her and telling her i'm tired
>"Idon'tknowyoupick"
>All one word from her lips

>seriously though why do girls demand they want to do things and then make you pick how you do them.
>I fucking know she knows what she wants to do
>It's probably something exceptionally cute, romantic and probably a teeny-bit perverted.
>She's just trying to come up with a way to say it that won't make her melt into a puddle of red goo and slide away under a door
>Women and Sanguimancers, they're both the same i swear.
>I'm just going to use her as a pillow anyway
>So i offer her the easy choice
>"Want to sleep facing me, or away?"
>She's secretly startled
>It shows on her face
>That look of shock, eyes change shape
>But she hides it quickly
>I totally just picked whichever way she was thinking of didn't i
>She timidly pretends to give it serious thought
>quietly mumbles "towards"

>Alright, go ahead silly
>I wrestle the bottom half of the blanket away from gadget, inviting blondie into the maw
>Manage to create a comfy blanket cave for blondie to settle into, and shove her in
>I want to sleep, Get in there dammit
>She ended up halfway between gadget and myself lying on my side.
>Confused
>Lost
>Didn't know what the fuck to do
>Fledgling little whelp in my blanket cave, just hatched

>Practically terrified the poor little thing.
>I try to scootch her closer
>She scootches away
>I move closer
>She moves away
>-.-
>blonddiieee
>I whine at her
>"do you really want to cuddle or not, i can just sleep over here."
>I don't know what response i got, but it was a bunch of "No"s and a "i do" and then she scooted farther away
>I bet i smell awful, that must be why whenever i get close she tries to run.
>"I smell awful don't i? Sorry we do it another time"
>She shakes her head frantically
>"No.. you smell like..."
>Like what
>"You usually do like..."
>That's a thing you don't realize anons
>You smell like something, just like blondie always smelled like maple trees.
>I always smelled like something else. I don't know what though.
>She won't continue even when i ask
>alright
>Back to giving her simple choices
>"bad or good"
>"..."
>She pronounces the ellipses
>Ok well she doesn't but you get it
>"Good"
>Then a phone rings
>My phone
>who the fuck would even be calling me.

>I have to get up
>Untangle myself from the blanket cave
>Toss myself into the back of the car again and try to find the phone
>Fumbling
>Searching
>Careful listening later.
>I've got it
>Don't recognize the number
>Answer it
>practically 100% sure it's some telemarketer
>Or not

>Worse
>"Hey, you're that gay kid that's always hanging out with our daughter <full name here>"
>Blondie's mom
>Out of all the fucking people who could be calling me right now
>Blondie's sitting there half upright watching me with curiosity
>She's got the most confused smile on
>Half upwards half downwards
>"Y... yeah hey Mrs <Blondie's last name>"
>That smile vanishes
>Gone were the days of happiness
>Only pain remains
>Cold winter in our bones
>Suffering winds in our ears
>End of days, upon us.
>There's no way to say this politely
>I think blondie ascended to lichdom right there with how cold and soulless the car became

>Besides the sudden influx of undead energy permeating the car, Blondie's mum started asking my ear off
>"Are you on that trip with her?"
>"y... yes?"
>I see stray papers and cans in the front being picked up and crushed by the wind's oncoming power
>"Oh! thank goodness i can't seem to get to her, she's so irresponsible that silly girl she hasn't even called me for three days and she won't hear the end of it when i get to her, i promise you that!"
>i uhh
>"She didn't... call you?"
>the mother talks my ear off for another twenty seconds
>I swear its impressive
>She says NOTHING
>But uses like a billion words
>She sums it all up with
>"Oh right so is my daughter there? I need to talk to her"
>I repeat that last bit
>"Is... blondie... here?"
>Like
>Seriously my brain was still catching up
>Why was she calling me
>Why not literally ANYONE else
>I'm alerted by a strong burning smell however
>Blondie's over there across the seat throwing up signal flares
>She's got a campfire going and is sending smoke signals

>Neon signs
>Fireworks
>Frantically waving her arms with those glowstick things those guys at the airport have
>"DONT TELL HER I'M HERE"

>Hahahaha
>I know that feeling
>Bullshit mode engaged
>Owe me one more blondie, just you wait
>"Sorry miss, it's like six in the morning or something, you woke me up, we're not even together right now so i can't go get her"
>Ace
>She has nothing to complain about
>or
>"You're not TOGETHER right now? what happened? She's off with some boy isn't she, she's always trying to sneak off with boys and i have to find out and call them too, absolutely impossible to even get your number since Mrs <Raven's last name> pretended she didn't have it and then i had to go ask her husband in person and i always hate the drive over there but still i should have reminded my daughter that her period started three days ago and now she's probably off sleeping with some guy and my-god if she comes back pregnant i'm going to disown her and her father probably won't even-"
>I have to pull the phone away from my ear at this point
>Dear zeus, strike me down with a lightning bolt right now
>I won't even mind
>Send help time traveling anons
>Please

>I can't really completely ignore her though because she's seemingly learned that nobody listens to her over the years
>So every couple paragraphs she asks you a question you had to be listening to her to answer
>IT's like a god damn high school test or something on a reading assignment
>But worse
>"So what were you doing?"
>W.. what
>I wasn't listening
>She waits half a second
>Doesn't even let me think or respond
>repeats it "What were you doing yesterday as a group"
>oh
>I mumble out some bullshit about us meeting up with old friends we hadn't met in ages
>She doesn't seem to even accept it
>Or absorb it or anything
>Just goes straight back to talking

>"So either way you need to make sure you remind her that i packed her cream in the side pocket of her bag and that she has to remember to apply it twice a day or else the rash won't go away. She knows how much it bothers her and she keeps forgetting and it's like been four weeks already she needs someone to just keep reminding her and not to mention her bra; make sure it's not bothering her like it has been because she keeps saying the wire was digging in and i keep telling her she needs to get a bigger one because she's still growing or else it'll leave a mar-
>BLONDIE HELP
>YOUR PARENTS ARE JUST GIVING AWAY EMBARRASSING INFORMATION
>seriously give me a notepad your mom's about to give me your social security number
>Plus i've totally seen her daughter topless
>I don't think there were any marks, she was probably good.
>Might have to inspect closer next time though, do as her mom asks.
>But seriously
>What kind of fucking parent just blabs this shit all out to a random one of her friends

>Then i'm assaulted
>"You're really gay right?"
>wh... what
>"y... yeah?"
>was that a serious question
>I can't even think because she just blabs on
>"Oh i don't believe you, prove it"
>w... what
>How the fuck do i prove i'm gay over the phone
>She doesn't even give me a chance to react
>"I knew it, you're just pretending to be gay to go on trips with her, you're probably one of the boys that she's been trying to see, i'll just have to tell you the exact same thing and that's that her father knows some very powerful lawyers and if you even so much as touch..."
>please stop
>oh god please
>I interrupt her
>"No Mrs <Blondie's last name>, i'm gay, i like cocks"
>w...
>Wait did i even just say that
>oh god i just said that
>I just told blondies mother i like cocks
>What's god damn wrong with me
>But atleast she shut up
>Well
>paused
>longer than she had any other point in the conversation

>"Oh"
>Just one word from her
>The only single lone word i'd heard her say so far
>And then she continued
>"Oh alright, well i don't really like your kind but i guess if you're not any danger to my daughter im glad you're there on the trip to lure other me-
>I just pull the phone away from my face
>She's going to kill me with words

>I put my hand over the receiver
>"Blondie"
>Its practically a whisper
>I'm desperate
>"How do i make her stop?"
>I'm actually dying
>Brain damage
>Ear bleeding
>Dying
>Blondie isn't looking at me though
>She's done looking at me, done with her lichdom
>Just staring downwards
>Looking at her hands
>Looks like that's her prime weakness
>Her mother is her Phylactery
>She's not going to actually be any help
>):

>Alright
>I delve into my knowledge of escaping conversations i don't want to be in
>Interrupt
>"Listen, miss. I promise i'll talk to your daughter about all that stuff. As soon as she gets back alright she's just out for early breakfast."
>It's 6:00 am
>Way too early for this
>I'm bullshitting through my teeth
>Why is the mom awake at 5:00 am calling me
>She's insane
>I can't handle this
>I'm too asleep for this
>Blondie Senior tries to start back up again
>"Well just remember these las-

>"Im sorry the battery is running out"
>I hang up
>dont even let her say anything else
>Oh god what have i done
>She's going to hate me, but i can't do it
>Doesn't really help actually
>Because she just calls back
>Instantly
>Like half a second and she's redialed
>How the f-
>I memorize the number
>Never
>Ever
>Pick up
>This number
>Then i pull out the phone's battery
>Because you could still do that back in those days.
>Battery dead
>I hear sniffling though
>Definitely not the phone
>Not me
>I check back over the seat, and Blondie's missing
>Or, wait she's not, she's back under the blanket
>Cuddled up facing gadget
>Sobbing practically, into gadget's jacket

>Uh oh
>I hop over the seat
>More of a clamber, but nobody's watching
>"Hey..."
>I'm soft
>"What's wrong, why are you crying"
>She doesn't answer
>Doesn't stop sobbing either
>Just wails out a "It's fine ill go inside, i know you don't want anything to do with me"
>what
>What would even give you that kind of id~
>Oh
>Her mom
>i realize that's not the first time that's happened
>That she's been with a friend, a boy or girl that gets a call like that
>and it's just, a mess of information, overload of crazy
>I mean she was downright hostile towards me when she thought i was in any way a bad

influence on her daughter
>Threatening me with a lawyer, what the hell

>She tries to get up
>One hand grasping the blanket
>Trying desperately to avoid eye contact
>Nope
>I just use the opening to slip right into the spot she opened up and tug her down with me
>"We're cuddling remember?"
>She doesn't
>Early onset alzheimer's, it's a terrible shame
>Sorry blondie):
>But i pull her into a kind of forward hug
>Her arms crossed in front of her chest, me squeezing her into a hug where that cross presses into mine
>Pretty comfy
>Can use her as a body pillow out of 10
>She stopped crying
>I mean there were sniffles, but she seemed surprised
>Looks up at me with a worried face, the eyes say it all
>"You don't hate me?"
>or
>"She didn't tell you anything too embarrassing?"
>oh no, she did

>I mean i've just been given so much ammunition it's not even funny
>"She said you need to remember to put on your cream~"
>I mean i just say it teasingly
>But she pulls those arms back and tries her best to punch me
>Gets a hit or two off
>Doesn't really work
>I've got her hugged
>A struggle
>I forgot we had entire body contact
>She shifts her hips, her shoulders, those legs and everything else
>Brushes all the right places, ends up pressed closer
>Like a furnace i swear, she's so much warmer than me.
><3 hot body pillows
>"It wasn't even anything, i was allergic to the laundry detergent we were using at the time, and then i made her swap and she thinks i still have it because i haven't told her and i still have the cream"

>... awe
>So
>I take a shot at the bra and the underwire
>"I got a new one weeks ago, you've seen it twice"
>damn, it's probably that blue one
>The ammunition is stale
>i feel cheated

>Pound
>Pound
>She thumps me a couple times with a balled up fist
>"What else did she tell you..."
>It's a wiggly question, with a jiggly tuft and puff of air at the end.
>nope
>not falling for it
>can't let her know i have nothing left
>"Lots of things, i know your secrets, muahahahaha"
>I do really, try to evil laugh here
>It ends up this miraculously hollow thing
>Her arms lose tension, head drops
>Hair follows, just that inch or two, ducks her head under my chin
>"Alright... just don't tell anyone alright"
>Wafting smell of oak from her hair
>(We've been on a road trip for like a week already, how does she do that)
>"But now you know"
>Muffled
>Into my shoulder
>"Why nobody else picks up"
>Yeah
>Note to self
>NEVER VISIT BLONDIE'S HOUSE
>I think she falls asleep first, i'm not really sure.
>But she's soft , cute and smells like a forest, i drift right off.

>Not that it matters i go to sleep
>I wake up the same way i did earlier that morning
>Being kicked in the face
>Or... Hit
>I'm not really sure because i'm up and trying to escape the second it happens this time
>Not that i can get away
>Blondie's got her legs wrapped around me in some kind of claw grasp
>I'm being pulled in

>Probably eaten
>Little pincers eating me slowly
>She's a black widow, no wonder she didn't have a current boyfriend
>Wrapping me in web for the next feast
>Ate her mates
>I knew this was a bad idea
>Except
>If she had her feet wrapped around my back and ankle locked
>whose feet were down where my feet were
>i mean these felt like they were attached to sleeping blondie
>Who wasn't really sleeping
>Squirming really
>Struggling
>And bashing me on the chin with her shoulder as she was trying to escape

>Fuck calm down
>I can't even escape and she's trying to thrash her way free
>calm down blondie calm down damn
>She's got like two sets of arms holding me what the
>Bonk
>Right on the chin again, with her shoulder
>this one's hard
>My head pops back and i lose grip
>Not that i was holding anything
>I see the ceiling swirl overhead
>Hear my neck crack
>/dead
>It just REALLY hurt
>I yell "OW, FUCK"
>Blondie wakes up
>Stops struggling
>Opens her eyes
>Then sees me
>Properly opens her eyes wider
>Shrieks
>WHAT DID I DO NOW
>I feel her knee come up
>Right at little and littler storybro
>Can't escape
>Can't move
>What infernal demon is holding me
>TOO SOON
>You have awoken me too soon executus

>I manage to catch the killer knee in my knees
>Try to roll and escape
>I don't know why but the legs are unlocked now
>Blondie's eight legs no longer holding me in place, no more spider web
>Someone is squealing like a stuck pig
>There's some kind of tiger roaring and trying to maul someone else
>I morph ball and start to roll away to escape
>Don't get far
>Someone kicks me
>Something soft goes flying by my head
>Blondie's letting out mixtures of squeals, pips and sqeaks
>Before i know it i'm huddled all the way across the car
>Covered in blanket
>I think i have all of them
>Took them with me when i escaped
>I peek
>Gadget's right in the middle of the makeshift bed
>On all fours
>I could swear she's got her back arched
>If she had a tail and fur, it would be standing on end
>And she's hissing at a scared little pair of blue eyes hiding in the corner
>Like actually hissing
>Everything's a mess, everyone's clothes are all willy nilly
>Gadget's jacket is unzipped,
>What just happened
>I ask this
>Gadget's still in cat mode, i get a hiss in return.
>Which seems to mean
>"She tried to hurt you... again"

>Oh she's protecting me
>From what though
>Blondie i guess
>What the fuck even happened
>Blondie's over in the corner apologizing
>"Im sorry, im sorry it was a nightmare im sorry "
>What was a nightmare
>Why was i being attacked in my sleep for the SECOND time blondie
>She's genuinely surprised when i say second
>"yeah you were kicking me earlier this morning"
>This is followed by a hiss from gadget, or something exceptionally similar
>Blondie's stuck in a loop curled up in the corner with her hair a mess mumbling "i'm sorry, i'm sorry"
>Our DJ princess has her headphones halfway across the car, still playing music as she rears for another attack.
>Gadget what did you do
>Blondie what did you do
>EXPLAIN

>EXPLAIIINN
>I ask blondie first
>"Why were you hitting me"
>She just mumbles "...Water, Sorry, sorry, it was so deep, sorry, i couldn't breathe, sorry, i'm so sorry"
>Then the last bit, over and over and over
>"I couldn't breathe, i'm so sorry"
>Rocking back and forth staring at the bottom of the seat she's sitting on.

>One things for sure, gadget doesn't need to be defending me
>Blondie's practically pulling herself apart in the corner
>It sounds like she had a nightmare about drowning
>Then, found herself unable to move and struggled and beat me up in her sleep
>For like the third time
>I reach out and hook a hand into the back of gadget's pants
>It's just the only handhold i have
>Pull her back, until she collapses into a seated position
>Still baring her teeth though
>Ok
>Still though
>"Why couldn't i move through, whose legs were those"
>That question doesn't even leave my mouth when i remember what gadget was doing earlier
>Oh yeah
>She was practically climbing us before in her sleep, she was probably doing it again
>She doesn't realize it though
>Doesn't even say a peep
>It was totally her though
>I'd recognize those legs-locked around me anywhere
>Even if i didn't at the time
>"Gadget...."
>I cautiously ask
>"What were you dreaming about?"
>she turns around and smiles
>"I was climbing a jah-boo-tea-kah-bah"
>i SWEAR she made those exact sounds
>what the hell

>I guess its a tree or something
>Whatever that is i'm sure its cool and all but blondie's crying in the corner
>Not that she'll let me get to her
>Every time i try to move over to see blondie
>Gadget blocks me
>Third time she nearly tackles me backwards with a "No!"

>A defiant pout
>The red in her eyes glinting
>"She hurts you!"
>t... this is true
>But she's crying
>Gotta help hurt girls
>Its a rule
>Blondie was just sitting still now
>No more rocking
>Even from a distance it was significantly obvious she realized it was just a dream
>Sniffling stopped, apologies stopped
>She turned up and looked at us
>Me being hugged by gadget trying to keep me away from the dangerous recluse in the corner.
>One last time though
>Serious
>"I'm sorry"

>It's ok blondie
>I point out i'm used to it
>She frowns
>Not the right thing to say
>or
>She lets out a "You shouldn't be..."
>^^^
>See that anons
>told you she's trying to kill me
>She looks at gadget
>"What was that thing you said you were climbing?"
>Teeth no longer bared, gadget returns to mouthing it out
>"Ja-boo-tea-ka-ba"
>She says it phonetically and slow
>We ask her to spell it
>She can't, or doesn't know the right letters
>(its jabuticaba)
>She explains it's like a giant tree that grows really tall
>And the bark is fruit
>Grows on the trunk of the tree itself, like big pods
>Like big sweet things, i think she calls them grapes.
>Im pretty sure grapes grow on vines
>Blondie's pretty sure trees grow fruit on branches, not the trunk
>We're both pretty sure it's fake and doesn't exist
>But we nod and think it's a pretty cool idea for a fruit tree
>Should probably steal her idea and invent it

>Well blondie hates my mental ideas because she's frowning at us
>Or behind us
>Outside
>Oh fuck, i turn around
>Door opens
>Raven

>Her eyes meet mine
>No expression on her face yet, just straight
>Then her eyes leave
>Go to my shoulder
>Travel down my arm
>To where my hand is still embedded with a firm grasp into the back of gadget's pants
>Where she's also got her arms wrapped around me in a half hug
>I realize, far too late
>Snap my fingers away
>Gadget instantly stops hugging me
>Nope
>I'm doomed
>Eyes back to hers
>Hers back to mine
>Still green
>No color change
>No expression change
>Just a blank stare
>Then words
>"I forgot my phone"
>as she crawls in

>There's only one reason she would want her phone
>She's going to call her stepdad
>Leave us all and get plane tickets back
>It's going to be fucking awful
>She's miserable
>No
>NOPE
>Not letting it happen.
>The door's barely closed and she's started the crawl back towards the back seat
>Probably going to topple over it
>If she does it's over, probably escape out the back before we can stop her
>I do the only thing i can think of
>EAAGGGLLLEEEE
>I flying tackle her

>Right into the wall of the car
>Luckily coushiony and soft with padding and pillows placed there earlier
>Not like it stopped the screaming though
>"WHAT THE FUCK" and
>"GET OFF ME"
>She went down all smooth though, like those mint oreos
>I had her hands all pinned and dipped her in milk and everything
>This meant she was mine
>She growls
>"This better be good, or ill knee you in the balls"
>Please don't
>I beg
>Then inform her i absolutely will not no way in hell ever ever let her call her stepdad and leave on a flight.
>Her scowl changes
>Lightens
>But stays the same
>"Who told you that?"
>I quote glasses
>quick response
>"I told her no such thing"

Update #31: August 3rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12828392

>Her fire was back
>That' beautiful flickering green spark
>The tendrils cascading back and forth in arcs of shattering flares
>Then she shifted
>Where i had her arms pinned, right and left forearms with my own two hands, her elbows bent upwards in the shape of an end goal.
>She heaved upwards, just a inch, and hit the resistance i was throwing up to keep her still
>Fell back again
>All as someone hissed "Glasses!" out of pursed lips

>I wasn't looking, but i could tell all the same.
>higher pitched tone, blondie possibly.
>That voice continues "She... lied to get us to come out and keep you company"
>Idiot!
>don't tell her that
>It's too late
>The girl i'm holding down growls an "I knew it." into my face
>whoever just said that completely destroyed any progress we had made
>She's flexing her forearms
>Back and forth, as if she was going to lift me up and escape
>Not that she could
>But as if
>Minutes, everyone watching
>Then she surrendered
>"let me get my things"
>Nope
>I tell her nope
>Nope nope nope
>"What so you can leave, no way. We need to talk"
>She flexes again, lifts her back from touching the flat
>The two girls nodding in unison at the edges of my vision

>Arches her back, chest thrust forward.
>Raven's adorned one of her old favorites, a raggedy red t-shirt with "Venice Beach" on it.
>The hem frayed around the edges, the collar stretched and the slippery cotton so well worn it happily slides around like silk with that simple movement.
>The rest of the ensemble is jeans.
>One of my legs between hers, her left (my right) between mine.
>That knee raised apprehensively, ready to strike me where it counts at any moment.
>I'd give her that one
>Like i always say
>Love is giving someone the power to hurt you
>and trusting them not to.
>[spoiler]I should probably talk to my therapist about blondie[/spoiler]
>Not like she needed her knee anyway
>"There's nothing to talk about"
>Vehemence in her tone, Like a venomous cobra ready to strike.
>the flecks of spittle are probably intentional
>The eyes furrowed , mouth curled
>"We're not together anymore, it's over between us"
>____
>Gasps from the Peanut gallery of Blue and Hazel eyes in the background

>Not so much from me, more like incoherence
>"Wait"
>"No"
>"We just"
>"In the"
>She interrupts me before i can get any further stammering out random words that don't connect to one another
>Not that my brain was working very well
>Hers seems to be working fine though
>As if she'd been thinking about it all this time, looking for the right words for weeks.
>"It was a goodbye"

>Hold the fuck on
>Was there some kind of meeting
>some kind of memo i missed that outlined this in possibly some bold typefont
>She's legally got to give me three days warning or something for this kind of thing right?
>I mean i thought i was making progress again
>I genuinely thought it was salvageable
>From me, that only burning word.
>"Why?"
>Also with a "Fuck" at the start , so maybe two.
>Raven just shook her head
>"It's over <my first name>"
>Swish swish went the tar black locks of silken hair
>Her eyes, heartbreaking in expression, let alone the rest.
>I read it all in
>Soaked it up like a sponge and realized i knew her look
>I knew the way she was curving her frown, the way she was pulling her nose down, puffing out her cheeks and pulling in her chin
>It meant as all women have, that famous look that can't be defeated
>"I'm sorry, but we're not talking about it"
>like hell we aren't
>I tell her flat out
>"I disagree"
>Shake my head
>This isn't happening, you can't make me
>That knee we were talking about
>She raises it

>Just lightly brushes against the slack in my boxers, i can tell its there
>She knows i can feel it
>A warning to me, a reassurance to her.
>Knows she can force me off at any time.

>She's not interested in playing any games or putting up with my shit today
>And she's telling me both physically and verbally
>"Get off"
>Wait wait wait
>I plead for a question
>Not that she gives me any reaction of accepting one
>One last application for saving myself
>"What changed? Because i can explain anything i promise"
>She laughs
>It's not proper laughter, it's like a bird mocking a frog and it's clumsy attempts to fly.
>"Explain!"
>Hahahaha
>Her laughter continues

>Then stops
>Her words turn sour and hurt
>"I'm sure you'll be able to explain everything, like why you let Freckles give you a blowjob just now"
>Pretty sure Blondie let out an "Oh no you di'nt" and Gadget said "Oh my gosh!"
>Or they just let out sounds that weren't really any language in surprise
>Blondie even shrank away
>As if i'd committed some terrible sin and she'd just cuddled with the evil herself
>Yeah
>I guess that would be pretty evil
>But i'm not taking credit for things i didn't even get to enjoy
>Done with lying so much oh my god
>"Which shitfaced lying girl told you that, i turned her down"
>She perks into angry
>"It doesn't matter, why the FUCK would you even be in a situation to let her offer anywa-

>I just clap my hand over her mouth
>The "Mmmmfmfhg" and struggling seem to mean i've effectively muted this mass of not-happy girl below me.
>"Why the fuck do you think i was naked with a hard on in-front of them you idiot"
>More mmmfhs and ummfghs
>All that was getting through was the bass in her voice, and she didn't have enough to make anything clear.
>Not like i wanted to hear it
>I'm just matter-of-factly stern
>"Either way, i turned her down, and glasses too if you didn't hear that tidbit"
>I raise my voice
>"YOU were PURPOSELY being loud to wake them up, and wow i wonder which one of them you just so happened to turn on with your moaning and screaming"

>Mind you blondie and gadget are just
>Staring
>This is like a soap opera to them, they're eating it up
>Blondie's got a visible blush in her cheeks, not harsh but light
>And gadget's got a dreamy look in her eyes
>....

>Yeah, that nearly brings me out of the moment too
>Damn Gadget, what are you thinking about
>But i manage to hold it together and continue
>"So Freckles, who seems to fancy you and has probably had a crush on you for ages, demands to taste what she's been told is your fucking delicious juices or something, and i fucking banged on the door and left because it was absurd"
>This gets a reaction
>She exhales
>A soft puff of air, nearly lifts my hand off her face
>Red accompanies it in her cheeks
>She's blushing
>All i'm left staring at is one though, she turns her head to its side and looks off to the car's wall
>No more eye contact
>I've lost hand-to-mouth contact too.
>She stays like that, maybe a moment before a statement, not really a question
>A gasp almost
>"Freckles... likes me..."
>Then straight upright again
>Eyes contact mine, beams link them together
>Still a blush, but less so.
>"Well that doesn't matter, i don't need her to tell me what you've been up to"
>She's matter-of-factly now
>WHAT
>Wait WHAT
>She explains
>The wrong thing
>"Well obviously if she liked me then i can't trust anything she said about you right? It makes sense i just didn't realize it until now, but she's seemed awfully clingy recently"
>Anyway
>She adds
>"I still saw you anyway, you can't lie your way out of that one, you've been fucking these two behind my back the entire trip"
>Her head turns the other way and glares at Gadget and Blondie
>Both of them almost with hands up to faces biting nails in anticipation of the next part of the story at this point.
>They don't take it very well

>What can only be described as two ferocious lions attempt to pounce both of us
>The pounce doesn't complete exactly as planned
>They just end up right next to us both screaming things
>"No, that's NOT true!" ~Blondie
>"HE has NOT!" ~Gadget
>"You don't understand, he's been-" Blondie~
>Cut off by gadget, i didn't hear what else blondie said over.
>"You saved us, i would not ever, you are like meenahha maha!"
>I don't know what it means
>but i can guess, because she continues and calls me her brother and goes on about just trying to help.
>So raven's probably like her sister.
>Not that it helps with what she said
>I mean Raven's not having any of it
>None at all, she's furious
>Those eyes, those cheeks were pale white boiling with hatred for all of us
>"Yeah, of course you wouldn't, just like you didn't give him a Blowjob in the back of the car"
>Oh dang
>I'm about to ask how she knew
>Curiousity sake, if i'm going down with the ship
>But she expects it
>A sad defeated answer to a question i never asked
>"I saw your eyes, i know your eyes"

>Gadget doesn't miss a beat with the accusation though
>She just smiles and explains
>"Yeah, but it is alright because i told you. I told you everything he has done with m-"
>Interrupted by a howling shriek
>Not a sound i knew, not from raven.
>Until then i'd never heard her make anything even close
>Like she was screaming at the top of her lungs
>Using up all her air to tell gadget one thing
>"THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S OK!"
>Blondie does like eleven backflips and escapes out one car door, all the way around the car, rolls across the roof and ends up back inside again in the back seat shrunk into a corner; as far away from the sound as she can
>Not that i was watching her actually
>Pretty sure the popping sound was my eardrums going away
>The ringing meant i was deaf forever maybe
>Gadget just sits back on her heels though

>Blinks a couple times as if she's surprised
>"Yeah it does"

>I just preemptively put my hand back over Raven's mouth
>You know the screaming and thrashing
>I mean it was loud anyway
>I could tell she was probably angry about something
>Who knows what
>Right
>Who am i kidding):
>It was breaking my heart slowly but surely this entire thing
>The longer she screamed out obscenities into my hand the worse i felt
>Thrashing, yelling, i'm pretty sure she threatened to kill me once or twice
>Everyone's heart was breaking
>Except gadget who seemed to not understand
>She was just sitting there confused
>Eventually the thrashing stops, on raven's end at least
>Those eyes still glowing with fire up at me
>Gadget says i should kiss her
>Great idea, really.
>I'm sure that would work
>Raven agrees
>Thrashing with her upper body and screaming again, the second she hears it.

>Blondie's now squealing at us from the background
>Tears streaming down her face yelling "Stop it! Stop it!"
>I'm barely holding raven down
>Every time her body pushes upwards she slides a little forwards and i'm slowly losing my grip
>She hasn't kicked me though
>I don't know why
>But that's a good sign right?
>Gadget gets two words from me
>"Shut up"
>Looks visibly appalled i would ever tell her such a thing
>Droops her eyes instantly
>That gets raven to stop too, oddly enough.
>Maybe she thought i was talking to her
>I wait
>Ten seconds
>I count
>Every single one as i watch her eyes
>Her nostrils are flaring, her breath is steaming across my fingers
>I take my hand off

>She gasps
>Chest heaving
>Completely out of breath, she doesn't say a word
>Blondie does
>I can hear the tears in her voice, without even looking
>"G... gadget..."
>"She said... ask her, not tell her."
>I don't get it
>Gadget does though
>"I... those are not the same thing?"
>English not as a major language
>Not even once

>Not that i even knew what she was talking about
>Blondie made some kind of connection i didn't realize at the time
>Not that she got any slack for it either
>Because raven finally caught her breath and said "Yeah, and it's not like i didn't catch you making out with him at the springs blondie."
>"Or what gadget told me you did in the bedroom when i wasn't there"
>so
>Tried to kill me
>Twice
>I try to point this out
>But blondie interrupts for once
>"Yeah but you don't know what happened the first nig-"
>BLONDIE N
>"-ht, i woke up in the middle of the night and i was all itchy so i pulled off my clothes and his clothes and got into his bed wi-
>im just
>Sinking into the mud over here
>I knew it
>I knew she would blab
>That's it
>Fucking blondie
>She keeps going though
>"So he woke up and started fingering me and ru-"
>Raven was the color angry at this moment
>Like a steampot
>I could hear it whistling out of her ears
>Ready to blow

>Im not sure how blondie wasn't blushing through her storytelling
>She wasn't looking at us maybe

>Looking out the car window and still not quite sure she wasn't alone in her head
>She kept going though
>"So... he uhh... got me off and was about to... um... uhh..."
>She gets reaaally quiet
>Says something
>I can't hear it
>Gadget meeps at it because she's closer, and from that Raven assumes she knows what it is
>Probably going to explode
>"But... uhh... he"
>She firms up again
>Looks straight at raven
>I see the grappling hooks fire and eye contact lock
>"He realized i wasn't you... and he left and wouldn't touch me, he curled up with you instead"
>She blushes this time
>Bright red
>I guess she saw me staring too
>Look of abstract horror on my face
>Mouth wide open in a gape of terror at the pain i was about to be in
>"E... even when i asked him not to"

>Raven doesn't explode
>She just stares
>At me
>Just stares
>At me
>There's that moment of understanding you think you have with some people
>Where the eyes connect and you know something they're thinking
>I had them sometimes with her, not often
>But i saw the flash of sparks, i saw the colors flip back and forth as the eyes darted searching my face
>Probably still agape in horror
>I saw her visage harden
>Eyebrows droop
>Lips drop into those shapes i'm so familiar with
>"It's still your fault"
>That does it
>Gadget, our gadget
>Still sitting on her heels watching the entire thing and contemplating her mistakes with the english language
>She understood this one
>She broke into giggles
>Blanketing peals of giggles
>They echoed around the car

>Mixed in with the sounds raindrops make when hitting a tin bucket
>The white noise of sleeping within hearing distance of a waterfall
>The sound of macaws croaking to one another in the forest
>I swear she made every sound
>But i got it
>I started laughing too

>Hahahahaahahahahaha
>Out of everything
>Out of it all
>For fucking once
>I couldn't breathe i was laughing so hard
>Let go of raven and rolled over pealing giggles
>On the car floor practically dying of oxygen deprivation
>Poor raven sat up straight confused
>We were laughing at her
>she could tell
>She was defensive, demanded "Why!" and "WHAT" in increasingly louder tones
>Not that i could even respond
>Need air
>can't
>Stop
>Laughing
>Too good
>Damnit gadget it's infectious
>South american laughing sickness
>RIP storybro
>Raven's screaming at us
>Blondie's scrunched into the corner crying again
>Gadget and i are clutching our sides and rolling around like idiots
>I don't know how, but gadget manages to stop and give raven a serious answer
>"Because YOUR fault"
>She breaks back down into giggles

>Hahahaha
>Not my fault for once
>Hahahaha
>Fuck why is that so funny
>Can't stop laughing
>Raven's screaming things at us again
>Not very loudly though
>She's lost her steam, self esteem too
>From angry and defiantly taking a stand against me, to defending herself with empty shouts.

>All because we were laughing at her
>Blondie gives her the answer she was looking for though
>The "Why"
>"Because he *sniff* found out you had been cheating on him with glasses for half a year"
>That hits raven hard
>Like a sack of bricks
>I see it happen. the muscles all ripple across whatever parts of her body are visible
>Officially in panicked girl mode
>Her eyes are darting
>She's probably sweating up a storm, she's in complete denial over the entire thing
>It's just beginning to dawn on her what's gone down
>So of course
>She starts yelling
>"That's NOT TRUE, HE WAS CHEATING FIRST"
>hahahaha
>Raven
>Oh man i'm still laughing
>Too good
>Gadget gets that question for me
>"No he was not, glasses was trying to sed-uce..
>(she pronounces this as two different words)"
>"him for months and he never gave in. We could not figure out why ...until he found out"
>Raven's not screaming anymore
>She yells something and seems to try to escape

>I don't stop her
>Gadget does though
>I mean if there was such a thing as flying hair and girls, she did it.
>Tackled raven way harder than i did earlier
>No pillows this time, just floor
>Wrapped arms, legs and everything else around the fleeing girl like she was a tree
>Stuck her right in place lying down
>Couldn't even move her arms
>But gadget wasn't being mean, or anything like that
>Motherly if anything
>I just watched
>One hand free , she wiped the black hair, tears and snot off the Raven's face
>(wiped it on her own pants too, what a bro)
>Quite simply
>She tells blondie and me to get the fuck out of the car
>Looks back to raven
>They're inches apart, eye contact, could probably kiss if they wanted to.
>Just a simple couple of words

>"They leave, we talk"
>Her accent even shines through for the phrase, like she's thinking about other things than pronouncing words correctly.
>Barely understood her
>But i know raven did.
>Dragging blondie with me, still chuckling to myself
>Have fun gadget, good luck
>Happy fucking birthday bitch

>Arm in arm
>Blondie and i end up back at the door of the room
>I don't even think she realized we were walking
>Or that she was practically naked and didn't have pants on
>Not that it mattered, nobody was around. But it showed how distracted she was by what just happened
>She was too busy polishing her tommy gun
>Pulled out two tubes, cigars, popped one in her mouth
>Offered one to me, which i pursed in my lips with a grin.
>Some matchbook, "antonios" or something was the restaurant name, struck up a match.
>Ruined the first one
>[spoiler]doesn't everyone[/spoiler]
>got the second to light.
>Cupped my cigar and her own against the wind and lit them both together
>We both took deep long draws
>Puffed away a couple times
>I made sure the drum magazine was in tight
>Then we burst down the door like bonnie and clyde
>Mowed down the room with a full drum each
>100+ Rounds
>The walls, the floor, the beds, and most of all the girls.
>Feathers flying, dust from the drywall, sparks from the lamps.
>No survivors
>Beautiful blood splatters on the back wall though
>Dexter would be proud
>Linked arms, Cigar ashes falling to the floor.
>What a road trip, right?

>That's kinda like what happened
>Except we burst down the door
>Lack of bullets or cigars, we're forced to deal with the lying bitches by hand
>It's the same thing on both of our minds
>Freckles

>She started it
>She would pay
>The first thing we see is a surprised set of glasses
>She's just sitting on the bed trying to watch TV
>Then we hear the shower running
>Haha
>Like we care
>Blondie barges across the room first
>I might hesitate
>Just the littlest bit
>But she gets to the door, and practically kicks it down
>Not that it was locked or anything
>But it looked pretty badass
>She wasn't wearing anything but panties, so i got to watch.
>See her leg pull up, muscles flex, butt contract
>Then a BANG
>And a yell

>Then blondie's inside, and more banging and i'm right behind her
>She's got a half-undressed Freckles (Bra and panties) jammed up against the wall by her throat
>Not that freckles had any clue what it was about
>The look on her face was priceless confusion, but blondie yelled anyway
>"YOU MADE THEM ALL FIGHT, YOU JERK!"
>poor freckles is trying to stammer out something past the blocked throat, but blondie won't let her
>Shaking the redhead back and forth with a strength i didn't even know our assassin had.
>"DON'T MAKE MY FRIENDS FIGHT, I HATE IT WHEN THEY FIGHT"
>Although i intervene to stop her from doing more or less exactly what she was yelling about
>Also freckles might have been turning purple
>she sure looked relieved when blondie let go of her throat, and rubbed it appreciatively when i pulled blondie away.
>"Y... made them fight... how"
>It's more of a cough and less words
>Blondie takes it as a chance to fling herself at freckles again though
>I can barely hold her, she's swinging fists and everything
>screaming
>"YOU TOLD RAVEN HE WAS CHEATING ON HER AND YOU GAVE HIM A BLOWJOB YOU'RE SUCH A BITCH"
>Restrain is a loose word, but with a leg and two arms i manage to hold her back enough that she can't run forward
>Freckles manages to squeal
>"I didn't tell her anything it was glasses she was talking to, i wasn't in the bathroom with them"

>Blondie and i meet eyes
>Blue to Blue
>MURDER TO MURDER
>GLASSES
>YOU JUST MOVED YOURSELF FURTHER UP THE KILL LADDER

>Blondie runs outside the bathroom before i do
>Then screams
>"SHE'S GONE!"
>I peek out
>The door's open
>Glasses nowhere to be found
>....
>She ran when she heard what we were yelling about in the bathroom
>Lol
>I turn around and meet freckles eye to eye
>She's just
>Confused
>Then my eyes start to wander
>I snap out of it and try to escape
>Blondie's in the way
>Glaring at me
>"YOU"
>and she glares at Freckles
>"AND YOU"
>"You both STINK, TAKE A SHOWER"
>Which is followed by her slamming the door
>Not that it needed to be slammed or anything
>I just kind of
>Pivot
>Do a little spin and stare at freckles again
>h... hi
>She frowns at me
>"Did she really say i gave you a blowjob? I was just going to use my hand"
>...
>"What! don't give me that look, you said she was sweet as candy!"
>...
>"But uhh...
>She trails off
>And lifts her foot off the ground
>Drags the toes backwards, leaving them on tip
>"You know blondie's pretty hot when she's angry..."
>Trails off again

>Im just
>Staring
>"You think you could get her angry at me again? For real this time maybe?"
>...
>I'm just staring

>turn away
>Cup my hands to my mouth
>"Blondie! Freckles admitted she actually lied to raven"
>Not that i needed to say that
>I could probably say anything at this point
>Not that it matters
>I wait
>Two seconds
>Three
>BANG
>Hair in flaming blonde blazes sticking every which way
>Eyes afire with sapphire flames
>Devil's electricity arcing from every patch of skin
>Blondie was positively radiant
>With skin searing heat
>She didn't even move
>Just teleported across the room
>Hand again at Freckles' neck
>Pinning her against the wall
>I just turn around and leave, exit the bathroom
>Turn around for one last look
>Freckles is flailing around, trying to gasp out "Blondie stop!"
>I catch her eye and wink at her
>She doesn't wink back
>Those eyes are pleading for help
>*shrug*
>I leave the bathroom
>Better her than me, gives me time to escape.
>Poor freckles, we hardly knew her.
>I grab raven's bag and steal her sweatpants
>Put those damn things on
>Then grab my shoes and just leave
>Just walk
>I need a walk

>So i walk

>Ignore the car, ignore the room
>Don't even watch where i'm going, just look down at my feet and walk
>Count the cracks in the sidewalk
>Miss a few, Break my mothers, her mother's mother, and her grandmother's mother's backs
>Not that it matters
>One block or two
>Not that it matters
>I'm not sure what to think about everything
>In fact, i don't think
>I just walk
>Until i smell something delicious wafting out of a building.
>Frying meats
>I look up, it's some kind of sandwich place
>Smells amazing
>I'm really hungry actually
>Plus i mean frying meats smell amazing
>I duck inside
>Now if you've never been to an american fried sandwich place, you know
>It's Amazing
>There's entire platters of meats, eggs, cheeses toast and drinks you can order for breakfast
>There's entire plates of everything else you can order for lunch
>And sandwiches
>Oh man the sandwiches
>This one seemed to specialize in Philly cheesesteaks
>Which smelled fantastic
>[/spoiler]It's like, thin cut steak+cheese served hot, oh man its so good[/spoiler]
>No joke, im going to order something, this is exactly what i want
>Food
>I pop out my wallet
>It's not my wallet
>That stupid wallet blondie stole
>God damnit blondie
>Oh... wait but it has all these 20$s in it.
>...
>Sandwiches for everybody!

>Im not sure what to order so i just order what looks good
>As is the rule when you have lots of money
>Three philly cheesesteaks
>Two italian style sandwiches with everything
>Lastly two of these crazy concoctions that had deep fried chicken, barbeque sauce and deep fried cheese sticks.

>Muh freedoms in food form.
>The guy behind the counter assures me they're really really really good
>I joke with him for a bit about how nothing that deep fried can be bad
>He laughs and rings me up, hands off a receipt for takeout and goes to deal with some of the sit-in customers.
>Pretty cool guy, would buy sandwiches from in the future
>IF i was ever in fuck all texas again
>Seriously nothing good happened here
>Flips and Sneaks probably cried themselves to sleep last night
>Poor bastards
>I'm about to comment in my head that freckles is taking it well
>Except
>I realize she's been flirting nonstop with everyone except me for the past 12 hours.
>So maybe she's just taking it REALLY badly
>The manager's arguing with someone over behind me though
>I bar it out and try to imagine the conversation gadget's having
>Which i can't
>Then i start wondering if freckles is unconscious who's going to eat her sandwich
>That good old alone-me-time
>When you can look off at the window and not think about problems and only mental entertainment for a while
>I needed that.
>Promised myself i wouldn't think about any of the other girls
>Just happy alone time waiting for delicious fried mouthwatering meats
>The yelling behind me interrupted that
>God damnit
>Some poor sod ordered a coffee and was trying to get off without paying because they forget money or something
>I turn around
>Brown hair
>Of course
>Can't see her face
>But OF FUCKING COURSE

>And being the stuck up elitist she always was, she didn't even order normal coffee
>No she ordered some latte thing, which is why the guy was so angry
>Drank half of it before she realized she left the room without her purse
>Not that she even really liked anything but the sweet coffees anyway
>Seemed she'd just ordered something to waste time while she was gone.
>Either way the manager was heckling her for 3.50 and it was pretty entertaining
>I mean i was ready to sit here all day
>She kept insisting she would be right back with money, but the manager must have had people ditch before because he was giving her absolute hell

>Threatening to call the police, telling her she should be ashamed trying to scam a family run business, all kinds of those things angry managers end up saying.
>I was with him until he said police
>Im pretty sure he wouldn't over such a small charge, but i wasn't interested in any more police
>I flagged his attention down and told him i would pay
>Pay the charge for the loch ness monster's last coffee
>Well if i didn't kill her, blondie would
>She turns around when she hears someone else offering to pay
>Surprise really
>Turned horror
>I mean mouth open fear
>I put on a grin
>Shit eating, of course
>Hi carmen sandiego
>Found you!

>The manager glowers at me
>Who knows why
>I have money
>I offered to pay
>I hand him four dollars from the change he gave me back as i'm standing up, and i scoot over to sit across the booth from glasses
>Put on a grin
>Just that
>And i don't say anything
>Just match my eyes to hers, and wait.
>It's a beautiful thing
>sitting across from someone who's genuinely scared of you
>Past that initial look of horror she doesn't make any expression with her face
>Maybe a muscle twitch at the edge of her lips, but nothing more
>Just stares back
>But those eyes
>My my, those beautiful amber eyes
>They were terrified
>I just smile back
>Because my eyes were gloating
>My lips too, man my smile must have been great
>I inform her of the current situation
>"I got six sandwiches"
>Yeah
>True facts
>"You can't have any"

>Also true facts
>Those amber globes flit downwards for a moment sadly
>Then back up
>Yeah
>We sit there for a while, just like that
>An invisible war of smiles and eyes
>Have to wait for the food after all
>Her stomach grumbles
>Twice
>(:

>We sit like that, and she doesn't even finish her coffee
>Can't stomach it with me there, maybe it wasn't sweet enough.
>A couple more minutes and the guy calls my number
>I turn my grin back on and stare at glasses again
>Pick up her cup and down the rest of the latte in one gulp.
>Searing hot
>Worth it, i figure through the tears.
>She doesn't react
>Might as well not waste it though, i paid for it.
>Order's ready, big paper bag full of sandwiches
>Steaming hot
>Footlong each, sliced into two pieces.
>Seriously i can see the heat coming off the fried chicken, cheese and steaming steak slices
>Fucking amazing man
>So warm, so fresh, all that yummy meat and fat
>Just the smell was filling me up it was that good.
>So i thanked the guy and motioned for glasses to get up, which she promptly did
>Handed her the bag
>Not that it was heavy or anything
>Nope, it was punishment
>Chock full of sandwiches, the top open and venting delicious mouthwatering steam.
>Which
>I told her she wouldn't get any of
>Yeah
>I'm evil
>I don't talk to her the entire way back
>She just silently follows
>The crinkle of the bag with every other step
>No real expression on her face

>When we reach the parking lot of the place we're staying, i take the bag away
>Instruct glasses to inform the other girls i brought back breakfast, and i'll go to the car and get

the other two
>she says the first words she's spoken to me
>"Listen i was just trying to hel..."
>She drones off
>I'm just glaring at her and pointing towards the room with one finger
>No arguing, don't care
>You're not getting one, scram
>I watch the glint as she hangs her head and trudges off
>Enjoy the smoky steamy delicious smell that is the sandwiches again for a moment.
>Ten more seconds and i bang on the door of the SUV
>Figure 'im going to find Raven and gadget making out or something
>Pull the door open
>....
>Raven's just lying there in the middle of the mess of blankets staring upwards
>Thinking about ceiling things, as we all do sometimes.
>shirt askew, but it looks like she's just been tossing and turning trying to sleep
>no formal introduction or anything, i just inform her "I've got breakfast,come to the room"
>she mumbles some kind of response and i close the door and leave her
>On my way back to the room i see from a distance the door is closed and gadget's sitting over to the left of it
>Not sure if the sandwiches are like, melting the bag or something
>But i smell burning
>Absolutely awful smell as i get closer
>Arcid, heavy, like
>Like...
>I come closer, and i can't find the source
>It's not the room
>It's not...
>"GADGET"
>I yell at her but she doesn't hear me
>Music on, head bobbing
>I come closer and yell again
>"GADGET!"
>She notices this time, pulls one of her hands up to her hood and pulls it down, pulls out one of her earbuds and responds "What?"
>I'm paying attention to the lit cigarette in her hand.

>Not many things get to me
>Not in the same kind of way as you would expect, not like that
>I drop the bag of sandwiches fuck em
>Within two paces i've yanked Gadget's arm upwards
>Within two counts she's knocked me down, struggling
>Grasping firmly at the still lit tobacco in her hand

>Exclaiming things like "Stop!" and "What!" and "Why are you!"
>Whatever i do i can't seem to get at it, tackling and tumbling with one another across the concrete in front of the room.
>Best guess is she's played this game before
>The fight with people who want to take things away from you game, and she was better at it than i was
>Doesn't really matter though
>Strength wins out, and i pin one elbow against the other and snatch the top half out of her hand, ripping it and burning myself in the process.
>Don't care
>Toss it
>Flits about two feet then flutters down to the asphalt of the lot, still lit, burning orange.
>She mumbles about having more
>I tell her i'll take those too
>She kicks at me and calls me some kind of name
>Something i don't remember the sound of, but she told me later the meaning
>"Betrayer"
>She bares her claws and comes at me

>I don't think she truly meant it
>But we scuffled across the asphalt fighting one another for thirty or so seconds before a foot interjects and shoves us apart.
>Raven's foot, fresh from the car, still a tangled mess of hair and clothes. But she obviously saw us fighting and came running
>Her question of "What the fuck" is appropriate
>Those snake eyes slits and focused intently on me, as if i was the culprit
>Well i was, but i made it clear
>"She... was smoking"
>Raven's glare softens and changes to focus on gadget
>With an "oh"
>I grab the squirming girl trying to escape and hold her down, while Raven rummages through her jacket pockets and finds the carton.
>And that stupid bag of coke, which she takes too.
>Gadget struggling the entire time, i had to wrap my arms and squeeze to keep her from escaping or kicking raven.
>She smelled like smoke, her clothes, her hair, everything
>Yuck
>Absolutely disgusting
>I bet if i kissed her she would taste awful too, smokers are the worst
>Still struggling, we got excuse after excuse
>"No! Do not" and "They were free, i found them!" and "Please, i like them!"
>I roll her over
>She's obviously angry with me, glaring at me with all the colors of the rainbow, possibly more.

>"Why!"
>That one question, and so much hurt
>Raven answers, touch of sadness in our voices.
>"Glasses is allergic, it makes me and storybro sick, and...blondie's older sister died of lung cancer"
>):
>Yeah
>Our group and cigarettes, we don't get along very well.
>Gadget tries to make some kind of excuse for it
>I just interrupt her and demand she takes a shower and changes else nobody will want to sit next to her
>That gets through
>Hangs her head
>"Sorry, i did not know"
>Raven leaves to go get gadget some clothes, doesn't say a word to me
>I pick up the sandwiches (which survived the ordeal perfectly fine, don't worry) and head into the room.
>Gadget tails, no longer her cheerful self.

>We all group up
>Raven comes by with clothes and tries to hand them to gadget
>I get between the two and take them myself
>Carry both the bag of sandwiches and the clothes into the bathroom, getting odd looks from gadget and raven both.
>I place them on the counter in the bathroom, and right beside it i place two of the sandwiches i grab from the bag
>Leaving the bathroom i close the door, most the way but not all the way, and turn to where everyone was starting to sit
>Circly-ish
>Some on the ground, some on beds
>I sit down next to Blondie and start unpacking the bag, asking each girl individually which flavor they want.
>I get that crazy deep fried one
>Gadget takes cheesesteak
>Blondie takes Fried deliciousness
>Freckles gets italian
>Raven gets cheesesteak
>I don't ask glasses what she wants
>I just leave the bag in the middle
>Everyone kind of realizes
>Nobody says anything, but everyone realizes

>I start off the trading, swapping half of my sandwich for half of Gadget's (because she wanted

to try mine)
>Everyone swaps more or less, gets bits of everything
>Eyes flitting
>Trying to avoid the elephant in the room
>The girl with no sandwich, staring down at her knees
>Everyone's stomach rumbling and ready to dig in
>Blondie is the first one to try
>She's got a heart after all
>That hand flitting over a half of the sandwich, looking up and down at glasses.
>But I see it from a mile away, and interrupt her with a "Sure blondie would you like to trade?"
>Not that she had anything i wanted, but my eyes and the cold stare i gave her was all she needed traded
>She stopped
>Everyone dug in
>It was amazing
>Delicious
>Fried chicken and cheese AND BARBEQUE SAUCE
>yesyesyesyes
>Sandwich heaven
>Halfway through one of my slices i see glasses sit up straighter and lean forward
>Looking into the bag i'd placed carefully in the middle of the circle
>Still puffed up and everything, to look like there was food in it still
>the look on her face told me everything i needed to know
>The hope that everyone was just leaving you out, and they didn't hate you enough not to feed you.
>That died

>She collapsed back onto her haunches
>Returned to looking at the ground, her knees, sadly
>Raven was the next to have a heart, i saw her staring at glasses
>Then back to her sandwich
>Her i manage to catch the eyes of and shake my head
>Freckles was just greedily wolfing down the thing
>Blondie was looking uncomfortable and picking at her food, Gadget too.
>I give it until everyone's finished half, atleast
>Freckles was almost done with hers, i was halfway through my second slice
>Glasses' stomach grumbled for the fourth time, and she announced "I'm going to the car"
>Tightened her haunches and started to stand
>I gave her a command
>"SIT"
>Freckles looked up at me with a questioning look
>As if asking "Me?"
>Glasses froze up and lost her muscle cohesion

>Sunk to her knees again
>Her voice worked though
>She growled
>"What, you want to tease me with food more, go the fuck ahead"
>I take another bite of my sandwich
>Make appropriate lip smacking sounds
>Everyone looking at me
>Judging me
>Probably thinking i'm a giant asshole

>Even freckles is starting to feel bad, staring at her food
>Mouthful of steak and cheese, i ask "Did you learn your lesson yet?"
>A "I don't know what my lesson is" in return
>Freckles ho-hums a very nonchalant "They probably want you to stop telling people i'm straight and offering free blowjobs now"
>This is through a mouthful of sandwich
>lol
>She's right though
>Glasses responds with just an "Oh"
>Crestfallen eyes, head turned downwards
>Then straight up
>Stares me down
>"Well, i don't care. IT worked didn't it"
>And she plops over backwards
>.....
>blondie goes ....
>Gadget goes ....
>Raven goes ....
>Freckles chews food and ignores us.
>Trying to punish glasses
>Not even once
>I'm done being mean, i tell her to fuck off to the bathroom so we can discuss what we're going to do with her.
>She does, avoiding eye contact the entire while
>I leave her there for a minute or two
>We don't talk
>Nothing to discuss really
>Well, freckles calls me an asshole
>Blondie calls me a "Meanie"
>and gadget frowns at her food.
>Eventually i tell the girl in the bathroom to come back, and bring the sandwiches with her

>Of course she saw them
>She comes back holding the two packages, no longer a depressed frowning pair of lenses, but a straighter face.
>Hope, returned
>Not that i'd said she could have one yet.
>But she knows one is for her, and i tell her to pick.
>She tries not to express any emotion
>Betray how relieved she is
>I see it though
>A slight smile
>and she words out "Thank you"
>Finishes hers before blondie does.

>we all kinda finish at different times
>Crumple up the papers and toss them in the paper bag
>[spoiler]Totally the other reason i left it like that, why else?[/spoiler]
>Our feast for sandwich queens, a quiet couple minutes of unison as everyone dug in once again.
>Refreshed by the knowledge that indeed glasses was getting fed, i was just dicking with her because she deserved it.
>It's not like they disagreed
>They just felt bad
>Plus i could have called it revenge, somewhat
>Knowing the pain of missing that last bite
>Watching others finish while you cannot.
>Shame i was too kind
>Didn't force her to suffer the same as i had.
>Too kind, for no soul should ever suffer that torment
>Of losing a sandwich.
>Also we totally had extras and no cokes in open containers, i'd learned from my mistakes.
>Freckles, myself, raven and gadget gobbled down an extra fourth of the last one.
>we sure felt fat, tummies bulging
>Yummy food
>Gadget jumps to her feet and announces showertime
>Freckles jumps to her feet too and says she could use a shower since someone INTERRUPTED hers

>She glares at blondie for that and scratches at her own neck
>Gadget kind of stands up straight
>Then bends over and grabs blondie's arm and tugs her up and away from the circle
>"Sorry! No room, shower taken!"
>She shouts as they vanish into the bathroom

>Door closing behind them
>I break down giggling at freckles
>But stop
>Instantly
>She's just got a sad look on her face again
>probably remembered sneakers.
>brainstorming for ideas to distract her
>ooh!
>I know
>"FRECKLES!" she jolts
>"You're still my slave right?"
>She glares at me, and then nods with a "... i guess"
>"Alright, clean up this mess, slave."
>she growls at me
>Those green eyes like a cat ready to pounce
>And strangle you to death
>But
>You know
>Atleast she wasn't thinking about lost love anymore
>Good deed accomplished for the day, i smack my hands together and get instantly pulled away by raven
>"We need to talk"
>... didn't we already do this today

>I get pulled away as i hear the sound of crinkling paper in the background
>Angry crinkling paper
>lol
>Outside the room, raven tugs me around a corner too
>Away from everyone i guess, where we won't be stumbled upon
>ALRIGHT GIRL
>LAY IT ON ME
>LETS GET SOME HEALING GOING, LET'S KISS AND MAKE UP
>She digs into her pockets and pulls out the Cigarettes
>And the bag of coke
>"What do we do with these?"
>....
>not what i was expecting
>Well toss the cigs fuck man
>She echoes "I know i know, but what about this"
>Waves the bag around
>...
>I point out i tried to flush the damn thing already and somehow gadget got it back TWICE now,

so she's either making more or it's bad luck and needs to go away forever.
>She notes that it was kinda fun
>Yeah
>for her
>REMEMBER
>it technically KILLED US

>She rubs her arms, "Yeah.. i know, nevermind"
>Agrees to flush it and looks down at the ground
>Then she tries to walk away
>I grab her, but... lightly
>I'm not going to force her to stay
>But i have that one question
>That one stupid question she hasn't answered yet
>"Why did you start with Glasses?"
>She doesn't look up
>Still stares down
>I reach out and touch her chin
>Pull it up, lightly force eye contact
>Realize why she wasn't looking at me
>Tears
>Then a crying shout
>"Because she got DUMPED and i was trying to be nice"
>I'm not holding her, so she runs off
>Streaming small droplets behind her
>As that long black hair waves and flicks around the corner, vanishing from sight.
>Well
>The wrong way, room's the other way.
>*sigh*

>Guess it's technically my job to follow her
>Not that i get very far
>I turn the corner and realize the inside area is all hallways
>It's a nice smooth floor, tiles i guess, some kind of light stone.
>Neat orange stucco walls
>Splits into three directions at the end, and those all split off in three
>The entire place was like a giant 2 story Hotel, there were rooms all over the place,
>Pretty cool, but impossible to navigate.
>...
>So what
>Standing at the crossroads i feel like guessing is going to get me lost and she could be anywhere

>Look around
>Well fuck
>It's just a guess, eeny
>Meeny
>Miny
>I roll a 20 on my perception check
>Seriously i see a little tiny dark spot on the floor down one of the directions as i'm turning circles trying to decide where to go.
>I inspect it
>Pretty sure its a teardrop
>seriously
>Like
>that's a thing you can do
>Storybro, master tracker
>This girl was leaking
>Not that there's that many of them
>I count three tears in total.
>One at the first crosswalk, and two more at the next one and the middle of the hallway that way.

>The third crossway i couldn't find anything so i just guessed
>But i was pretty sure she didn't loop around, so it wasn't a hard guess
>The halls kind of open up into a courtyard, full of grass, trees, shrubs and various other things.
>Found A black haired girl slumped over staring at the grass on one of the benches
>Reached out
>touched her arm
>she jumped
>Didn't ask me how i found her, or anything like that. I mean i just walked in at a kind of brisk pace.
>Magic raven sensing abilities
>Just sat still after peeking through the mess of hair she had draped over her face.
>So i'm about to ask the second question
>when she blurts out
>"Remember december, when we had our first big fight?"
>...
>Kinda
>I remember she wouldn't talk to me for three days, and then came back cheery as ever right before christmas.
>"Well that's when it happened, when we weren't talking!"
>Before i can stop her she stands up and runs again
>....
>This is like some horribly programmed retrieval quest.
>This game is shit.

>Difficulty too hard.

>I can't find her this time
>Im not sure she's left any tears, blood or other bodily fluids as clues
>All guesses
>End up walking around in circles through identical orange hallways for days
>Years even
>YOU ENCOUNTER A HALLWAY
>WALK HALLWAY
>You travel down the hallway, after about thirty feet you encounter a three way split in the passage. North, East and West
>INSPECT NORTH
>The north passage seems slightly smaller than the others, other than this, you can't discern any identifying features besides a giant letter "U" on the wall.
>INSPECT WEST
>The west hallway seems to be larger, it's mirrored on both sides with identical rows of doors. This one is marked with the letter "R"
>INSPECT EAST
>The East hallway is darker than the others, it seems lights haven't been replaced here in quite some time. However you hear the quiet howling of wind signifying an outside, an escape. This hallway is marked by a "G"
>INSPECT SOUTH
>This is the hallway you just traveled down, it's unremarkable in every way except for the corpse of a dinosaur (which you've already looted) and the letter "E" on the wall.
>I'm so lost i need to ask Anons for help
>Time traveling anons, which way do i go?

>Storybro Walks North
>The North Hallway slowly shrinks in size as i continue along it, however after a sharp Right Angle turn i am now walking east and it opens up slightly again, and ends at another Crossroad. This time with two directions, East and South
>INSPECT SOUTH
>From the South hallway you hear the slightest amount of whimpering, but as was the same with the previous hallway the lights seem in bad repair and are flickering on and off. This hallway is marked with a large "H"
>INSPECT EAST

>Straight ahead of you is a simple forward hallway, it seems no different than the one storybro took to get here, and seems safe enough. The hallway is marked with an "E" and the end seems to take a sharp turn south.
>Which path do you travel, time traveling anons?

Anonymous 08/04/14(Mon)06:18:46 No.12834770 ☰ >>12834780

>>12834756 (You)

Fuck light puzzles, we need to go East, it's safe there.

Anonymous 08/04/14(Mon)06:20:18 No.12834780 ☰

>>12834770
Walk east?

>Storybro Walks East
>As is the case with the previous hallway, it's a nondescript length of space that abruptly turns right, and ends up traveling South
>Once more storybro reaches a crossroad, the available directions are SOUTH, and WEST
>INSPECT SOUTH
>South looks unremarkable, except for the large "L" on the wall
>INSPECT WEST
>This hallway is completely dark, only lit at the end by what seems to be flickering shadows. The letter on the wall reads "P" and it seems as if not even the maintenance has been down this way for a long time.
>Which path do you travel time traveling anons?

Anonymous 08/04/14(Mon)06:24:18 No.12834809 ☰ >>12834821

>>12834805 (You)
West
1000x west

Anonymous 08/04/14(Mon)06:30:02 No.12834857 ☰

>>12834805 (You)
>>12834809

We must go west

>STORYBRO WALKS WEST
>Whatever path i seem to take i always end up back at this set of hallways with flickering lights
>Not that i'm scared or anything, but i have no clue where i am in this building and i'd rather like not getting lost in a dark hallway
>Still, it seems to be where i hear sniffling and crying coming from, so i guess it must be the right direction
>I walk down the darker of the hallways i've encountered, it's not anything special besides the lack of a bunch of lightbulbs and a flickering one at the end.
>Not that i can figure out where it goes, because it seems to just get darker and end.
>About halfway down the hallway, i hear a click
>And something behind me goes out
>Like a whole row of fluorescent lights just stops working
>...
>Not even funny, i have a feeling its raven fucking with me somewhere
>Then another set turns off
>I mean i think it did
>Because i heard that click and ran down the hallway like a fucking bullet
>Completely lost where i was going and end up at the end
>It's a dead end
>The light flickers off
>And Storybro was eaten by a Grue
>Well, and then i realize i can still hear sniffling from somewhere, so i feel around and find some door
>It's really dark in here, must be a lightswitch
>Takes, six, seven seconds of fumbling and i find it, flick it on
>The entire hallway just pops back to life
>No flickering, nothing
>Plus the room i'm in
>It's for laundry and raven's sitting in a chair in the corner by the door.
>Sniffling still yeah, but she sees me and grins
>I must have a spooked look on my face because she gives me a "Serves you right didn't it" look
>and mumbles something about having accidentally found the laundry room.
>Always the most terrifying part of a hotel isn't it

>I've left her alone long enough that it's just sniffles
>IT was hell finding her, and i wasn't going down this hallway because it was flickering
>So of course
>SHE was doing that wasn't she, to fuck with me.
>No wonder she's grinning.
>Well was

>It was a short lived grin, she had her fun and was back to feeling guilty
>I note there's a map on the wall
>"YOU ARE HERE" marked in big bold lettering
>Which seems to be pointing to the main office that we're not even in.
>So the idiots at hotel management just had the same map printed up multiple times and didn't even read them.
>....
>That's got to mean something
>Of course it also says "Laundry" so i figure we're there.
>Observe it, plot a course back home and note out-loud that we need to do laundry anyway, so this is a good thing.
>This time i know better though
>I tower over the sitting girl
>Grasp her hand
>FIRMLY
>"Tell me the rest"
>She can't run this time
>I tug her to her feet, and demand answers
>"...We weren't talking, and i always go to you to talk, so i didn't know what to do"
>"I ended up at glasses house, who wasn't much better off, she was just dumped by <Insignificant boy name here>"
>...
>Lord i don't care why it happened
>MY question is simpler
>"Why didn't you just TELL me"
>she jumps, startled at the question almost
>Like it never came to mind
>Or it did and she was afraid of it
>She mumbles again
>Nothing i can discern, so i tug her arm harder and ask her to repeat it
>"... promise you won't be mad...?"
>implying i'm not already mad
>Implying i'm not already looking for cliffs to shove you over into volcanoes
>I swear raven, next volcano we find
>You're going in
>But until then
>"Tell me."
>... she mumbles again
>I yank her arm
>She yells instead
>Echoing through the hallway
>"YOU SAID YOU WEREN'T ATTRACTED TO LESBIANS"
>...

>Entire hotel knows now
>MY SECRET IS OUT
>... but wait
>I don't think this is actually true, Freckles can be pretty hot sometimes
>When did i say this anyway
>I don't even remember
>I can't remember the context, or setting, or what i was saying it about
>Remember anons
>Girls are like a court of law
>Anything you say, can, or will be used against you.
>Eventually.

Update #32 : August 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12877730

>So wait let me get this straight
>Just so my head works out all the kinks
>We fought, Raven and I
>She ends up depressed, we end up not talking. Stupidly placing herself at our mutual best friend's house
>Who has probably fancied her for ages (we all remember the sleepover)
>Glasses, having just been dumped for Christmas needed cheering up, and my Childhood friend/Girlfriend, missing the ability to complain to me she was so used to for more than half of her life. Used her as an emotional pillow instead.
>Which lead to a physical pillow -.-
>One of them making the initial move, changing it from
>comfort to "Comfort"
>Don't imagine this is all internal monologue, i'm saying this.
>Dragging the trudging girl along with one hand
>Head hung, Hair covering her face, staring at the ground, a pallor cast upon her figure, sag in her steps and shoulders, deepening, every sentence.
>Her heels started clicking against the tiles as i continued
>"So then my girlfriend, now cheating with me in a situation that she probably could completely alleviate by telling me about"
>"Decides that somewhere down the line i said i hated lesbians, was terrified that somehow i was going to hate her for what she did, and swore glasses into secrecy"
>Those heels aren't just clicking
>Dragging now

>Long scrapes, feet barely leaving the ground anymore
>She adds in, clarifies really
>Guilt talking, blame adding upon herself
>"G... glasses was just going to tell you right afterwards, she said it would be fine and she would just make it all work out."
>....
>I just stare at her
>...
>"You know she was right... right?"
>She stops
>No more walking at all, a dead weight to my arm
>Gives me a cry, something serious, something a secret.
>Something she doesn't want to talk about, doesn't want to remember, but is always at the back of her mind.
>"I don't trust her."
>Not that i'm blown off my feet or anything
>I am
>Both feet, sheared cleanly off
>She continues, two words
>"With you"

>Now we're just both standing there
>I think my feet stopped moving on their own
>That kind of thing happens when it's not very hot.
>She wasn't looking at me, she wasn't moving
>But i could tell she was serious, i mean in as insane of a way as that could be
>She didn't trust glasses
>Which is a shock, especially to me.
>I mean you would think i didn't trust glasses right, this trip she'd just fucked everything up more than helped
>Or... she hadn't
>That's the problem, no matter how badly it looked like her plans were going, i couldn't help but imagine she had my best interests at heart
>And as chaotic as what she was doing was, she was still my friend
>Maybe
>My current assessment of Glasses' insane actions was that she was alternating between bringing us closer together (Scaring us into thinking raven was leaving) and pushing us apart.
>Seemingly setting herself up as the enemy for us both to rally against when we realize she's fucking everything up
>And maybe hopefully the idea was to-
>who am i kidding

>I wasn't on the same mortal plane as our mastermind, fuck if i knew
>Raven did though
>She didn't trust her, and it was something i hadn't really thought about.
>Something amazingly simple
>Something that as a male i just took for granted, as if it wasn't a big deal
>Well
>It was
>Raven's crying again
>Two sad words
>"She knew"
>Not that i knew what that meant
>I needed more than that
>Not that i liked the clarification when she finally blurted it out
>"She knew i liked you, from before the sleepover"
>Oh...

>You see, that's the kind of thing you don't want to hear
>I heard those words and knew almost instantly that i had completely overlooked something
>An entire invisible war being fought in the background, emotions, feelings, conceptions between one another.
>That's just the tip of the iceberg feel
>In my bent over state with disbelief, Raven drops my pants, bends me over and puts the real tip in
>Her voice turning sour, sarcastic
>"Well, i guess she got my first time with a girl too, so she can hold both of those badges"
>As we all know from those silly anons who frequently remind us as if they'd never had a liquid refreshment with ice cubes in it before.
>The tip is only 10%, the rest of the iceberg is still under the water.
>Suddenly there's a bigger excuse behind the scenes
>One she's letting on, but not telling me directly
>I give her a tug again, pull her down the hallway shuffling once more
>She's jealous glasses got my first.

>I didn't think it mattered, i ended up with her in the end after all
>[spoiler]But i was a naive male, i didn't realize how women's fantasies, thoughts and dreams worked.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I hadn't realized that she was interested in me, pretending her bust size was bigger than it actually was, sending hints all the time, hiding things she thought would make her a bad relationship candidate[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I knew she did that all after the fact, but i forgot to tie in the fact that she probably knew and told glasses[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]So Glasses knew, and tried to make it work[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Remember she practically had Raven and I together night #1 with little nudges and pushes in the right direction[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But when Raven got embarrassed and wussed out, I, being a dumb horny male, took the girl who was willing[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Which was hurting her ever since[/spoiler]
>....
>[spoiler]Come to think of it this is probably my fault, don't tell her[/spoiler]

>I tug her along again
>truth be told, it's no big deal to me, but it is to her
>Easy solution and it was the truth
>"Really? I always think of the bathtub as the first"
>That jolts her
>Like a slap
>For the first time since the laundry room she stops looking at her feet and looks at me
>Bangs falling to either side, framing my favorite eyes (Yes, still!)
>The green piercing, questioning
>Asking
>"Really?" Silently
>I nod to her eyebeam question
>Hold up my wrist, still holding her arm
>"Yeah, and plus i can show them the scars, it makes for a much better story when i tell people"
>She was surprised
>Really surprised
>I could tell the entire idea was weighing on her, or had been for so long, she didn't expect anything else.
>But cautious, and depressed she still was, thus questions
>"You don't really though... you don't tell people i was your first do you"
>lol
>"You don't think it's a thousand times better story to claim you nearly drowned your first lay, then threw up on one another, and practically fucked for hours with four angry women banging on the door trying to get in"
>Believe it or not
>she smiled
>"Yeah, that sounds like the kind of story you'd like to tell"
>Hell yeah it is raven.
>Hell yeah.

>Sadly i would be a fool to let her think we were alright now
>I point out the sad things

>One
>She had lied to me, through her teeth at like a thousand places along the way
>not cool at all
>I watched the change that announcement had on her expression
>Smile, gone
>Eyes, sad
>Feet, stared at once more
>Two
>She had me practically tearing our relationship apart to fix something she'd done, and wouldn't tell me about.
>Which i continually pointed out just depressed the hell out of me for weeks and months at a time, and had me frantically reevaluating myself to try and discover what i was doing wrong.
>I was going to continue to three
>But she stopped again
>Didn't even drag her heels, just stopped and wouldn't budge another inch
>I gave her a couple seconds
>She gave me a threat
>"I'll run again"
>"Go ahead"
>I let go of her hand
>"was only going to chase you twice anyway"

>Her arm drops to her side
>That dull thump
>That dead gaze at the floor, considering
>Contemplating
>Running from me
>Getting away from the hurt she knows she's caused
>The literal self-destruction i had inflicted upon myself over months because of her
>If she ran i wouldn't blame her
>I would understand
>Even if i would think less of her, maybe a little bit
>Get someone else to go find her, until she cooled down, then we could talk again
>I give her a minute
>I'll wait
>Not that it wasn't obvious she was going to leave
>I watched her ankle twitch
>That little hint
>Then she was on her heels and turned around
>Black hair swirling in a whirlwind and she takes a step backwards, away from me.
>Stops
>At this point i've almost crossed my arms, i figured she was going to leave anyway

>Not completely though
>She surprises me, reaches backwards with her right arm and grabs my hand.
>A whisper
>Barely audible because she's facing away
>"Don't let me"
>And then she tries to walk.

>lol
>I stand fast for a couple seconds
>Then let go
>Watch as she tumbles forward surprised at the sudden freedom
>Catches herself and runs
>Hahahaha
>Not that she's very fast, she's half tumbling, half running forward, i can tell even from a distance that she has her hand up to her face
>Probably crying that i let her go.
>I ain't gonna chase her
>I watch, and listen to the clack clack of footsteps, then just bolt off in a different direction.
>I mean i know this stupid maze of hallways pretty well now
>Take a right turn at "G"
>A left at "T"
>Two more Rights at "O and Y"
>Go straight at "A"
>Then i'm free from this stupid maze
>Outside at last

>Yeah yeah, yell at me all you want
>It was the right thing to do, she needed to run
>Sometimes you just want to run you know, it's good for ya.
>Oh also
>I move over to the other exit hallway and just stand there
>Wait for it
>Clack
>Clack Clackity Clack
>BRACE FOR IMPACT
>The stupid girl, not even looking where she's going, hands to her face and tears streaming down her cheeks runs right into me.
>She's not going very fast, and she's rather light, so i just end up hugging the stupid bird
>Then i call her an idiot, and throw her over my shoulder
>Romantic kinda, sure
>But truth be told she went the completely wrong way again, the room was on the entire other side
>I also felt like running, sue me.

>She's not very heavy, and squirming kicking stops when she realizes i'm not going to drop her.
>just bent at the knees, grabbed her hips and threw the entire front half over my shoulder. Fireman style.
>Couple fist pounds on my lower back in complaint
>Which i respond to with a couple pats on her bum with my free hand
>I trek off into the sunset
>Two room blocks later
>I have to put her down
>... don't tell me, i know
>[spoiler]I dont even lift[/spoiler]

>I just swap her over to piggyback
>It's really easy to carry her like that, and i'm not giving her free reign of her legs because she can't be trusted
>Not that she's struggling anymore
>After i pick her up the second time, i get two arms wrapped around my neck, legs hold on tight and a nuzzling face up against the back of my neck
> leaving salty wet streaks where her nose presses against my spine.
>Pretty much like carrying a bag full of schoolbooks
>That actually love you and aren't dead set on causing you back pain and constant problems for the rest of your life.
>Wait
>Strike that
>Reverse it.
>I show up at the room and shove her off onto the bed like a sack of books
>Also my knees hurt
>And i need to pee
>Such is life in soviet storybro
>I walk past Blondie, Glasses and Freckles in various positions around the room
>Head into the bathroom
>LEAVE IT
>INSTANTLY
>Shrieking like a little girl
>There's blood all over the floor, trailing to the toilet
>BLONDIE
>NO!
>YOU KILLED GADGET AND FLUSHED HER REMAINS

>ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS PEE
>AND NOW YOU'VE KILLED THE ONLY GIRL I WAS COMING BACK TO COMPLAIN ABOUT RAVEN TO
>IM SO SORRY GADGET
>WHY DID I CHASE RAVEN A THIRD TIME

>I COULD HAVE SAVED YOU
>Meanwhile
>Gadget arriving next to me, as i'm pacing in circles with my hands in the air muttering complete gibberish
>I guess she was in the chair or something and i didn't see her
>Camouflaged into the fabric texture with her clothes
>Not that it fucking mattered
>There was a trail of blood from the shower to the toilet, which had the seat smeared in red and brown
>Not a huge trail, but a definite splatter, droplets and such.
>Gadget peeks into the bathrooms
>Takes a second to observe the scene, then skips her way inside and picks something bloody, red and puffy off the ground
>Tosses it into the toilet and flushes
>She then turns to me with the cutest most innocent smile you could imagine
>Fake eyes and everything
>"Uhh... yeah i think blondie missed"
>...MISSED
>The look on my face is priceless

>What does MISSED even mean
>I shout that
>Gadget's face drops to a not-so-smile face
>She yells blondie's name , and our innocent princess comes running
>She doesn't realize
>Doesn't take the situation in properly at first
>Just stares into the bathroom
>Sees the blood splatter, the mess on the seat
>That crimson color
>Our innocent princess beats it with her cheeks..
>Without a word she's across the bathroom blocking our vision of the mess and frantically cleaning it up
>Personally
>Im still lost
>Gadget can tell
>She explains it, in one word
>"Basket-ball"
>Well
>she says it like two
>but it's one word
>Still an....Enlightening explanation
>She sums it up with "I won"

>Confirming that out of the two girls, Gadget is better at basketball.
>That's pretty obvious though
>Blondie IS white.
>Gadget isn't really black though, so i guess she would be good at soccer or something.
>That mental image gives me giggles
>Of terror
>Not that poor blondie hasn't traumatized herself silly already
>She's wasted a handful of toilet paper, now streaked with red, and shoves it all into the toilet and flushes multiple times frantically.
>Rushes past us both without making eye contact
>Probably breaks down sobbing in the other room
>Don't hear anything though, maybe just rocking back and forth quietly in a corner
>Traumatized
>I walk over to the toilet
>Stare at it
>There's a little bit of blood left that she missed
>....
>Dried on, no wonder
>Speaking of traumatized...
>I turn back towards gadget
>She's gone
>I walk over, close the door, grab some toilet paper wet it and do the honors
>Pretend that didn't happen
>Take my wiz, and then flush
>One sheet as always, gotta be polite
>*sigh* why am i the only one
>Move over blondie i need to borrow the corner.

>The next half hour is spent putting the room back together
>Blondie avoids my eyes
>Gadget just makes it a point to tell me "I told you so" whenever she can , then immerses herself into some song she can hum along to.
>Which is impressive, because she likes electronic, remember that.
>Raven doesn't look at me for most of the cleaning
>But she does shoot me a strained smile every once in a while
>Glasses gives me a real smile twice, between flurries of pillows and sheets being reassembled on the bed.
>Freckles ignores me or gives me looks of general dislike
>Which, i guess is my fault because i keep ordering her around to do things.
>Stuff like picking up our dirty clothes and doing the laundry for everyone. (We use multiple machines so it goes by pretty quick)

>She's not around for most of the cleaning, but she comes back and forth bringing loads
>I get glares
>Truth be told, as crazy as this sounds
>I didn't really want control of her
>It felt like a mean, dirty, low down wrong thing to do.
>Even if she was a jerk, i wasn't really a domineering controlling type like that
>I'm not glasses anyway
>I would probably figure out a fancy way to give it up
>After she did the laundry of course.

>Somehow the room seems to be in fine condition when we finish
>Nothing's broken
>Picked up all the bullet casings
>No bloodstains on the walls
>Everything looks good
>Picking up bags, ready to go
>Then i remember
>Oh right
>Communication
>I find raven and flag her down
>Drag her into the bathroom
>Lock the door
>Turn on the water so nobody else can hear
>"So...earlier i was with-
>She interrupts me
>"Stop, you don't have to ask, Go ahead. Anyone but glasses"
>... what!
>That's not what i was going to ask
>well
>Maybe gadget
>But wait a fucking second
>SHE'S DOING IT AGAIN
>ITS A TRICK
>i almost fell for it
>I'm so sorry anons, i realized almost too late.

>I stop her
>wave of my hand
>Jedi mind trick
>"I wasn't going to ask that"
>She pauses
>now she's confused
>Nope, see my plan is far better

>I tell her quite simply
>"We're breaking up, i'm going to fuck around with whoever i choose"
>Not that her eyes could get any wider than they did
>But i continue, serious tone the entire way
>"I don't need your permission, you didn't get mine anyway, you'll watch and know it's happening and you'll smile and pretend you're fine with it"
>"Maybe afterwards, if i'm not angry at you anymore, i'll ta-
>She hugs me
>Not just a hug
>A grasping cheek to chest smothering squeeze as hard as she can
>with one word
>"Don't"
>Repeated
>Over and over from her lips
>Nearly a whisper
>She degenerates into using a nickname for me
>One we used when we were really young, something personal
>Over and over again, repeating it
>followed by Don't
>My resolution is strong
>I start telling her it's too late, and that it's probably for the best.

>It changes from "Don't
>to "Sorry"
>Resolution slightly breaking
>Need to finish up quick
>Start saying i can't stand how she trea...
>How it hurt every single d...
>How my stomach churns at th...
>"Gadget already asked"
>A sob into my shirt
>"I said yes, she's so sweet and was hurt so many times i offered, because you'd be gentle and kind and she convinced me that i was wrong and owed you"
>...
>"I don't care about anyone else, it's not permission, i deserve it, just please don't do anything with glasses, i don't trust her!"
>Then a sombre tone
>"Please, for my birthday, promise me."
>...
>....
>Fuck
>My plan doesn't work if she's already given other girls permission

>Actually it just makes me out to be an asshole
>Making concessions to not lose me
>....
>Well, i guess i was just going to enjoy trying to play the every girl at once game again
>I can give up glasses i guess
>If
>"Alright"
>Not that i wasn't grinning or anything
>Not the biggest grin i've ever used on her
>Not that she instantly saw it and even her momma got scared
>"You can just take Glasses' place"

>I push her back
>"So from now on, whenever i say 'We're fighting' no matter what you're doing, or where you are."
>She backs up a half step
>Those eyes
>Mixture of disbelief and awe, and something smoother, softer
>Something else
>I see a nod, just a small curt one, but a nod nonetheless, staring directly at me
>"Plus, if you turn me down, Glasses is practically always down. You should have seen how many times she tried to-
>She interrupts me with "Anything, i don't trust her with you"
>Completely serious
>No smile, not much holiday cheer in those cheeks. But she wasn't disagreeing
>I give her a hug
>The tenseness in her shoulders relaxes
>That realization that maybe, possibly i wasn't angry enough to break up with her, that everything was averted and it wouldn't be so bad anymore
>Then i pull back, turn her around
>Push her down onto the counter, face first
>Lean over her, and whisper in her ear "We're fighting now"

>Six minutes later i leave the bathroom, zipping myself up
>Carry my bag out to the car, pile it in and sit in the way back
>Then grin to myself once more
>"Freckles, come sit with me!, That's an Order."
>She was sitting in the front shotgun seat already, and turns around to just glare at me
>Evil, death glare
>Daggers, lasers, the like
>But she gets up (to the tune of a laughing blondie who takes her spot) and comes to sit in the middle back seat

>As raven files into the car, she sees us and comes to sit in the middle, along with gadget
>Probably to keep an eye on me
>I lean over to freckles (who almost shrinks back when i do)
>Whisper in her ear
>"So, you wanted to taste raven?"

Update #33 : August 8th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12909311

>Truth be told
>I didn't even get to grin
>Legs, Fists
>Everything just flies at my face and stomach in a flurry of blows.
>Can't even block it
>Fist clips my jaw
>I block a blow to my sternum
>a fist nicks me in the stomach, knocks the wind out of me
>Another at the same time hits me in the left shoulder
>And a third fist simultaneously gets me in the hip
>Even as i block three more somehow with my two arms thrown up trying to grab things.
>Jesus christ
>Freckles is the motherfucking fist of the north star.
>I should have expected this
>She's screaming at me
>"I HATE YOU SO FUCKING MUCH"
>I should have realized
>I can watch the girls in the car all drop what they're doing
>Jump in surprise
>Blondie with her makeup, raven and gadget starting up music.
>Glasses not even in the car yet.
>"WHAT THE FUCK IS YOUR PROBLEM"
>I shouldn't have ever tried to defeat nature, it was giving me so many rules and i just ignored them
>Shoulda just run when the sun came up
>I try to parry
>Anything
>Maybe i can get some immunity frames if i roll up into a ball and try to escape
>i'm so sorry
>I knew better

>"ORDERING ME AROUND"
>"I HATE MEN SO DAMN MUCH, ALWAYS TRYING TO MAKE WOMEN INTO SLAVES"
>"I FELT LIKE I WAS IN THE FUCKING 1800S YOU ASSHOLE"
>Trying to put a collar on a feminist
>What has science done.

>I'm just there, a bloody bleeding pulp in the corner at this point.
>She's not even mad i totally implied she should give me a blowjob
>just pissed i was dicking around with her and making her do things i didn't want to do all day.
>Final straw was making her come back here and sit with me
>Giving up her superior position of power shotgun
>Sitting with me, which was something she DEFINITELY didn't want to do.
>Ruining the next however many hours we would be in the car
>All because she made a dumb bet trying to control me, and lost it instantly
>Gave a man CONTROL over HER
>DOMINANCE
>POWER
>Made her bend over
>She was returning the favor
>I had my pants down
>She had the lube
>I'm sorry freckles, i'm so sorry
>I'll take my estrogen pills, i swear
>I submit to the matriarchy
>Let them analyze my thought patterns for pro-anti-pro-oppressive reasoning
>As i'm mentally dawning my subconscious high ordinance cerebral conditioning collar, i remember
>Oh right
>I was totally beating her at this earlier
>Freckles is easy to dominate

>One shove
>That's all it takes
>And i'm straddling yet another angry girl
>Three times this makes it, in how long
>She's surprised, not for long before the fists start up again
>Her face contorted into true red ninja-kung-fu fury
>I've managed to ruffle her hair so it's standing on end with all the pinning down i'm trying to do
>makes her look like it's simply a head of fire
>A burning skull with green eyes, that's our freckles
>We trade blows, hard
>Punches, kicks, i'm trying to pin her
>But i can't seem to win

>Not like i don't know her weakness though
>Grins again, from me
>Smile of pure evil, pure unrated jerk
>One hand
>Between the waistband of her jeans, into her panties.
>Time for some pube control
>Well, that was the plan anyway
>She wasn't having any of it
>Struggles, tries to kick me off, manages to get one of her legs in between mine
>It's too late for her though
>I've got a firm grip
>And my grin turns to a frown
>My eyes widen with fear
>And she waits
>Freckles just waits
>Grins right back
>Winks at me when she sees the terror in my eyes
>Because she's already won, as she knees me in the balls

>"too smart"
>I mumble as i tumble over into a huddle on the seat
>Just curl up
>I'm dimly aware she's still punching me and kicking me
>Words about "Front seat" and "Asshole" and "You fucking deserve it" blurted across my consciousness.
>Not like i care
>Not in the least
>I had ascended
>Through pain i had left my mortal shell behind
>My spirit risen
>Stronger, worldly issues no longer concerned me
>I drift away, heavenly as a blanket descends upon me
>Blocking, absorbing the pain, the hits, no longer making contact with my true self
>My eternal dismissal of worldy possessions, for i no longer held the advantage.
>Dear anons, all was lost
>She shaved, to spite me.
>A true victory for the X chromosome.
>Hadn't even left the parking lot and i'd already lost
>Oh
>Also it was totally blondie with her arms wrapped around me.
>Protecting me or something
>"Stop! Stop hitting him!"

>She was warm
>Yeah
>"You can have your seat back, stop! Stop!"
>A frantic request

>I come back from my spiritual journey with my head firmly pressed into someones bosom
>Oh
>Also i couldn't breathe
>Some struggling was required to fix that part, the girl in question had me squeezed up like i was a tube of toothpaste or something.
>Plus into like this hot constricting white wool sweater and a hard lump in her pocket.
>I couldn't even remember who was wearing that
>Dimly aware of Freckles demanding she drive and glasses (who seemingly had just arrived at the car) putting up a huss
>Then the car finally moving
>Not that i was out or anything
>Gadget asked who won, and raven stated "Freckles" and they all seemed somewhat unworried
>I was perfectly awake and enjoying the breasts, which definitely belonged to blondie.
>I'm not a man of objection
>Spending a moment recovering from my crippling loss to feminism in the bosom of a cute girl
>Not against my moral code
>Until freckles angrily drives the car over the curb on the way of the parking lot
>that annoyed "I'M ANGRY AND I'M DRIVING ANGRY"
>Entire back seat gives a jolt
>I feel pressure
>Whatever's blondie's holding below me rearranges, stands up straight
>And i notice a searing stabbing pain in my shoulder
>Good ol Blondie
>My favorite time traveling Assassin
>That's a dagger, and that's definitely skin penetration
>Oh , also that REALLY HURTS

>yelp in pain and try to move backwards
>Her jacket is pinned to my shirt
>Like it's taped together, stuck at the point of contact
>But i can see the outline
>Something long and sharp, jutted directly into my soft flesh
>Not deep, but every time i move it wiggles around in there
>AND HURTS
>OW
>OW
>BLONDIE PLEASE
>Fuck my shoulder ow ow ow ow

>More yelps of pain
>She's startled
>Not even sure what just happened
>She doesn't even realize, just sees me stuck to her sweater
>Or she's really good at pretending not to have just stabbed me with a knife
>It's just mean
>All i fucking wanted to do was enjoy your boobs for a while blondie
>Is that too much to ask
>You were doing SO well too
>Two days
>Two days and you hadn't tried to kill me
>But no
>I use your coushy chest as a pillow and INSTANTLY its back to murderville

>Around blondie
>Never relax
>Backstabbing bitch
>Or.. front really
>Because i pull my shoulder, finally off of her sweater
>see what happened
>It's a pencil, something that was in her pocket, Dark black, pretty sure eyeliner
>Something from her makeup bag
>That she probably stuffed in her pocket when she crawled back to get freckles off me.
>With the point broken clean off, and the tip nowhere in sight
>Blood all over her nice white jacket and a hole out of the pocket, looking to my shoulder there's a hole in that too.
>Honestly
>That's just impressive
>Never been murdered with a pencil before
>Guess i can cross that off my list
>Not that it really felt like murder anymore
>It just stung
>And i could tell there was probably a quarter to third inch hole in my shoulder with a pencil tip in it.
>Ow
>Poor Blondie and her incoherent mess of "NO NO, NOT AGAIN NO"
>If those were the words she was saying
>Her hands were in the air, she was flying around making faces
>Poor blondie
>Finally broken, coming to terms with her ability to hurt everyone without even the slightest inclination on her end.
>A hand on her shoulder
>And she stops

>Calms down, slightly with the words "It's ok" spoken in her ear
>Glasses tells her to go get the first aid kit.

>Less of a first aid kit and more of a pair of tweezers
>Our on-the road surgery (Freckles didn't stop, she just turned the radio up louder) included me poking myself in tender areas multiple times before removing the tip.
>Someone's pillowcase being used as a rag to wipe up blood. At Least it was red... oh no it's just the one raven was using before.
>Ruined again
>Some rubbing alcohol, applied liberally by not blondie this time.
>Because i told her she wasn't allowed to after last time.
>(Glasses does it instead)
>Not like it stings any less
>Then a bandaid
>Bandaids fix everything
>And some duct tape to keep the bandaid in place so the cut doesn't split open
>Duct tape fixes everything else
>Alright
>*Flex my shoulder*
>*pretend it doesn't hurt like hell*
>All fixed.

>Im not sure what the status for "Needing stitches" is, but i feel like i don't.
>Now
>Blondie hasn't stopped looking at me with sad eyes the entire time
>I mean
>She stabbed me with a pencil, but i was just being a little bitch
>It wasn't that bad, not very deep and didn't even sting that much
>Twas just a flesh wound
>Plus i mean even if she's a hysterical mess, i don't know if i can count that as Blondie's fault
>Even if i'll put a mark on the chalkboard for "Attempt on my life"
>She was certainly blaming herself though
>I don't know what she was saying at this point
>Small lips moving
>Sapphire eyes darting
>Talking in tongues
>ph'nglui mglw'nafh R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn
>Yeah i put my finger to her lips and made her stop that
>Then i frisked her

>Which to glasses i bet looked like i was just randomly feeling Blondie up all of a sudden
>Until i started taking things out of pockets
>Blondie's makeup bag leaves the front of the jacket, tossed on the back seat self

>Along with a box of something
>Six dollars in ones
>A phone
>Then the oddest discovery, she's got two condoms in her pocket, and
>... wait i just stop on the condoms, these are totally the one the drug dealer had
>how did she even get these out of the wallet i've had in my pocket this entire time
>Holy fuck blondie you really are klepto
>Im not sure why she wasn't struggling
>I mean frisking people isn't very non intrusive
>Just jamming my hands into her pockets and hoping she didn't have any used needles.
>Not that it was very hot or anything
>Pockets aren't my fetish
>[spoiler]Must be someone's though right? Is it you anon?[/spoiler]
>I was just making sure she didn't have anything else in there
>To stab me with
>Or you know any other kind of murder
>She didn't resist
>Pockets emptied
>All uncomfortable not-soft things removed from cute girl
>I just go back to using her boobs as pillows
>Have to use the bosom again to recover from pain
>It's like a healing potion irl.
>I mean it worked the first time
>Crotch doesn't hurt anymore.

>Facefirst
>Hugging
>The only true way to enjoy boobs
>if your face is the only point of contact
>Blondie eventually raises her arms
>Kind of a questioning pose, i can feel the muscles shift
>"w... what are you doing?"
>She's serious
>She doesn't know
>I mumble it into the still-covered-in-spots-of-blood jacket of cloth and squishy chest
>"Im enjoying your boobs, just be glad your shirt's on"
>Who knows what blondie heard
>Probably
>"mmhph mhhuh bhoobh jubh b goloh shooh oh"
>Try it
>Thats what that sentence sounds like when you mumble it into boobs
>Not that blondie could speak boob
>She responded with "What?"

>Angrily
>Like "what the fuck are you doing"
>and
>"I have the odd feeling my boobs are being used for evil"
>Same kind of what
>Frankly i should have been worried
>Because Glasses clears it up for blondie
>"He said he was enjoying your boobs"
>Then she stops
>Doesn't repeat the rest
>I peek
>Glasses catches my eyes, and she's got the oddest smile on
>Drops her arms to the hem of her shirt
>"You want me to take mine off, then i can take Blondie's place"

>...
>I dart my eyes over towards raven
>Then back to glasses
>I watch Glasses' eyes do the same, following my eye movements
>My thoughts
>I just tell her quite loudly, along with the rest of the car
>"Naw these are fine"
>Bury my head in the soft comfy fluffy chest again
>Blondie pats me sideways, awkwardly
>I take a good boob break
>It's kinda like smoking
>Just as addictive
>Except
>The word "NO" Interrupts my boobs
>Then a tumbling girl
>Me being dragged
>Somehow being upside down
>Then it seems everyone is in the back row, gadget's not letting me sit next to Blondie
>Raven's on my lap
>Gadget's on my other lap
>Blondie and Glasses seem to have been evicted
>Then someone hands out the PSPs again
>*shrug* just as good
>Ends up someone actually did save on untold legends
>Neat
>We play that
>Hours

>Not that i get a chance to play
>Gadget has one, Raven has the other
>And those are just my knees
>Glasses and Blondie have the other two PSPs
>Nobody wants to share):
>So i have to stare outside
>Stupid trees
>Stupid swampy wet bits along the coast
>Stupid girls
>I'm bored as fuck
>Wait
>Waaaiiit
>Swampy wet bits
>Outside
>AND inside
>I have Raven and Gadget on my lap
>The girl who'll do anything, and the girl who asked
>Forests and Smooth Hills
>I wrap my arms around them both
>Place hands
>Flat palmed
>Under shirts, Bare stomachs
>Rattling out a light tap
>Informing them calmly, physically with morse code
>And verbally with a whisper between them
>Head's so close together all i had to do was lean forward and say
>"Next round im fighting you"
>Not that gadget got it
>But she would

Update #33.5 : August 9th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12909311
SAME THREAD, YEAAHH

>I didn't start "Fighting" right away
>What i want to talk about, just for a tiny bit is what the car was like
>The atmosphere in the car, the entirety of the trip had continually changed

>It's a real difficult thing to explain because it's just so many little details that even the things i remember don't do it justice.
>Then there's entire swaths of not remembering anything at all
>This is mostly in the car
>We had discussions, we had jokes, we had the normal moments of friendship
>And up until now
>It was getting worse, and worse, and worse
>Everyone was angrier at one another, the trip was falling apart, the girls were doing just the littlest tiniest things to piss one another off.
>That's just the way it works, i was causing issues too
>Everything in the background was surfacing in stupid ways while we weren't talking about them.
>But today it was better
>Everyone was calmer, Freckles exempt
>But in being exempt she was back to normal, which was a good thing.
>Maybe you've noticed, maybe you haven't
>Maybe myself, i didn't notice until then
>The little things
>Blondie was smiling again
>Glasses was laughing again
>Things i didn't even realize they weren't doing
>Freckles was back to slewing insults at various (male) drivers
>And you know what, i was happier too

>There's an absolutely huge subconscious subroutine of my brain that had been tied to worrying about what kind of shit was going on behind my back with raven.
>Lying, cheating, secret trips to guatemala via boat at odd hours of the night.
>Then that entire bit about Glasses
>Why was she acting so weird
>What was her plan
>Was getting caught a part of her plan?
>How much about Raven did she really know
>The entire thing was just reinforcing this cycle inside my head
>It was making me depressed, making nice things look bad and making bad things look worse
>That weight, it was gone
>But it's not like it was a weight in the first place, i always hate that expression
>Weights are fun, you pick up anything, it's heavy, solid, you know what it is.
>It's in your hands, on your back, you know what you're carrying and why, you can put it down at any time, and it doesn't exactly change anything about how you experience the world.
>It might make you tired, weigh down your opinions of what you can and can't do
>But weights... you're carrying those for a reason
>This was different, i don't think i had a choice
>It was as if at some point in time, the color yellow started fading away.

>So slowly that i didn't notice
>Until one day it was gone and i had forgotten it was even a color
>Bananas were just grey, Blondie's hair made her look like geralt of rivia
>Now it was back
>You have no clue anons
>How nice it was to enjoy the sight of bananas again.
>I'm saying this only because it's important to realize
>That drama and stabbings aside
>We were in a much better place than we were days ago
>Specially me
>With both hands in different pairs of pants.

>Well not both
>Not instantly
>We chose raven first
>The hands and I
>Outnumbered 5 to 1 , i thought gadget might be a good first choice
>Fingers 1 through three disagreed, thumb agreed and pinkie was indecisive.
>See even if i'd had some fun with gadget before, i wasn't completely sure she was alright with having her video games interrupted
>They're serious business after all
>Plus i think she was leading the group around, and distracting her might be bad
>So i settle on the safe option first
>Raven
>Circle around her stomach, tickle the bellybutton
>Soft skin, smooth and warm, fingers tracing patterns and moving lower and lower.
>I reached that waistband
>Fingers one through three were under the waistband, thumb was indifferent and pinky was holding back
>The tickling was making her fidget on my leg
>shift back and forth, lightly
>I was looking up
>watching her eyes

>I always boast about Raven's eyes
>Favorite eyes blah de blah
>But you see i was really observant with faces
>When people are playing video games
>Eyes focused on that silly little lit up box of color
>They don't make mouth expressions
>No smiles or frowns
>Cheekbones don't move
>Nose might shift a little to the left or right, but not much

>But eyes move, they flick back and forth
>They soften and harden
>Well raven, she did two things
>Her eyes relaxed when she realized where my hand was going
>And she squirmed
>Widened her legs, even the tiniest bit
>I took it as permission, not that i needed it.
>There's no way to eloquently describe fingering, so i'll simply tell you where i left her
>Panting
>Distracted
>Unable to help the team at all in the little game they were playing
>Squirms
>Squeezes of her knees every once in a while
>and eventually, finally she leans back
>Rests her cheek against mine, shoulder against the crook of my neck
>All smiles, glinting eyes
>Oh and gadget supposedly just lead the group into a pit of lava

>Miss Amazon princess was watching me
>I mean, you can't not
>And my other hand had her distracted
>My hands weren't subtle
>I was circling on raven, and subconsciously doing the same actions to gadget's stomach
>Soft strokes
>Patterns, curves and circles
>Tickles and smooth rubs
>I mostly realized i was doing it when i tried to put a finger in her bellybutton and she giggled up a storm
>A cute upbeat laugh
>A jiggle of her butt on my knee
>A lean back and a whisper in my ear
>some broken english about it not going there
>It was accidental, but she knew exactly what i was doing to raven
>And from what i could tell, she might have been the teensiest eensiest weeniest bit jealous
>Or quite a bit jealous
>Probably a lot
>Because gadget had for once in her life both of her earbuds not in her ears
>Not that i could see both of them, but i could follow the cords and see where they went
>She was listening to raven's breathing
>or mine
>*shrug*
>I dropped the hand on her stomach lower, touched waistband
>Gadget reacted quick

>Tensed up
>Said outloud "No!"
>Raven's hand, was upon mine and stopping it
>Instantly.

>Awe
>Raven's maternal instincts kicked in, refused to let me touch the girl that said no
>Not that i blamed her or anything, it's just i would have stopped
>Come on you can trust me a little bit
>Gadget obviously wasn't comfortable with what we were do-"
>"N... i mean Yes, but no..."
>I kid you not, serious tone, confused words, that's what came out of her mouth next.
>What does that even mean
>Raven's confused too
>Until gadget's hand comes down and frees my hand from hers
>Then gives me a shove
>Downward
>Back into the panties
>With two words
>"Go, and then stop, see"
>What are
>Are we playing red light green light
>Im not sure
>I mean that sounds hot
>But
>What
>Did i forget to ask permission, did i forget to do something she needed done first.
>sacrifice a lamb or something to her gods?
>Did she have gods?
>Not that my fingers cared
>Smooth, soft, all the way down
>Lovely to follow, the curves of thighs into that little tip of a V
>Mister thumb had already reached his goal
>Which was even more confusing because what was i stopping for.
>What did i do wrong
>I give some more circles, rubs and tugs, and decide to put my finger in her not bellybutton this time.
>Blocked
>....
>oh

>i realize what she meant
>She's got a string coming out of her vagina and fingers don't seem to fit

>Right
>Her hand comes back
>Stops me from any more intruding
>"See, stop!"
>a pained smile
>"Not today):"
>):
>Pained frown for me
>Hand withdrawn
>Hopes crushed
>I can't force the party into any more pools of lava
>Whatever
>I have a backup plan
>Tap raven on the butt
>She sits up, and i hook both thumbs into her pants, and pull them all the way down.
>Green sticky underwear and all
>Gadget gets a little nudge, ends up on the seat beside me
>I wiggle around a tad, dick comes out, and then's sheathed again
>applied towards distracting raven
>Encased in her velvety grip.
>Not that gadget's not distracted too
>She's just staring wide eyed
>Raven, impressively enough isn't distracted at all
>What worries me is she might be doing better than she was earlier.
>Gadget didn't even get the chance to lead the party anymore, raven took that spot.

>I turn it into a game
>Every time she dies, i give her a thrust
>It's just that distracting
>Not that i mind
>I keep her distracted that way, myself as well, for a good hour
>Gadget too
>She borrowed my hand
>No penetration, but i'll be honest, i think that was doing raven more harm than good.
>She kept dying, constantly
>I had no clue why, but i did my job
>It wasn't really sex
>Lack of movement didn't really change the smell of the car or anything
>It was like, an edging game
>Where gadget could watch
>I never got enough stimulation to really get off, and who knows what Raven got.
>But it kept us distracted
>That's good right?

>After that hour though Raven's batteries went out
>On the PSP
>Not wherever else she might have them plugged in
>She slid off, i was still hard
>I stroked a good one off with both of them watching
>Then threw my pants back on, and curled up with Raven like a pillow
>Then nothing happened
>Not just nothing
>Nothing
>I'm going to skip this day, and the next because nothing happened
>We drove from austin to new orleans
>a long trip
>Talked
>Joked
>Stopped off at different places we found interesting
>Stayed the night in louisiana
>Enjoyed Beignets (a french doughnut which are AMAZING) and coffee in the morning
>Louisiana has the best coffee
>Then we were off again

>Everything seemed to be normal
>That's what i keep saying
>We were back to being friends, that night i managed to sleep together with Raven
>Just me and her in a bed i mean
>Glasses wasn't tormenting me, Blondie and Gadget were back to kidnapping one another for cute sideways hugs
>Freckles was angry at me again, and without knowing her new weak spot, i couldn't confront her about it.
>Not that i wanted to
>we were back, somewhere normal, somewhere fine
>Then we drive up the coast
>Coastline
>Boggy, Muddy, Swampy, Salty
>And stop for the night in alabama i think, some silly hotel
>I skip these two days because nothing happened
>We did friendly things
>We explored towns like best buds
>It's just a boring waste of time
>Because the story is strung together from drama to chaos to lewd, not "Nice Times"
>We throw together a dinner for everyone.
>Cuddle up into two separate rooms
>Two beds each room

>Raven, Myself, Blondie in one
>Freckles, Glasses, Gadget in the other.
>We go to sleep, i cuddle my bird in my arms and pass out.

>Then when things get weird, is i wake up
>Girl on my arm
>Obviously raven, my head in her hair told me that by the minty smell
>I double checked
>But i feel a draft down in my pants
>Or
>Lack of pants
>Then a tongue
>Then wetness
>Long tickly hair
>No music, didn't feel like the one i got from gadget.
>Narrowed it down nicely
>Hi blondie
>I didn't say a word though
>Knowing blondie, she wouldn't continue if she knew i was awake
>I also, didn't want to announce i was awake because
>whatever blondie was doing was AMAZING
>i don't know, where she learned it, or what she was doing
>But i didn't want to take the chance and make it stop
>Maybe i was dreaming
>Pinch me time traveling anons
>The tongue, the suction, the warmth
>It was all perfect, without a doubt
>Better than raven's
>Don't tell her i said that.
>But it was
>So good

>It's actually kind of scary
>It made me realize that she might be way more sexually experienced than she lets on
>With a mother like hers i wasn't sure how, but she managed
>It comes to mind it might not be blondie
>... doesn't really fit
>Hmmm
>I reach up and place my hands on her head
>Smooth, silky long hair
>I reach behind
>Two pigtails, the rest draped down and straight

>huh
>I guess it is blondie
>seriously
>I don't mind, this is the best blowjob i've ever had
>Or it was
>My hands were on her head
>She knew i was awake
>She stopped
>OH NO

>NONONONO
>START AGAIN
>PLEASE
>Im begging
>Not quietly either
>I try to press down firmly
>But blondie pulls away
>The sound of the springs stretching as she pulls away from the bed
>nononono
>i was like
>so close
>just another minute and it would have been the best blowjob i'd ever had
>Now it just
>the best, i'd never had.
>like no one ever was
>):
>I listen to the springs creak in the bed next to us
>I contemplate going over
>Forcibly taking the girl and explaining the screams to raven later
>But i decide otherwise
>Curl into a ball and feign sleep until the real thing catches up

>Waking up it's not even light
>The room's light is on
>Raven's asleep sprawled out taking up 70% of the bed and slowly kicking me off in her dreams
>Like a big cat
>Needs the entire bed, anything less is compromise
>The bed beside us is empty though
>Blondie's in the bathroom, water running, sink i guess.
>I pop up and out of the sheets and tiptoe across the room
>Open the door and sneak in
>Because of the angle of the mirror, the tooth-brushing girl is distracted enough for me to get

behind her
>She's just rubbing it , back and forth kinda bored-face like
>Then surprise BUTTSE-
>Hug
>A big exclamation from my mouth "You!"
>And a smile
>She had her hair up in two ponytails on the back of her head
>Kneww it!
>She's surprised, squeals, drops the toothbrush
>It clatters away in the ceramic bowl of the sink.
>Look of horror, then surprise, then a smile of confusion
>"M... me?"
>Mind you i've got her hugged so she can't turn around, this entire message comes in mirror reflected form.
>So i turn her around
>Give her a kiss
>Minty, Foamy, Sweet

>She quickly matches the color red in the stripe of her toothpaste
>Doesn't break the kiss though
>Not even when i roll her around and push her against the wall
>Not even when i press my hands up against her chest, and raise my knee between her legs
>It's only when i pull away that she responds
>"i.. um.. uhh... h.. hi?"
>Smiling all the way
>So cute
>But a confused smile nonetheless
>I explain
>"Let's continue, where we left off last night"
>She stops smiling
>"what? I haven't uhh, i haven't had any drugs though"
>...
>What
>Even if i look confused, she's got her face just as confused as mine
>I try to point out she gave me a blowjob and i'd do practically anything to get her to finish one
>Best of my life
>Were the words i used
>She didn't react to that the way i would think
>Like it was an insult and not a compliment
>She looks insulted, shoves me away and turns the other direction
>"Don't play with me again!"
>I... what?
>"Don't WHAT me! You treat me like a toy!"

>She drops out of angry girl mode
>Sitting up and against the bathroom cupboard
>Flipping emotions like a lightswitch, she drops her eyes
>Tears, real or fake, i swear i can see them bubbling forth.
>"Stop using me... like a toy"
>A quieter plea.
>Using you
>Like a toy
>Holy shit what about me
>I try to explain that i'm not a toy either
>Can't just fuck around with me in the middle of the night like that.
>I make real cupcakes
>With a 40 watt bulb
>And there's icing packets
>But the secret ingredient is love. Damn it.
>Whatever i manage to angrily say gets her from hurt, to angry again
>Switching between emotions faster than i can deal with them, i've got my collar grabbed
>Forced into another kiss
>Then she pulls away
>Turns her back
>"I've never given you a blowjob"
>but...
>Your hair
>I just felt your hair and it was the same hair
>Was i dreaming?
>Was Blondie sleep... fellatioing?
>CAN YOU DO THAT?

Gonna end there on surprise sleepwalking superpowers tonight anons. 8:00 PST monday more.

Update #34 : August 11th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12959407

>Too many questions left unanswered
>Why was blondie giving me a blowjob in her sleep
>wh...

>Wait actually no just that question
>There's also that toying bit
>Which my male mind glazed over but my raised-by-she-wolves-in-the-alaskan-wilderness mind caught
>Meant she was mad at me about something, and i was treating her differently than she wanted. Not hard to rationalize out on my own.
>Also that entire thing where she gave me a kiss and then turned away all mad and pouty
>and cute
>Can't forget cute
>I'm torn between asking what's wrong
>And asking her if she'll lick it so i can see if i recognize her lips or not
>I mean best blowjob of my life, seriously
>Plus i hadn't really made a move on her or gadget these last days
>Got distracted by raven being all easy
>Eh
>I don't really care why blondie's all hussy this morning
>"So uhh.. could you give me a quick blow? Maybe a couple licks..."

>It was a joke
>A bad joke
>A joke i would have happily let her go through with
>See i just expected normal good ol' blondie
>A squeal maybe of "YOU WANT ME TO DO WHAT!"
>A blush, a turn, a stomp away in embarrassment.
>She was fun like that
>I have to admit i did it sometimes because it was fun to watch
>Also i might be an evil soul
>But it was fun
>See what i didn't expect was for her to get mad
>A stomp, a turn in my direction
>Dual blue fires, a sneer and a scowl at the same time.
>"I KNEW IT"
>k.. knew what
>"I knew YOU were just TOYING with ME"
>not that i could understand her over the shrillness of her screech
>I admit now that i may have forgotten rule #23 of women in this case
>You know
>If they have a problem , you don't have to ask
>They'll tell you.
>Then get angry at you for not asking sooner.

>"see, YOU don't even care you didn't even ASK"
>There it is

>Her face is a mixture of crying and a pout
>The pitch of her voice waves like a tree in the wind
>every word she speaks lets me know she thinks i don't think i've thought about how she thinks i fucked up.
>[spoiler]That makes perfect sense, ask a girl[/spoiler]
>Sorry! i shoulda just walked away
>But no
>I was here
>She was between me and the door, and she was angry blondie mode
>Dangerous Blondie mode
>Pleasedon'tkillmeblondie
>She's just standing there
>Hands on hips
>A glare
>"SO?"
>...

>So what, did... did you ask me something
>Fuck was i not paying attention
>I respond with a humble "wh.. what"
>Shrinking away in fear
>She's got her fur puffed out like a cat, standing on tiptoes to look bigger
>(it would be adorable watching her fluff up like that if i didn't think my life was in danger)
>"Are YOU going to ASK me?"
>...
>"What?"
>even though i technically said the exact same thing i did last time
>she took this as a question to the question she wanted me to ask by asking me to ask it.
>"YOU, the problem is YOU"
>She flagrantly jams her finger almost down my throat with this announcement.
>well
>ok but i mean that's not even a surprise
>She makes it more specific
>"YOU and RAVEN, THIRTEEN times"
>really
>that many

>I start that count in my head
>So like twice in the car, another time in that restaurant bathroom, oh i guess and then the car again. Then we were getting funny looks (even though i don't give a fuck) from freckles and glasses, so then the room like five more times cuz i kept waking up
>Then the bathroom that morning, then the car again when everyone left to the rooms for that night, then another last night as we went to bed.

>uhh..
>I can't remember what the thirteenth is
>Blondie adds in "YOU DID IT TWICE LAST NIGHT"
>Oh
>I was counting on my fingers too
>Thanks blon
>WAIT A SECOND
>HOW DID YOU KNOW WHICH ONES I WAS COUNTING IN MY HEAD
>Not that i get to ask that question
>She's all over the blame game tonight
>"I've been in your room BOTH nights because nobody else wants to, and i can't even sleep and ignore you."
>She's not really crying anymore
>Just an exhausted announcement now
>"Look we're all glad you and Raven aren't fighting anymore, really that's great we're all happy but..."
>Here it comes
>BRACE FOR
>"Y... you're being jerks to us alright, nobody's telling you but it's not like we have boyfriends or anything so its just mean"
>hot cuteness
>was braced for drama, got unexpected news
>Raven and i fucking like bunnies was getting all the other girls in the car steamy
>Sploosh

>Blondie's pent up
>Guess i was being a major asshole just flaunting raven around like that
>Specially since i wasn't flirting with anyone else (why bother when your girl's that easy right?)
>"And i can't even... do anything because you two are always..."
>Oh
>Wait
>Blondie
>Is that a request
>"You want a threesome or something?"
>I mean i'm sure raven would be fine with it, and it's not like i'm in any hurry to be loya...
>"No!"
>That's an exclamation
>Not even embarrassed, just flat out
>"She said no, and besides i can just u-
>I interrupt her
>I mean i don't really, she actually stops on her own after realizing whatever it is she's going to say
>Not that i care, i'm fixated on what she said first

>"She said no?"
>My eyebrows are raised
>When did this happen
>"A... a couple days ago, i asked and she told me no and so i just cuddled you instead and...
>I hold up a finger
>1). That makes way too much sense
>2). Why
>3). I'll go kick her ass later
>Blondie seems to nod aggressively in acceptance of my notes
>Yeah
>So uhh
>"Where do you want to do it?"
>Simple question
>Simple response from her
>"Do what?"
>... blondie you innocent queen

>To give her credit, about a second later it dawned on her
>I watched that face light up with realization
>Expanded irises, glowing eyes, a surprised jerk of the lips into a worried smile, then of course the blushing
>she tilts her head and looks away
>"um... uh... no"
>no!
>What
>You just came to me, told me you hated how i was paying no attention to you and turning you on by fucking another girl within earshot and you DON'T want me to do any of that to you.
>I'm never going to understand you am I
>Or women in general
>Whatever
>"Alright, i'll leave you alone so you can shower or something"
>i about face and turn
>Perfectly willing to just fuck raven again
>Blondie stops me
>"Wait!"

>whaaattt
>I turn around again
>Put my hands on my hips with a grin
>She's totally going to say something that'll change this all around probably
>Im imagining scenarios where she says she's in love with me, or she's got a crush and she's jealous
>Oh boy

>ready for impact
>"You're... just going to go back and uhh.. have... err sex with her right now?"
>I just nod
>Of fucking course i am
>Im practically bulging at the seams
>She can tell
>Conversations about sex and turning all the other girls on, not to mention blondie schlicking it up in the shower?
>Bonerama
>"well, i'm jealous alright?"
>WE KNOW
>Going in fucking circles blondie
>"And...uhh..."
>she's tapping her fingers together
>THIS IS IT
>BRACE FOR IMPACT ANONS

>im grinning up a storm realizing she's probably going to ask me to fuck her
>sweet
>She stomps her foot
>"i uh... you were uhh.."
>...
>Broken record she is
>"Come on, just tell me already"
>I'm tapping my foot
>She just jumps into angry mode again
>"SHUT UP!"
>a.. alright
>damn what did i trigger
>She's sad again though
>Comes out as more of a sigh
>"I just... there's no point i'll just come out of the shower and you'll still be doing it ... again"
>hmmm
>I guess she's got a point
>Offer her a hot dicking again maybe?

>"I SAID NO!"
>Ok, but i ask why
>"I'm not on the pill, and... um"
>I point out the wallet she stole totally had condoms in it if we want to trust them
>Wait actually i point out she stole those condoms
>W... where did we put those
>Besides her blushing, she gives more excuses

>"Y.. you uhh... I don't want to ruin anything between you and raven!"
>Oh, she doesn't know
>That explanation takes about thirty seconds
>Pretty much confirms i need to dick other women to eventually not be mad at raven
>I feel like its a good explanation
>She's just staring at me
>Speechless
>"so uhh... yeah let me go find those condoms and i'll be right back"
>Don't even get my back turned
>"NO!"
>"STOP IT"
>She stomps her foot
>"STOP IT STOP IT STOP IT"
>Jumping up and down, hair, breasts and everything else bouncing with each cute hop
>Stomp stomp stomp
>"YOU DON'T EVEN, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND"
>She's flailing her arms around too
>I mean like i keep saying
>Terrifying
>But cute, hair flying too, eyes squeezed tight
>But terrifying nonetheless

>Slowly backing away, my feet a mind of their own.
>She hit her enrage timer
>Eyeing the fists
>It's over
>Any one of those could probably kill me if they connected
>Quick somebody evade tank it.
>Knowing blondie, i'm trying to find a corner she won't rampage into
>Breaking pots, brick walls and smashing down the sink with her giant club
>Shouting various things
>Then she just stops
>Rampage over, rage timer finished
>Back to staring at the ground
>Me cowering in the corner
>She's suddenly bright red
>Glowing red, like a star or something
>And she scampers over to the towel rack and buries her face behind it
>Mind you i'm like, across the bathroom in terror
>I have no clue what just happened
>I ask, but no response
>Did she say something i didn't hear
>She just mumbles something into the towel again

>God damnit blondie, WHAT
>She mumbles louder
>A muffled
>"YOU"
>FOR FUCKS SAKE BLONDIE WE CAN'T KEEP HAVING CLIFFHANGERS LIKE THIS
>or i scream something similar
>Or not similar
>"YOU, YOU'RE THE FARTHEST I'VE BEEN WITH"
>WHAT
>wait what?
>Oh
>OH

>That's so not true though
>What did we even do
>I saw you with like
>Ten boyfriends, last year
>There's no way
>I point this out like eleven times
>She gives a simple response
>"N... none of them got past a second date"
>well
>I .. guess that makes sense
>They didn't like you though?
>I mean come on you're fucking adorable, you would be a catch for any guy
>Two words
>"My... mom"
>oh fuck right
>"you're the only one she uhh.. she actually thinks is gay"
>Hmmm
>Did they try telling her they liked cocks?
>Probably not
>Me confirmed for best gay disguise
>So what, how far did 10 boys get past your mum?
>"nothing really... feeling up and kissing a bit i guess"
>She's really sad about that part
>Perks up though
>"I uhh.. gave a guy a handjob in the back of his car?... well almost"
>... almost what
>"i uhh... hit him a little too hard, and he uhh"
>....
>Hit him
>BLONDIE

>YOU ARE NEVER GIVING ME A HANDJOB

>She waves her hands back and forth quickly trying to dissuade my assumptions
>"No! it's not like tha-
>HELL ITS NOT
>"no no im serious it was his fault he jumped because he heard his parents"
>Still though
>wait
>That means i'm the only one you hurt all the time?
>"s.. no .. im... IM SORRY"
>she settles on "SHUT UP"
>Alright, i guess
>So uhh
>"Remind me, how far did we go?"
>Not that i have to tell you
>But she was on me pounding me with fists in like half a second
>"Yo-ou-f-or-g-oo-t!"
>Each couple letters interrupted by that oomph that it makes when you get hit or hit someone
>I couldn't help but internally daww as i cowered in fear

>She stops with the mock painful pounding
>Not really a hurtful thing
>Just, there
>then she lists it
>Like
>Everything
>Didn't even remember half of it, the shower, the closet, then she skips to some of the stuff this trip
>Ends on
>"And then you ... uhh you licked me when i wasn't even awake! Jerk!"
>fuck
>You're still mad about that
>She crosses her arms and nods
>"Plus you broke up with me, i cried for a week"
>Finished with
>"You're awful, i hate you"
>t... thanks?
>So uhh...
>I didn't know she cried for a week
>Sorry blondie):

>I give her a much needed hug
>She accepts it and clings to me kinda limply, hair a tossed mess across my shoulder and her

forehead.
>I don't really know what to say
>there's nothing really i can say here
>Just
>Hug it out or something
>Bro moment possibly?
>maybe get her a card at the store or something
>"Sorry for breaking up with you as a ploy to get back at my childhood friend i was pissy at for the time being until she almost killed herself"
>Im sure it comes in a "Love you lots!" and "Get well soon!" variety.
>[spoiler]Guess she could have get well soon[/spoiler]
>Waitwaitwait
>Question
>"You... uhh, do you still have feelings for me?"
>I try to make it sound serious as possible
>She's quiet
>Keeps hugging
>Then kinda squeezes harder
>"No... you're an ass"

>Phew
>I really dodged a bullet the-
>"But you're safe... and nice to me, so...
>DON'T S-
>"i guess so"
>-AY I
>FUCK
>Two hands
>I place them under her arms
>Pull her off me
>Pick her up
>Turn her around
>AND RUN
>BOLTING TOWARDS THE DOOR
>make it halfway before she shouts
>"HEY!"
>"YOU DON'T RUN WHEN A GIRL CONFESSES YOU... ASS"
>I turn my head
>"I DO"
>I yell as i attempt to flee the bathroom
>Attempt
>Because i wasn't looking where i was going
>Run smack dab, smash crash bang into the closed door

>Hit my cheek first, then everything else
>Get some sweet air time as i fall backwards
>Midair thoughts
>"Oh no she's conspiring with the architect now"
>Hit the ground, back first

>Ow
>least the guy who designed the place gave me a soft floor to land on
>I see a smiling face appear above me
>More like, gloating
>It's got blonde hair draping down though, and an evil smile
>"Not my fault!" she cheers at me
>I point out i'm still blaming her
>which gets a "No fair! you did that!" in return
>Also a "You deserved it!"
>I guess
>Then her question
>"Why would you run, where would you even go.... i would have just cried again you know"
>Alright, statement
>But uhh
>Im honest
>"Listen blondie, you're cute and all, but uhh, i don't want to deal with it, i mean anyone else finds out and its just more you-know-what"
>This is resolved with her shaking her head
>Swish swish goes the long hair
>"Nope"
>What do you mean nope
>"I told you already, you're an ass, raven can have you."
>"But that doesn't mean i don't like you"
>WHAT DOES THAT EVEN MEAN
>I try to get up and escape again
>Slip on a wetspot with my sock, also a banana peel.
>Slide half a foot and tumble over again
>Hit the ground with a squeak, and someone blows a bicycle horn in the distance.
>SHE'S DONE IT
>SHE'S CURSED ME
>i CAN'T LEAVE UNTIL I GIVE HER WHAT SHE WANTS.
>OR DIE TRYING

>I've opened the cursed treasure box
>Played with the emotions of a blackened chest of gold coins
>The spirits within shall curse me forevermore
>Friends help, a cute blonde girl tricked me!

>Alright
>I sit up again
>"What do you want"
>She just gives me a confused look again
>"you just slipped? need help?"
>DONT PLAY COY WITH ME SHE-WITCH
>i KNOW THOU HAST ENCHANTED THIS FLOOR WITH ICE
>WHAT DOST THOU WANT FOR
>"well.. if you're going to be like that i'm regretting telling you"
>blondie i swear to fucking elvis presley
>im going to kill you on the toilet
>the other girls are going to wake up and find your mutilated body duct taped and mangled beyond belief right over there
>not that she was listening to my internal decisions to kill her
>She just told me "soo... uhhh"
>I offer
>Dicking again?

>not really though
>I don't have much of anything to say towards her acting all depressed again like that.
>Head hung and everything, she's spewing sad things.
>"Listen... i'm going to have a shower and just... just be finished with whatever you're doing outside"
>"I'm sorry i even brought it up"
>):
>Awe blondie
>Breaking my heart
>I can hear hers ripping too
>):
>Sorry blondie
>standing up, turning away towards the door
>The aura is gone
>I can escape
>She's no longer holding me captive
>Hand on the doorknob
>I pause
>waiiit a second
>I turn around again, quick as a flash
>She's staring at the ground, some spot off near the shower, away from me
>"Blonddie! you're awake right?"
>she mumbles an "eh"
>Good enough
>I tackle her

>Muffled squeal
>That's what she lets off as i manage to pincer her into a surprise hug and a kiss again
>Then she's settled back against the sink, butt on the edge
>Fighting the kiss actually
>Struggling
>I mean her mouth isn't, her eyes aren't, she's got them closed and her tongue is working cute little wonders in my mouth
>But her hands are
>Shoves me, off a tad
>"No, i said no, i don't want -eep!"!
>Thats the sound she made when i pinched her and kissed her again
>Used my good ol-trick, the one you should always use on angry women
>Take your lungs
>inhale
>Now do that when you're kissing a girl and have full mouth contact
>two seconds and i left her breathless, intentionally
>Fill in her blanks for her
>"You don't want sex, thats alright it wouldn't be that great a first in a motel bathroom anyway"
>I wait for her to nod, and she kinda half does
>Eyes sorta glazed though
>Fluff in my arms
>"So, you're awake, you want me to help you out with what you were going to just do in the shower"
>She reverts to innocent mode again
>Well
>Fake innocent
>"I.. i wasn't!"
>i tell her to shut up and yes she was
>She ends up nodding
>Alright
>Oh but one thing

>I say this just as her knee had started to creep between my legs into that oh-so-precarious spot
>I mean i saw it coming miles away
>"IF you hurt me, and i mean AT ALL"
>"I'm duct taping you to the bathroom floor, and you're going to sleep the rest of the morning here"
>She nods
>Vigorously
>"I wont hurt you, i promise!"
>...

>...
>"Blondie your knee"
>It's still there
>One word response "Oh" and she drops it and places it outside my other leg
>Phew
>I'm totally going to end up dying here aren't i
>*shrug* oh well
>I knew it would happen eventually
>I tell her to scootch forward so i can pull her pants down
>She's not having any of that
>She scootches forward, but wraps her arms around my shoulders and neck.
>"Wait! Wait stop!"
>...
>Blondie
>What
>Come on, seriously

>"S... stop stop, im not uhh... clean"
>lol
>She means she hasn't shaved recently
>i swear to god women use this excuse far far far far far too often
>Femanons
>Stop using it
>Men don't care
>Please
>Plus
>"Come on, i date raven remember?"
>Not to be coy
>I rip those pants off of her
>Along with the squeals of "nononononono"
>I just duck my head down and inspect the goods while holding her on the counter
>Seriously
>She had nothing to even worry about
>She's more trimmed than raven, sparser lighter hair too
>Plus, she's still got her cute innie-pussy lips
>So like everything was neatly packed away and hidden from view
>I inform the girl she's got a cute vagina
>Tis a fact
>Not to brag, but i could see her thighs turn red from down here.

>Two hands spread required, i get to work
>Not that it's work really

>Bit of oragami and those cute pink petals unfold
>Lick or two here, lick or two there
>She still tasted like maple, but it was softer
>Not really syrup, but like the liquid you get from the trees itself
>Like, tiny-tiny bit sweet, but mostly liquid
>Obviously we needed to collect it, boil it down and sell it as a brand of its own.
>What was nice is that she wasn't silent this time
>Last time i licked her she was asleep, so of course she didn't react, but now i got to hear everything
>From the gasp she gave, light and airy when my tongue first touched
>To the deep breaths she was taking every time i tickled certain spots.
>It also didn't take much of the alphabet for me to learn she liked the letter E
>Hit all the right places i guess
>Every time i completed one she gave a tiny-tiny shudder
>The exact reaction you should be looking for.

>If anything, either raven was slowly becoming immune to my tongue, or blondie was a quick shot
>Because she went off fast
>Two minutes maybe
>Hands grabbed my hair and pulled my face downward
>The piercing feeling of every single hair being pulled
>Nose forced into her pelvic bone, Smushed really
>Then of course the smell that comes with that, i mean you're already face first in it
>She smelled like musky oak, i guess she always kind of smelled like oak
>But this was "Oak forest after it's rained and you rip up some of the moss" oak
>Plus that permeating smell of sex
>She squiggled, squirmed and wiggled
>Shifted hips back and forth, wrapped toes around my back and dug in with each one
>Pulled me in with her legs, the crooks of her knees hooking my neck closer.
>Then she stopped
>Tension over, relaxed again
>And i continued, i hadn't even hit her clit yet.

>Kinda scared to actually
>Every time i tried she would practically buck and squeeze me closer
>Slightly worried she might break my nose
>Also that breathing thing
>I started tonguing her clit, and she instantly started squeezing me harder
>Thighs, hands, everything working to press my mouth closer to that maple fountain
>Might need scuba gear
>Her too, thought came to mind she might be hyperventilating
>Every time i licked anything she would breathe, either in, or out

>I wasn't licking slow either
>I mean you just slap your tongue around until it's tired, that's what i do.
>Every corner of that E she took a breath
>Pretty sure E has like, the most corners out of any letter.
>So you know between the squeezing, little squeals, the toes digging into my back, and the breathing. I knew i must be doing something right
>Maybe too right
>She tensed up again
>Real hard this time
>Stiff as a rock in every muscle i could feel
>Hands no longer squeezing my hair, just pushing
>Pulling
>Shoving
>Squeezing
>A long, drawn out sigh from her mouth
>A vocal "Auughhohhhh...."
>thighs tightened up, toes and feet wrapped around my neck and pulled me in
>Smashed me up as close to that slick wet bed of hair as they could
>Maybe a minute
>Had to hold my breath the entire time
>Smiling though
>Nothing like making a girl cum so hard she's using every muscle in her body.

>Then i start up again, second she lets me breathe
>Which is followed by both hands on my hair and holding me
>Away from what i was trying to do
>"S... stop... sensitive"
>Oh trust me, i know
>It's been what
>Six minutes
>Hell i could do this everyday and not break a sweat
>However, Poor blondie was pent up
>She knew the rules and so did i
>Full commitment
>Ect ect
>She signed up for it, she's getting three
>So i push forward against her arm strength (not that she could stop me) and enjoy the "Auuoohhhh..." as i started again
>It wasn't really the same as the first two
>She stopped shaking, shivvering and squeezing
>She was just mumbling, talking to me as i went along
>"p...please"
>Struggling to get words out

>"Not... there, over...yessss....."
>That last one devolved into a snake's hiss halfway
>I mean i knew she was slippery, my tongue could tell
>Soaking the counter like a leaky faucet at this point

>Then she did it
>I hit her clit, once, twice, three times with flicks of my tongue, centered the E right on it.
>Everything went fuzzy for me because she had the strongest damn thighs
>YOU WANT DIE LIKE LAST MAN VISIT AMAZONIA?
>Tensed them right up
>Then the hands pulled down
>At first my nose touched wet again, and then it just was wet
>Really wet
>Couldn't move my head
>Those legs were locked around my neck in a vice grip
>She was squealing something fierce, loud continual yelps
>Like a wolf yipping at a playmate or something, god it was hot
>Pretty sure she clawed me with her toes squeezing so hard
>Except for the squeezing bit
>WHAT MAN DIE OF
>CRUSHED BY PELVIS
>I couldn't breathe
>One minute
>Started squirming
>Two minutes
>Trying to yell into blondie's vagina that i needed air
>Felt ringing in my ears
>please
>Everything going black
>Last thing tasted...
>Maple syrup

>Then i kinda slid free
>Plopped onto the floor like a very wet fish
>Female lubrication anons
>It saved my life
>[spoiler]It might save yours one day, remember that[/spoiler]
>Blondie's not so much because she was seemingly unable to use her muscles properly
>Or unconscious
>She slid right off the slippery counter into a pile with me
>Limp as a rag, still had her shirt on and everything
>Not that she was heavy or anything, but you know getting hit by falling humans kinda not nice
>Takes me a minute to catch my breath and for the ringing to stop
>Note to self
>Remember where i put duct tape, never trust blondie
>She's not getting away with that though
>Too sensitive my ass, she's getting a four now
>Not that i'm going to put my mouth anywhere close to that again
>Not without an escape route, emergency air supply, and possibly a taser
>Maybe even a breathing buddy
>I sit upright and pull the woozy girl into my lap
>Start again, this time with two fingers.

>Two mini convulsions later, she's awake again
>Gasping against my neck with her head sideways
>Panting, trying to catch her own breath
>"Pleasssssseeee"
>She can't seem to end words anymore
>they just drone off quieter and quieter as she says them
>"Sssstoooppp"
>Nope
>I'm not even doing anything that impressive, just two fingers curved upwards like i usually do
>But you know somehow that just works for anyone i've ever been with way way too well
>First thing she does is squeaks again
>I stop her by kissing, end that noise and make it a muffled exhale instead
>hot air into my lungs, i don't mind
>Second, she crosses her legs
>right over left, linked at the knees
>Thighs squeezing again
>Right on my hand
>Then she shakes
>Convulses up and i watched the entire body give a shudder
>Everything uncovered below the belt rippling almost
>Maybe i imagined it
>Maybe not

>She squeezed with all her might on my hand
>not that she could actually hurt it, too close to her crotch, too tightly pressed
>But she seemed to try
>A minute of tensing, squeezing with her legs, and then she released and went fully limp again
>I pulled off the kiss
>got dazed dreamy eyes in return.

>Yeah oops maybe she's done
>She's not even reacting when i wave my hand around at her
>I set her down softly in a non-puddle on the floor
>So now we know
>Blondie's limit is 4 and who knows how many little ones.
>Dirty casual
>Raven's best is 9
>But that would take all night and i really could use more sleep
>I check around
>Make sure Blondie's clothes weren't lying in any juices that would defeat having a shower and changing into them.
>They aren't, she's good
>Do i just uhh...
>Leave her here?
>Guess so
>Its warm, she looks pretty content
>Let her ride out the post orgasm haze in a happy well lit place, take a shower maybe.
>I just kinda get up, walk way
>Close the door on her
>Hopefully she wakes up before raven does, but i mean even if she doesn't she'll be fine.
>I slide back into bed with raven, who's half awake half asleep
>she mumbles something
>Pretty sure its asking me if i want her pants off again
>Like she just knows in her sleep that i'd probably take her.
>Hot, but i'm not really interested
>Raven still half hugs me and wraps legs around my waist like she's willing if i change my mind
><3
>OH FUCK WAIT
>i FORGOT TO GET A BLOWJOB FROM BLONDIE
>GOD DAMNIT
>thats ALL I WANTED
>Raven's noticing my wiggling and wraps her legs tighter, arms too
>Kisses me, half lips, half mouth
>mmmmm
>then she mumbles "Pancakes... you taste"
>half asleep

>....
>SEE
>i TOLD YOU ANONS

Thats where we end for tonight. Wednesday 8:00 Pst moar?

Update #35 : August 13th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/12995253

>I woke up first, as is tradition
>Covered in girl
>As was becoming tradition
>Not that i minded
>It was decently light out, or it should have been from what i could tell of the sunlight streaming past the crummy hotel curtains
>But you know, i wasn't complaining
>Too much
>Raven had her arms and legs wrapped around me in near-gadget-climbing-tree fashion
>But instead of the legs being locked, she simply had my ankles kidnapped
>Head nestled over my shoulder, snoozing so softly i could barely tell she was breathing besides the rise drop in pressure against my own chest
>There's some words i could use to poetically describe how nice it was to wake up to this
>You know, wouldn't mind waking up like this everyday for a couple months and that kinda thing
>Best feeling ever, ect.
>But naw
>Just gonna tell you it was maximum comfy
>Plus she was always just a tad cooler than i was temperature wise, so i could just nuzzle right in
>When one side got too hot, flip her over like a pillow and enjoy the coolness of the other side.
>I wasn't anywhere close to forgiving her yet, but man
>She was making it easy.

>Sadly no matter what, when you wake up
>And someone's holding you
>You're probably uncomfortable somehow
>So you need to move
>Just a little bit
>Tiny tiny, gotta get your arm up a notch, or slide your leg over
>Then it's not even that comfortable over there

>So you gotta move it again, all without trying to wake up the sleeping girl you're in the arms of.
>And again
>Before i knew it she was awake mumbling
>A very tired and breathy
>"nouh... go back to sleep"
>All while squeezing harder and wiggling her nose into my cheek, chin still resting on my shoulder.
>Then a deeper, more serious demand.
>"Don't move. pillow"
>with a growl
>Something you'd tell a rowdy bundle of feathers you were unsuccessfully trying to balance somewhere with contempt.
>I was more than happy to comply and comfy again.

>Unhappily though, she was awake now
>Which meant she had to squirm and reposition
>Ending in a sigh, and letting go of me to move one of the arms that had undoubtedly fallen asleep
>There is no such thing as comfy cuddling when you're awake
>It's a lie propagated by the media outlets to make you believe
>Instead, she's awake now
>She's squinting because the sun's falling across her face and in her eyes (i'm not facing the window haha best position)
>i mean it's lighting up details in ways you never really see them unless you've got that one piece of sunlight
>Little divets around the eyelids, the fuzz and shape of eyebrows, all those tiny light hairs you can't ever see.
>Raven Groans
>Blinks a couple times, and just jams those eyes shut again
>First conscious words she says are less of a cute mumble and more of a resigned sigh
>"You probably want to fight again huh"
>hmmm
>uhh, no not really, i seem to not be afflicted by morningus woodicus
>I'm good
>"It's fine, you're probably sore anyway" i concede to her
>Get a mmmmhmm in return
>then another question
>"You... suree?"
>It's like a sigh of a question
>I'm pretty sure
>But wait a second
>I mean if you want me to raven, i'll happi-
>"No, i'm sore"

>interrupts my musings
>And she turns over facing away from me, but wiggling her butt into my crotch all the same
>...
>Mixed signals here, but uhh fine then?
>I hop out of bed
>Ask her if she wants coffee
>"Sure, but after i go to the bathroom"
>She starts to sit up

>I wander over the electric coffeepot they so nicely provided us, and open up one of the complementary bags of coffee
>It's some ridiculous offbrand "Fancy" flavor or something
>They never taste good, but i needed caffeine, i was groggy.
>The smell wakes me up, it's like cinnamon bun or something flavored
>I turn around to ask blondie if she's awake and wants some too
>Yeah
>Yeah you already guessed
>She's not in her bed
>Raven's already in the bathroom too
>Well
>If anything i internally sigh, drop my shoulders
>Can't even internally curse, too early in the morning
>Pad over to the bathroom and peek in
>Bracing for drama in
>3
>2
>1

>Oh
>I'm greeted by the most groggy sleepy mess of a girl i've seen
>Raven was sitting on the toilet hair an absolute MESS
>Just practically sticking out straight in every direction for a full foot
>Medusa style snakes slithering and writhing atop her head
>It was covering most of her face
>But she was hunched over, staring intently at some spot on the tile ground
>Just glaring at it with some intensity i don't ever understand but all women seem to do, concentrating
>Light green panties around her ankles
>Knees together
>Tinkling away
>There's no blondie in sight
>Just a towel on the floor, no clothes either
>Raven notices my feet though

>Head upturned
>Medusa hairstyle, writhing snakes
>I'm nearly turned to stone by the gorgon i've awoken as she hisses "What!"
>uh oh
>intruding upon her tinkle time
>quick, think up an excuse
>"uhh..."
>ohgodohgodwhatdoisay
>"You want creame and sugar?"
>Oh man that was smooth, nevermind i'm great at this
>Growl in return
>"You should already know..."
>OH I LIED
>TERRIBLE EXCUSE

>i skip away in terror shouting "Cream and sugar! Just checking"
>you're not fleeing if you're skipping
>Remember that anons, best way to keep your dignity.
>I can't figure out where all that beauty and cuteness she just had when she was asleep went.
>Speaking of beauty and cuteness where's blondie.
>Her bed's still a ruffled mess, assuming she wasn't hiding in the shower when raven went in (which i'm pretty sure she wasn't
>Too bad, she's not getting any coffee
>For her own good
>I make two cups of the boiling stuff and it's AWFUL
>Powdered Fake cream
>They don't even give you real sugar, just sweet and lo
>The flavor could and probably did corrode half of my tastebuds away for a week.
>So i just gulped it and complained about it being hot
>Raven sipped it
>Sat with me at the edge of the bed
>Just staring off into the distance
>Me too
>That odd phase where you're just really tired and need to wake up.
>She compliments me on the coffee
>A knock on the door startles us both a bit
>"You get it, i'm not dressed" says the girl sitting next to me
>In her Panties and long sleeve shirt down to her mid thighs
>Me, in boxers only.
>Shirt lost somewhere on the floor.
>Yeah alright

>I stumble over to the door like a zombie

>Don't even bother checking the peephole
>Just open it up
>Blazing glory
>Some girl with brown hair
>whatdoyawant
>She grins and puts on a buisnessy tone
>"We have the blonde one"
>"You're going to need to give us seventeen million in non sequential notes in an unmarked suitcase befo-
>I slam the door
>Raven asks who it was, i just tell her it was a solicitor
>The door bangs open behind me
>"Hey! you didn't even lock it"
>Yeah... i know
>Too tired
>The two girls make eye contact
>Raven pouts, crosses her arms and turns away
>I turn back to glasses "Whatdoyouwant"
>she tells us to get dressed so we can go get breakfast

>Yeah yeah yeah
>I need a shower
>and to brush my teeth
>"So uhh... i'm gonna shower, you girls just... wanna talk... or something"
>No response from raven
>Just a pout and a flick of her hair
>mmm
>Right well
>I just go to the bathroom and turn on the water
>Fifteen minutes later i come out wrapped in a towel
>Expecting maybe hugs, tears, everything fixed?
>Nope
>Raven's gone
>Glasses is just sitting there on the bed, her gaze shifts to me
>Then to my towel
>Fuck
>I watch Glasses just shake her head vigorously back and forth
>Woosh woosh goes the long hair
>Then a very serious assessment
>"She left, she didn't want to say anything"
>yeaaah
>You fucked up everything there glasses
>"what did you say to raven anyway?" I ask her

>You guys might be reminded of things i say all the time
>Because she gives me one word
>"Stuff"

>Unhelpful in assisting me in assessing the situation
>I tell her to turn around so i can put on some pants
>She doesn't
>Crosses her legs, sits up straighter and stares harder.
>But asks a question at the same time
>A coy trick
>"What'd you do to blondie? She had a smile from one ear to the other"
>w... that obvious
>Blondie you're terrible at hiding things
>Can't trust her with anything i swear.
>I try to calmly play it off, anyone can know but glasses.
>I try some silly sideways question pretending it wasn't me.
>She catches me quick
>"Oh stop, you're smiling too now."
>Damnit
>Can't beat her perception checks
>alright, better plan
>I respond simply
>"Why cherry jello of course!"
>Leave her with a confused look because i was completely serious and she could tell.
>She can ask around, see how far that gets her.
>then i about face, boxers and jeans in hand and vanish into the bathroom to dress.

>Come out a minute later
>She's STILL HERE THOUGH
>I don't want to deal with this
>I get a grin
>A glint off both lenses from the sunlight
>A smile that crosses half the face in twisted glee
>And she holds up two keys
>"I've got both, and the door's locked."
>i mean for being such a schemer
>Glasses you're predictable as shit
>i answer with
>"Yeah you should open that, i'm kinda hungry"
>Completely avoiding her implications
>she smiles
>Doesn't miss a beat though
>"Hungry for what?"

>Uncrosses her legs as she says this, i guess she's got some long plaid skirt on.
>Sigh
>I put my hands on my hips
>"Come on, that was really cheesy, you can do better"
>She frowns, sighs and falls backwards
>"Yeah... i know"
>Good old glasses

>So
>Hands still on my hips
>"What do you actually want?"
>I see her shurg
>All the clothes move up with the shoulders
>Yes, that means the skirt changes from middle thigh, to upper thigh
>Yeah i'm looking
>The girl on the bed whines though
>Hand up to her head
>She takes off the glasses and starts cleaning them absent mindedly on her shirt
>"I don't really know...storybro"
>My first name.
>Yeah well
>"you know what you did"
>The good old stand in when you don't want to explain how badly they've fucked up their chances.
>She groans

>So, the fuck do you want
>"mghghgmgmhj"
>Just a mumble from where i was standing
>I step closer
>A mumble again
>Closer closer closer still
>Practically standing right beside the bed now
>Shame i didn't have a big space alien to yell it out for me
>Woulda realized
>The girl on the bed jolts up like a flash
>Grabs me
>Pulls me down with her
>I see the sheets come at me like a wall
>Then i bounce
>Her hands on my shoulders, she pulls me up and forward against her
>And a ki
>A hug

>No kiss?
>Then she pushes me away and smiles
>Doesn't have her glasses on
>I see her eyes, amber reddish brown, glinting
>I assume the same rules apply with the eyes as do the glasses
>When they glint
>She's scheming something
>She smiles again
>This time no eyes, closes them tight
>A forced smile
>"I want you to get me back together with Raven!"
>A fake glee

>I just stare back
>Not amused
>Shove her
>Not even soft
>Hard
>I nearly tumble off the bed backwards
>She tumbles off the other side with an "Ommph" and a high pitched "Ouch!"
>I see her hand come up over the bed again with her stupid bracelets and hairties
>i'm already standing
>Fists clenched
>Want to rip them off
>How the fuck did she think
>Stomping, towards her
>"How the FUCK did you THINK"
>I grab at her, furious
>End up with the chest of her shirt, that slack between breasts
>I yank backwards, upwards
>She's got a look of amusement on her face
>Shes not even scared
>Not even when i shove her to her feet, i can feel the Brastrap too applying extra force.
>Best place to angrily grab girls
>For the second time in a week, Glasses finds herself pinned against a wall with my fist a foot away from punching her.

>She's still smiling
>Just beaming at me
>Left the glasses on the bed, it's a smile i never see
>Eyes included
>I give her the ultimatum
>"You give me one fucking reason, i don't punch you in the face for lying to me for half a year

while pretending to be my best friend"
>I mean
>she set me off
>I was perfectly content with just leaving her alone and letting her apologize, but she hadn't even done that really
>Just
>Fuck her
>And that SMILE
>it's just making me ANGRIER
>She keeps it up though, tilts her head to the left and exclaims "One sec!"
>I notice movement with her arms
>Brace for a punch and step back letting go of her
>It never comes
>She just raises her arms to her head, back of the head really
>I... don't understand?
>She's wearing a white dress shirt, and i guess that's the position you use when you want your boobs to stick out?
>But i realize by yanking her around by her bra i kinda ripped the cups upward and... yeah they weren't very perky under there.
>Raising her arms wasn't helping that.
>So what then?
>Before i realize it she's pulled one of my hands up to the back of her head, and used it to pull herself into a kiss
>fuck
>ALWAYS
>WHEN I'M NOT EXPECTING IT
>AND STARING AT HER TITS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT SHE'S PLANNING.

>Whatever
>It was a boring kiss
>She wasn't using anything but lips, i resisted like hell, and i didn't even get any flavor or anything
>It was a fake kiss
>A trap kiss
>Used to make me stand still long enough to leave my hand on the back of her head
>She'd used the hair ties on her wrist to pull it up
>Two pigtails, identical on either side.
>I was more surprised pulling away from the kiss than i was coming into it.
>Eyes wide
>Mirrored in hers
>And that FUCKING smile
>She changes it to an ear to ear grin
>"Because i can do better!" she exclaims

>A genuine
>Gleeful
>Manipulative
>Voice
>Followed by a quick cup of my crotch
>A fleeting confirmation
>A push away, grabs the glasses off the bed, adjusts her bra and leaves the room.
>...
>I must consult the elders

>By elders i mean find raven
>Ten feet and i barge into the adjoining room
>Exclaiming "WE'RE FIGHTING NOW" top of my lungs
>Not that raven's there
>Of course
>I just get a surprised Freckles, still wet from a shower, wrapped in a towel and picking at her toes
>She glares at me
>I mean i never get anything else
>"So uhh"
>Freckles kinda looks around, still one hand on her foot
>Legs crossed, one over the other
>Hair a slicked down mess
>She continues
>"Yeah that's codeword for you wana fuck or something right, what did you do to her anyway because if you're blackmaili-"
>I tune her out
>Just stomp across the room and check the bathroom

>It's locked
>Freckles is now angrily changing her tone
>"WHAT are you ignoring me or something, i just told you gadget is in there taking a bath, i swear to g-"
>Tune her out again
>I can hear music playing anyway
>I knock
>"Commeee innn" a singsong voice responds
>Then a click
>Perfect, gadget is safe i can hide until raven comes back.
>I step in, end up backwards as i close the door behind me and purposefully make sure its locked
>Turn around
>Oh

>Gadget's covered in various amounts of suds in the bathtub staring at me, and blondie's sitting back on the toilet and turning around
>She's got a little ipod hooked up to some portable speakers.
>When she sees me she changes to straight face
>uh oh
>Blondie just tells me "oh, i thought freckles had to use the loo or something"
>I start to appologize and she interrupts me with a "Don't worry, you're better"
>And a bigger smile
>And gadget's smiling too
>Turned around in the tub to stare at me
>They both are
>Heads tracking me like kittens following something they want to chase
>OH NO
>well on second thought, i got myself into this
>"Yeah, you told gadget didn't you blondie?"
>I say so matter of factly
>They don't wait for me to finish before nodding
>unison. Still staring.

>I tell them that's a little bit creepy
>They shake heads perfectly in unison
>Eyes never leaving contact with mine
>i fucking bet they were practicing that
>no more horror movies for them
>Even if gadget's bubble beard was kinda ruining it.
>I wave my hand enough
>Alright alright
>Gadget's still giving me cute-wide-i-want-something-eyes though
>I glare at her
>"I'm hiding from glasses trying to seduce/blackmail me ok?"
>She's still staring
>Has her two hands up and on the tub rim, entire body submerged but her head and her ankles at the very end.
>What!
>She gives a simple "Me too?"
>No, bad gadget!
>I inform her she's not allowed to seduce/blackmail me
>Blondie breaks out laughing on the toilet, holding her sides at the scene

>Gadget blushes at the laughter and slides back under the bubbles
>... oh man i remember this
>I ask blondie if gadget's been doing that the entire time and she nods
>"Yeah, she's like a fish or something, she can hold her breath forever"

>That's what i said!
>"Anyway"
>Blondie starts matter of factly while gadget's underwater
>"Yeah i told her, we're besties now"
>I could tell
>"She uhh... she's never uh..."
>Blondie blushes too
>"She's never had anyone do THAT either"
>yeah not a big surprise
>I point out i had to explain what it was to her earlier this trip.
>Blondie continues down her path of curious questions and statements
>"You're uhh... you're really good right? Like... other boys aren't better?"
>I don't know what she expects me to answer that one with.

>I just put on the most sarcastic voice i can
>"YES BLONDIE i am THE BEST, you will never get anything better"
>She responds with a sad "Oh"
>and then
>A surprised "OH!"
>and a mock angry "SHUT UP!"
>i'm giggling to myself as i sit down against the sink's under cupboard
>I shrug as if it's nothing
>"Yeah well, you coulda had more if you didn't pass out"
>She takes this well
>Eyes go full saucer
>Hands fling out towards me and shake frantically
>"No no no! It all went fizzy after three, at the end it was like was going to explode..."
>She punctuates it with a frantic
>"i would die!"
>Yeah
>I point out i would probably die too
>Inform her of the vagina based suffocation
>Not my preferred method of going out.
>Next time blondie, we're tying you up
>She eeps
>Gadget splashes
>Someone outside the door says "Three? damn!"
>Blondie corrects her with "Four!"
>i was about to too
>W...
>WAIT A SECOND

>Standing up and ripping open the door to the tune of "Oh damn i sai-"

>I find freckles
>Tumbled over backwards in surprise, still covered barely by the towel
>I mean it was wrapped
>But if she had spread her legs in any other which way than sideways i would be seeing things
>As it was i saw her bare butt, which eh, it's a butt
>"Hi freckles" gadget exclaims from the tub.
>As i grab her legs and drag her in clawing and screaming at the carpet outside to escape
>She was still wet from a shower, so her butt totally squeaked across the smooth bathroom floor as i hauled her in
>Closed the door on her claws, shoved her towards where i was sitting before, and i took up a seat against the door.
>Freckles scrambles to her seat
>Wraps the towel around herself more securely, struggling to make sure nothing is visible to anyone, not even the other girls.
>Finally she sits up straight and looks at blondie
>"I.. i was jus"
>I interrupt, "Eavesdropping, we know, how was your day?"
>She stops talking, doesn't even respond
>Until she sees gadget's head lurking in the suds
>Freckles blushes, full light pink
>The wierdest thing about redheads and blushing is that they don't really skin blush, it's like the freckles themselves show more, brighter, like stars on a clear night.
>No clue how that works, but it was because of her question she was thinking about.
>"i...is she naked?"
>Gadget answers simply
>"No!"
>Sits upright, top half completely out of the water, full teeth smile on her face and the happiest eyes i've seen in days.
>"I'm wearing bubbles!"

>She's got her hands on her hips
>Proud moment for that girl
>However
>I raise my finger
>"Uhh.. gadget... you might need more bubbles"
>She looks at me
>Just an empty stare
>Then stares down at her own chest
>Instantly sinks back into the water down to nearly her nose
>"Well!"
>She mumbles through the bubbles and a little bit of water
>"They didn't give enough in those bottles!"
>Yeah

>Blondie points out it's probably not bubble bath, just shampoo or something
>Gadget's mumbling under the water about that being "Stupid" and how baths need more bubbles.
>I kinda agree
>I mean the only bubblebath i'd had in like three years was with gadget and i gotta say it was aight.
>Even if we kinda died
>Freckles is full blush
>Blondie's not even phased, like "Oh boobs, yeah those are a thing"
>But freckles
>She's got this look on her face like she's a 12 year old boy finding a playboy
>"Oh... Boobs. Yeah... those ARE a thing!"

>I was a tad confused because i was pretty sure Lesbians didn't do that entire drool over women thing that guys do
>Or... maybe i'm just stereotyping
>Whatever it was, freckles was still staring
>I give her a nudge with my foot "They're just boobs, you have some too you know"
>Even though i was happily preserving bubbly gadget boobs in my mind for years to come myself
>Freckles shakes her head
>"No but not like... the only ones i'-
>I interrupt her
>"No thanks, i don't need YOUR sexual history too"
>Which she glares at me instantly for saying starts yelling back
>"SHUT UP! I WASN'T GOING TO TELL YOU"
>I'm yelling too now
>"YEAH YOU WERE, WHAT THE FUCK ELSE WERE YOU GOING TO SAY"
>Her back
>"GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THE GUTTER PERVERT, GOD ALL YOU THINK ABOUT IS SEX"
>Me now
>"SHUT UP, YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET WITH EVERY GIRL HERE MORE THAN I HAVE"
>Blondie's turn
>"You two are cute together!"
>We're both gripping one another by the collars of our shirts (in freckle's case, the top of her towel), fists raised and ready to trade blows.
>Cute
>I swear to god blondie
>Personally let go of freckles and chase the shrieking blonde girl on the toilet
>Freckles grabs my pants and yanks, tries to trip me but just pulls them to my knees, i manage to get blondie's shoulders and start shaking her

>"I'LL, SHOW, YOU, CUTE" as she shakes back and forth
>I fucking swear blondie.
>Not that i'm serious, i just want to shake her up a little bit for obviously teasing me and the lesbian fighting with one another
>My timing is exquisite
>Gadget's popped out of the bubbles again and announces "Hi raven!"
>I stop the shaking
>Freckles stops the grabbing
>Blondie stops the apologizing
>we all just turn around
>Hi raven

That's where we end tonight anons. Friday? 8:00 PST?

Update #36 : August 15th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13027504

>She's got her hands on her hips
>Stance spread, feet facing outward

>Strong
>Confident
>Angry
>Except... she's smiling?
>UH OH
>THAT MEANS SHE'S REALLY MAD
>Blondie catches it too
>"R...Raven we can explain~"
>Raven shakes her head
>Flick flick goes the long hair
>"No, it's fine"
>THATS CODE WORD FOR NOT FINE
>Gadget blubs through some bubbles "Don't be mad at him!"
>Raven looks surprised
>"I... i'm not mad, glasses isn't here"
>...
>Seriously
>She shakes her head again to wave away doubt
>"Anyway, there's a place down the street that does takeout pancakes, how about i bring some back?"
>Everyone nods in unison
>Still staring at her
>She takes a step back, throws on a mock terrified face
>"T... that's creepy you guys"
>Blondie offers to help carry things, and rushes off and out of the bathroom before i can shake her some more
>Raven just turns and leaves, closes the door and shouts "Have fun!"
>WHAT JUST HAPPENED.
>Freckles and Gadget are eyeing me with the same expression.

>Then i watch those eyes
>Light green on Freckles' side, and everything else on Gadget
>Freckles is leaning forward, and gadget has both of her hands on the edge of the tub again scooting forward.
>They trail down, away from my face
>Trickle down the shirt, shoulders...
>to the chest, to the stomach, to the boxers.
>I follow them
>Of course i have a boner
>For fucks sake i forgot to tell raven we were fighting first
>I scramble to pull my pants up, (not that they hide anything) and plop over backwards on the floor
>Arms behind my head

>Back to staring at the ceiling
>Not that i was looking to hide the bulge or anything, or look for solace
>I just didn't want to deal with it
>Plus both the girls were still staring
>I last maybe two minutes
>my annoyance, fades to resignation, fades to thoughts of embarrassment because the girls are still looking.
>Then my subconscious low-self-esteem eventually kicks in and i bellow at them both "WHAT!"
>I can hear Gadget break into giggles and sink back below the bubbles again, letting out blubs instead
>I glare at freckles though, she's sitting closer anyway
>She just jumps
>And continues staring

>I swear, i start to think i'm going to have to shout at her again before she catches my eyes and realizes i was staring at her
>from my position on the floor, if she had tilted her legs over just a tiny bit more i would be able to see up her towel
>Not that i could where i was lying, but maybe she realized this was the case when she looked at me
>Because the legs collapsed into a very un-teasing position where there was no chance of seeing anything
>Then she, in one sentence explains how little she actually knows about male anatomy
>or maybe how little i know about male anatomy.
>"It uhh... it hurts right?"
>[spoiler]SERIOUSLY[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]JUST PAUSE THE FUCKING STORY[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I don't understand where this came from, who told the first earth female that "It's hard so it hurts"[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Some asshole told his girlfriend this, and suddenly it's the most prevalent urban legend in the world[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i mean i see the brilliance, i get it. I understand how convincing women they're relieving "pain" gets you easier sex[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]BUT IT DOESN'T[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]you just don't understand what an idiotic thing you've done, because now you've equated them not sexually satisfying you, with THEM causing you physical pain[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So instead of mutually satisfying one another, she's doing YOU a favor by relieving it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]i can't even begin to get into the details of why this completely fucks up everything, but you can imagine[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]We all know it's uncomfortable, but just fucking readjust you pansy[/spoiler]
>Not that i realized this at the time
>I didn't really nod or anything, just made a "mmph sound"

>Figured in my mind "Eh why not, maybe she'll feel bad for me or something"
>But nope
>She takes it as an acknowledgement that she was right
>Gives me a curt simple response
>"Good, you deserve it."

>I choke back a laugh
>I should have expected that
>Thanks freckles
>Gadget doesn't laugh though, she lets out a "Heeey!! That's mean!"
>Splashes a wave of bubbles, and water at the mean redhead in a towel
>Hits her flat in the face
>Miss meanie no-pants sputters and spits it out while gadget turns, you can hear the water sloshing as she faces me
>"It doesn't really hurt though right?"
>Kind of a singsong, but worried question
>I shake my head "Naw, it's just a boner"
>Im not even looking at her and i can hear the water swishing as she's nodding her head
>Freckles though, who i am looking at, nearly stands up angrily
>Decides it's her turn to save face and inform me of all the secrets of male physique i don't know
>Points at me with one long finger
>Vehemently
>"That's not TRUE, i read it's the best way to control guys"
>Reading
>God damnit freckles
>I ask her where she picked up this hidden secret
>"uhh... magazines? Duh?"
>I'm pretty sure raven could hear my laughter blocks away at this point.

>I stopped
>Mostly because freckles was kicking me in the thigh and it kinda hurt
>Gadget wasn't really laughing, i don't think she understood what i was laughing at
>The good thing about kicking though, is that you just can't do it in a towel without it riding up all over the place
>So every time she raised her leg
>I got to see half a glorious buttocks rise off the floor
>Cutest globes
>Well
>I don't know if those are freckles, or pimples
>Assuming the first one

>[spoiler]Sorry anons, the second one happens plenty[/spoiler]
>I would love for her to stop kicking though
>Easy solution to that, embarrass her
>"Freckles stop kicking me, you're turning me on"
>She stops
>Stares at me
>Yells something about me being "RUDE" and frantically tries to cover up
>Bitch you were kicking me
>Now gadget's laughing though, splashing around with a chorus of giggles
>Might actually be a fish that girl

>Freckles declares i'm a pervert
>Then her eyes go back to my crotch
>"W.. WAIT YOU WERE LOOKING AT ME, EWW"
>"SO THAT MEANS YOU'RE HARD BECAUSE YOU WANT TO FUCK ME?"
>as you can guess, she's kicking again
>I correct her
>"Well, i'm not sure i would really go that far..."
>She's flaming now
>A smouldering towel and a burning pile of flesh and anger
>Green fires lighting the summit
>"You mean."
>She's not yelling anymore
>Uh oh
>"I'm not"
>She's practically on fire
>Oh god help
>I start morphballing and rolling away
>"ATTRACTIVE?"
>I manage to escape before her earthshattering kick connects with the side of my ribcage
>Instead she just shatters the crust on the bathtub and dents the steel frame underneath.
>As i roll away to safety around to the long end of the bathtub and try my best to put something solid between me
>And the very insulted civil rights ogre i've just angered.

>Shit freckles
>I've dodged all the chairs she's thrown at me, and even the kitchen sink
>which is odd because the room didn't have a kitchen
>Dodged it anyway
>Although after a while of cowering in the corner the thuds of her kicking the bathtub ended
>Gadget was pretty funny though, she wasn't flinching at Freckles giving some kind of tantrum over by the closet
>She just gathered up a bubble fortress and was hiding in a corner with just her eyes and nose

above the water
>Hair kinda floating around on the surface every which way.
>Yes i was back to ignoring freckles and watching gadget be amusing
>Sue me
>I expected freckles to be crying though
>Blah blah blah "Why doesn't anyone love me" bullshit
>But she wasn't
>She just points a finger again, this time at gadget
>Demands she keeps me, away from HER.
>Nuh uh
>I point out gadget is my pet shark
>Pat her on the head a couple times
>And she gives a little "Rawr!" with open chomping teeth and everything
>Freckles isn't amused at all
>Like not even a little bit
>I totally was though

>Miss redhead is back to pouting and staring
>Mostly at me hovering my fingers above gadget's head and her attempting to chomp them like dangling fishies.
>She misses the thumb every time, and the pointer
>She gets one of them though
>and that's the story of how i lost my index finger anons. If you were wondering
>But you weren't
>Freckles interrupts
>You know the mock me screaming in pain, and gadget slurping the blood off her face.
>She's paused with her teeth out and my finger still in her mouth when freckles questions
>"What's with you two?"
>I mean as if THAT really needed explaining
>to freckles it did though
>I let gadget do the honors
>She explains, in some mixture of portuguese words and english that i'm like a "Guardian of Importance"
>Or that's the translation i got after the fact
>Not that i know what that means anyway.
>I had no clue what she was saying at the time, i just nodded
>Freckles didn't either
>She just asked the question again but differently
>"So you're together then?"

>Not that she really wanted an answer
>she was just confirming it in her mind, as she moved to her next train of thought
>She sat up, moved forward to the side of the tub and pointed over at gadget

>"So if you're together, you should FIX him so he stops trying to r...
>I COULD SEE IT COMING
>DONT SAY IT FRECKLES
>DON'T DO IT
>"aaaaaaaaaaa"
>I watch in slow motion as she consigns me to the sins of being male, the oppression of having a penis.
>Then she stops
>I swear she said "Ray"
>But she stops, and replaces it with "Have sex with me"
>straight face too
>I don't know how to read into that
>Was she warming up to the thoughts of the patriarchy?
>Abandoning her fellow feminists because she couldn't hate me as much as she wanted to?
>These are questions left unanswered, as gadget leans forward and chomps on Freckles' pointing finger instead.
>Good Shark!

>Not really that hard
>Freckles yelps a tiny bit, but can't escape the brown reincarnation of jaws.
>She's latched on, even as freckles shakes her hand back and forth.
>she was gonna need a bigger boat anyway.
>Gadget doesn't just bite though
>Two hands zip up and prevent freckles from moving her hand away even move
>Splashing
>Bubbles everywhere, actually i'm pretty sure freckles was getting exactly what she wanted
>Because gadget was far enough out of the water that i could see quite an ample amount of sideboob myself
>And gadget's lips contract
>Her teeth let up the pressure
>And i watch freckles, because she's the only one with eyes i can see
>She's transfixed
>Staring at gadget
>Staring at her finger
>Motionless
>As gadget pulls off the pointer, slowly, seductively as if she's sucking something completely different.
>Not that i was secretly rooting for them to start making out or anything
>I mean my pants were
>But it was obvious gadget was just doing it to tease me because she shifts her head to the side a tiny-tiny bit
>So she can see my reaction as she pulls freckle's finger slightly upwards
>and declares quite bluntly that i "Owe" her

>Punctuating each count with a lick of the finger
>"One", "Two", "Three" "Four" times.

>Im back to nodding, and gadget's released a somewhat dumbfounded freckles
>Possibly a very turned on freckles
>But our shark releases the finger from her jaws and escapes back into the ocean
>Lowering beneath the frothing foam of the waves once more
>Then back up again, ears above the water
>We're both staring
>"Wait, what does he owe you?" are the words that don't come from my mouth
>Although i feel like i should be asking that question
>Gadget pops her mouth above the water again
>"I want what blondie got!"
>A very defiant demand
>Then she's gone again
>Freckles is just confused
>I'm just going "oh yeah ok, that's no big deal"
>freckles is really confused when i say that.
>"What did blondie get?"
>Oh no freckles
>Don't tell her gadget, she'll be jealous
>Hint that means tell her
>Gadget without any prompting rises forth from the bubbles like a ghost ship and announces "Cherry Jello!"
>Then vanishes again
>I facepalm
>Freckles is REALLY confused

>I have to explain to gadget
>Between her needs to resurface for air
>That it's just an inside joke
>That only raven and i will get it
>Also probably that raven would be mad if she tells everyone
>Which gets an "Oh" in return
>Freckles has put the pieces together herself and decided it's something lewd or other
>Exasperated, face a mixture of resignation and sadness
>"So, what! Everyone's just hooking up behind the scenes with everyone but me huh?"
>Y...
>Yeah
>Looks like it
>She sighs and asks us "Why"
>Serious again i guess

>Gadget pops up
>Informs her she's mean to me
>Vanishes again
><3 gadget

>"WHY SHOULD I BE NICE TO HIM!"
>eep
>Good question
>But
>Freckles is off on a tirade about how i don't matter and how she's sick and tired of sleeping alone and how...
>Well
>Then she gets really depressing and starts telling us that she's never destined to have anyone
>and that her online relationship is proof of that
>I'm sadfacing in the corner
>Not that i'm even a part of the conversation anymore
>Gadget's just popping in with "Nopes" and "Mhmms" every time she comes up for air
>I guess she's technically not going completely underwater just holding her breath with the tip of her nose under and her ears out
>But under the bubbles she's got piled up it looks like she completely vanishes aside from some hair.
>Freckles then goes into some depressing drone about how nobody ever even pays attention to her and she would just love someone to "Cherry jello" her or whatever gadget called it.
>Gadget just pops up again
>"That's because he's their friend, just be nice to him"
>Then she's gone
>Then back up
>"he'd probably do it if you asked anyway"
>Then she's gone again
>hmmm
>She's probably right
>But freckles
>Our friendly friendly freckles
>Waves her hand as if i wasn't there and just states "Naw, he's too easy"

>That's it
>It all makes sense
>Freckles likes the hunt
>The challenge
>THE THRILL of chasing that which you can never have
>see, if i liked that i would be trying to romance freckles
>and not play with my pet shark
>Sure one of them bites my fingers off every time i try to put them close

>But the other one is gadget
>Not a hard choice to make, but freckles doesn't seem to get it
>She blurts out, as if it was a half formed idea
>"How about you and me gadget, let's ditch him and go d-
>Gadget doesn't even let her finish
>"You're too hard!"
>Then she pops her head fully out of the water and wanders over to nuzzle up against me
>I mean she got bubbles, water and more bubbles all over my shirt and left a huge wet sudsy spot
>But it's what she said that mattered as i patted her head
>"I like easy, leaves room for other stuff"
>...
>Wow
>Even then i realized those were some serious fucking words of wisdom out of her mouth.

>Anyway
>I must interrupt this moment of wisdom
>And freckles just sadly staring at gadget nuzzling my shoulder
>to point out my shirt was soaked and i didn't really want my pants soaked too
>So obviously gotta take it off
>Reveal my manly pecs to the world
>my amazing 12 pack muscles
>Oh yeah baby
>All the girls sploosh when i take off my shirt
>Specially freckles, she specifically said "Haha you like him and he's got arms like sti-
>Even with gadget and me staring her down with death gazes
>You could tell she was going to say Arms like a stallion or something
>Pretty strong right
>LIKE A STALLION
>Oh freckles also meets our gaze with a "SHUT UP" and a mumbled "alright i'll be nice..."
>[spoiler]Ect ect don't even lift[/spoiler]
>Gadget just tells me i should get in the bath with her
>I shake my head
>Point at freckles
>Outline the quickly declining army of bubble soldiers she's got left
>She frowns
>Turns to freckles
>"FRECKLES GET OUT!"
>The redhead digs her heels in, crosses her arms and says "No"

>"Anything you do HAS to include me!"
>Hahahahahaha
>Oh god freckles

>I mean
>She gets some credit
>That's a brilliant plan
>Dig in and demand attention
>But there's no way that'll turn out any way you want it to, plus gadget would never let you st-
>"Ok"
>Yup, that was gadget
>She leans over and whispers some things in my ear
>At which point i grin
>Yesyesyes
>Perfect
>Gadget turns back to freckles and declares "She can watch"
>Then paddles her way fully over to the end of the bathtub i'm sitting at, and rises from the water like some kind of beautiful mermaid.
>One arm over her chest, left to right
>Freckles can't see any boobage whatsoever
>Then she slides her left leg up first, then the right leg
>And Gadget's sitting on the edge of the bathtub facing me, toes idly tapping at the dry-ground
>She's positively dripping
>Also i guess she's getting quite a bit of water on the floor
>But it's not like i'm looking at that

>There's a distinctly breathtaking thing in watching a wet girl get out of a bathtub
>Doubly so if she's got dark skin
>Because you just can't see water as well, you can't see that beautiful refraction effect as is courses down a light-skinned girl's legs in rivulets.
>That color change from darker to lighter as you get closer to the naughtier bits
>Plus i mean the bubbles
>Spots and pads of flowing WHITE bubbles just contrast a hell lot better on dark skin
>She was an awful tease though, Gadget got out of the bathtub just right so that freckles only got a side view
>Butt sure, leg sure, a bit of sideboob
>But i got a perfect head on window to all the best bits
>I looked up and met a pair of worried eyes
>Uh oh
>I realized i was doing that staring thing that makes all women doubt themselves instantly.
>I correct it by noting that i've never seen a girl this smooth before.
>Navel to knees, there was nuffin
>Which got a smile, and less worry in return
>and a "Yeah silly! it's cleaner like that"
>Hmmm
>I'll be the judge of that

>Poor freckles was on her ankles trying to get a better look
>Not that i saw much else than her head peeking over one of gadget's thighs in the distance as i make my rounds
>Do the formal inspections
>Two hands later, i pin open her the magical flower petals she was offering.
>It's impressive, the outside skin is almost exactly the same color as her nipples. This light creamy caramel color
>But the inside is a lovely crimson pink.
>Every girl is the same on the inside i guess.
>Not that i get much of a chance to see anything other than a peek, because she squeezes her legs together and squirms the second i touch her
>Hand firmly clasped on the bathtub, other over her chest
>This followed by "Your fingers are cold!" as i snap them away
>Sorry!
>I've had them on this floor the entire time and you were in a warm bath
>I'm apologizing with my eyes
>She's got her hand on the bathtub keeping balance though, so instead of words she uses her left leg
>Puts it over my shoulder and pulls my head in
>"Your tongue isn't cold..."
>Then she pauses
>As if its a question
>"right?"
>I sure hope not gadget
>I let her pull me in and take a lick

>One long pass of the tongue, bottom of the slit to top
>I get a couple different reactions
>Firstly she lets out a really loud "Ahhhhhhhhh..." like she was exhaling after holding her breath
>She might have been
>Next up she tensed her thigh, the one behind my back
>Pulled me in closer, tighter
>Then lifted the other leg and placed it there too
>I had both my hands supporting myself on the floor, so she could put all the pressure she wanted on me.
>Then i gave her another lick, bottom to top again
>She didn't taste like anything
>I mean
>Not to bring your dreams and hopes down or anything
>But she didn't really smell like anything. Soap really
>That clean kind of watery smell
>She tasted like whatever kind of bubbly stuff she had in the water too.

>Not a "Delicious" taste, it was bitter.
>But it wasn't very strong
>Something i could happily live with, plus i knew after a while she would really start flowing
>I leaned in, licked again
>Same as before, but this time i made sure to really stretch my tongue
>Dug in there
>Made sure to hit that little magical button on the way up
>And boy did she tense
>Both legs on my shoulders squeezed
>And then
>They were... gone?

>Suddenly she wasn't in front of me anymore, and her legs weren't on my back
>Right as i lift my head to figure out where she went
>I hear a stifled screaming squeal
>Raise my head just enough to see her falling backwards
>Right into the bathtub
>KERPLUNK
>And a thud
>Gadget used Splash
>It was super Effective!
>What could only be described as a tidal wave of water left that bathtub as she hit it back first
>Towered over a freckles, just as surprised as i was
>And myself
>We didn't even have time to follow the tsunami evacuation routes
>Before i knew it, i was blinded with bubbles
>And drenched
>Fuck, i wanted to wear these pants
>And then i find a hand at my throat and freckles angrily yelling at me "YOU BIT HER, WHAT THE FUCK"
>she's throttling a bubble-blinded me against the floor and you know what i'm not having any of it.
>She's got her priorities so fucking wrong it's not even funny
>I knee her in the gut and blindly shove her off
>I'm not dumb, i know exactly what that thud was, she hit her head.
>There's no way to fall into a bathtub like that without

>Freckles moaning on the floor, i shove past her and around the side of the tub
>I don't hear splashing so yeah
>I've just royally fucked up
>I jam my arm into the water and start searching, still can't see anything with this soap burning my eyes.
>It's rule fucking #1 that you put your arms around the girl's legs

>She doesn't have any support otherwise
>If she leans even the tiniest bit backwards, to yawn, or god forbid moan
>And for fucks sake
>I better not have my arm in the toilet or something because there's no girl here, or she's on the other side
>Eventually i do find something
>A chest
>Boobs
>I can't grab these
>I take the next best thing, the shoulder and yank her up
>not really a thing you can do sideways in a tub
>But with two arms i'm pretty sure i managed to get her out of the water, and by leaning back i pulled her over the edge like a limp noodle
>Seriously there are no words for how terrified i was
>I still couldn't see
>And fuck if i knew where freckles was or what she was doing
>I jam my eyes open, force em wide
>They sting like fuck
>But it's not like that matters, because she's either not breathing at all, or unconscious.

>God fucking damnit i've pulled a blondie
>i'm so sorry gadget
>I still can't see for shit so i yell at freckles
>"FRECKLES, I CAN'T SEE, GIVE GADGET CPR, SHE'S NOT BREATHING"
>She responds with a frantic "I DON'T know HOW!"
>*sigh*
>Remember anons, test your women monthly on knowing how to not be useless pieces of shit in emergency situations.
>They're like smoke detectors
>If they don't work, replace them.
>So still, completely UNABLE TO SEE anything
>I grab gadget and try to turn her over
>Nearly no clue which bits are which, but i get my hands on her chest and give a hard firm press
>Luckily
>She coughed
>Which meant she wasn't unconcious and didn't need CPR, she was just stunned
>Started puking up water, the sickening splatter as she retched on the floor
>coughing, i could feel her legs curl up as she continued to spit up liquids and make awful sounds
>It's even worse when you can't watch it
>Doubly so when you hear Glasses opening the door to the main room.
>asking where everyone went off too
>Then hearing freckles and her wailing in the corner behind me

>Sometimes people don't deal with situations well, and freckles was one of them
>Glasses however was not.
>In an instant i heard the tiptap of her shoes, the questioning and frantic "What happened!" and before i knew it
>The reassuring sounds of her banging gadget on the back to help the water up, and what i could only see via peeks between burning eyes, helping her to her side to breathe better.
>Thank you glasses.

>Between Freckles sobbing into herself something about me killing gadget after biting her or some shit
>And Glasses' soothing voice reassuring gadget she was safe now
>I got up and spent three minutes thoroughly washing my eyes in the sink
>Then i manage to get them to a point at which i can see
>I'm pretty sure gadget poured like, all the soap bottle samplers in that tub
>Makes sense why she was smiling at me constantly with her eyes squeezed shut, or not submerging completely.
>I turn around and notice one thing right off the bat
>Freckles lost her towel somewhere between lunging at, and strangling me.
>So she's sobbing in that corner naked
>Which im sure looks great on my resume with Glasses
>Who has gadget sitting up, still coughing and mumbling something woozily
>I choose to sit down beside gadget and wrap my arm around her, supporting her somewhat
>She punctuates my arm with a "Oww...my head hurts"
>I apologize, constantly
>And she tells me it's not my fault, and that she just lost her balance
>Glasses interrupts
>"Quick question, because i just came in to find freckles naked and sobbing in the corner, gadget choking on the floor and you flailing around like a blind man"
>"Which i assume is your fault"
>"So What the fuck did you do to raven and blondie?"

>T... thanks glasses
>Instantly blame me
>I explain that Raven and Blondie went to go get PANCAKES
>To feed us
>As is the way of BREAKFAST
>I'm really a jerk about explaining it too, but my eyes still hurt so give me some slack.
>Then glasses prods at what the fuck happened here
>Save first, ask questions later
>i start to explain
>Then realize it's rather personal and i'd rather not tell
>At which point she just prods me again and says "Tell me damnit"
>alright alright

>I point out gadget was sitting on the end of the tub and wanted me to eat her out, so i did
>And she put her legs over my back and i had my hands on the floor and....
>Glasses interjects with a so-it-is kind of note
>"Oh, so you didn't hold her legs? You fool"
>Yeah well I tell her
>"Shut up! I realized that after the fact and... WAIT A SECOND.... HOW DO YOU..."
>Glasses just flashes me a shit eating grin
>FUCK YOU GLASSES
>Of course you've fucking done this before
>I'm trying to pummel the girl across the other obviously disoriented girl we're reviving
>Who stops me by clinging to both of my arms in front of her
>"stoooppppp"were the words gadget used to let me know
>I should probably stop
>I do
>I redirect my anger
>Mostly towards the idiot that didn't help me at all when i needed it.
>"Glasses, go teach freckles CPR"
>They both practically hate one another
>That'll be fun.

That'll be the ending tonight anons. Because i have a tad bit of a schedule change, we'll see about a short update sunday at 8:00 PST. Otherwise it'll be monday.

Update #37 : August 17th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13062766

>Glasses ignores me and my request to make freckles less of a worthless human being
>I really wish she hadn't
>But seeing that i have my arm around gadget and under her arms to keep her seated beside me, she realizes i've got it from here
>Gets up, gets out her first aid kid and goes to treat the redhead with the booboo wailing in the corner.
>Gadget's not in very good shape, no matter how i look at it.
>Firstly she's sitting down like i am, and i can see in perfect detail all the bruises, blotches and scabs from her knees down.
>I feel like an idiot for ignoring them when she stepped out of the tub, i was too enamoured with thighs and above.
>The worst part is i can compare

>And she definitely had em worse,
>mine were long crisscrossing scrapes and scabs,
>But on her...i could see huge black and blue bruises, darker splotches of skin with yellowing tinges on the rims where someone had obviously kneeled on her legs against the gravel.
>You know how bruises are, they show up a couple days later.
>There was no feeling
>I was shit
>She wore long pants all the time
>She was just hiding it from everyone and smiling on the outside, hiding winces when she sat down or crossed her legs.
>):
>Failure of a human being for myself status confirmed, i'm still inspecting the damage
>Gadget herself, she's... not really conscious
>It's kind of a half awake half asleep thing, like she's trying to nap on my shoulder
>and there's blood dripping down her cheek from where she's leaning on me.
>OF COURSE
>OF COURSE SHE'S BLEEDING

>I push her up, sit her head up straight and try to inspect the damage
>It's all over her cheek in a smear ,and i'm fumbling through wet hair to try to find where the bump is she's bleeding from
>But it's just not sticky
>Not really bloody wet
>and there's none dripping
>see, that makes no sense
>Fuck gadget you make no sense at all, where are you bleeding fro
>Oh
>My shoulder is covered in blood too
>My duct tape impromptu bandage is missing and i must have retorn open my pencil wound with the frantic searching in the tub
>literally just a flesh wound
>Give no shits about it right now
>Because gadget is indeed trying to sleep on my shoulder
>Not even jolting when i give her a really firm squeeze on her ribs
>Even a really really firm squeeze, dig my nails in and everything.
>All i know is that a getting a concussion and then going to sleep is like SUPER bad for you.

>So i do my best to stand her up, get her to her feet maybe
>She's not very stable, wobbly legs easily
>I have to support most of her weight, and she clasps me firmly for the rest, arms around my back and head resting on my chest.
>Not good in my mind
>So give her an ayup and lift her off her feet slightly

>Set her back down, take one of her hands away from my shoulder and wrap another around her waist
>Give her a tiny bit of support, but force her to stand on her own.
>She tumbles, falls slightly
>But i can hold up enough of the weight with one arm to give her a chance to steady her wobbly knees and stand
>It's just not very reassuring, those legs
>I think she's really hurt
>I'm terrified that i've really hurt her
>I don't know what symptoms to watch out for, or if she's really hurt or just needs to be on her feet for a bit
>I tug her along
>a shuffle really, hand on her waist
>A dance almost

>Two step
>Half step
>Foxtrot
>One arm around her waist, one holding hers in the air
>A beautiful slow dance with a naked girl clinging to my arms
>Romantic really, as seems to be most of my life
>But always that catch, her fading in and out of woozy consciousness
>Clinging me to support, and not comfort.
>As awkward as i'm sure we looked, the two others in the bathroom were silent
>Watching
>Until the girl in my arms lost her footing once more
>Knees gave out and she came tumbling into me, a me that wasn't ready for the full 90-100 pound weight of girl.
>I start falling, slipping on the oceans of puddles on the wet floor
>No footing
>Falling, towards what i'm sure is justice, hit my head on something either sink or toilet as i go, just at a terrible angle.
>Serves me right is the last thing i think

>But you know, it didn't go as badly as i expected
>I forgot who was behind me
>Glasses
>Our savior, to her feet and caught me before i fell
>Caught us both
>Arm around MY waist, supporting
>I was surprised, i shouldn't have been but i was
>Beating myself up already about this entire thing
>It's more of a cry from my lips than a sentence, but i get it across

>"i... i can't keep her awake"
>A resignation from myself that indeed, she's not OK
>Gadget with her eyes squeezed closed
>Glasses takes her from me
>A shake
>Rough, vigorous, the poor girl's head flopping back and forth
>Still sleeping
>Then a hit
>A long hard thwacking smacking slap across her cheek
>Along with a "WAKE UP" shouted in her ear.
>Not her head, that would be dumb
>A swat really, full hand contact on one of her bare buttocks

>Miss asleep left her title behind
>Jolted her eyes wide open with a Yelp
>A swift pace of her eyes back and forth, glasses to me
>Picked me
>And a grasping hug came with it
>Back into pressing her face into my chest, smearing her cheek and hair with blood once again
>She's awake though
>Slap on the butt folks, works wonders
>I try to make sure she's cognizant, at least to an acceptable degree
>"Gadget, do you feel alright?"
>She just gives a mumbled "mmmhmmmm" into my skin
>Then whispers that she's fine
>Asks if we can just leave her alone so she can close her eyes
>Aka
>Wrong answer
>She's got her eyes closed again too
>So Glasses and i share that look
>That one look that everyone knows, when you realize things need to be acted upon and there's no escaping it.
>We share it
>Eye contact for just a moment
>Then she turns away
>"Freckles, get Gadget clothes, we're going to the hospital"
>and not that i was counting or anything
>But the redheaded bitch sat there for three seconds before asking "what?"
>not that i was counting or anything
>but approximately 100 nanoseconds later, glasses yelled at her so hard to fucking do it that she was up and out the door.

>The next bits were hazy

>I mean they went by quick
>Hauled gadget up and dragged her into the main room
>Freckles had some panties and shorts she dug out of her own bag, and some shirt that was baggy and a size too big
>I grabbed something for myself too, pants and a shirt
>Shoved everything i could remember in my pocket, and half carried half dragged gadget out the door
>More carried
>The parking lot was just a mess of moving people
>I opened the door, somehow got gadget in, somehow got her lying down and head in my lap
>She was drifting in and out of being awake
>Every time she closed her eyes
>I pinched her cheek
>Harder
>Softer, depending on how frequently i had to do it
>But she always made a sound, mumbled something awake and swatted at me
>Which i felt was a good thing
>Freckles was in too, traumatized and pulling a blondie
>But she was leaning over us and watching, so maybe she wasn't completely useless
>Glasses started up the car and drove half a block, found the other two walking back

>Blondie with a stack of styrofoam boxes to her chin
>Raven frantically waving us down until we pulled over.
>Frantic questions when it's revealed where we're going
>"Ohmygodwhathappened!?" -Blondie
>"he didn't did he, i swear if he hurt her..." - Raven
>"I'msosorry whydidileave" - Blondie again
>I ignored them
>But they tumbled in too, pancakes thrown into the back seat and forgotten
>They helped
>Even if it was by not wearing seatbelts and crawling all over everyone with hands legs and limbs everywhere trying to make sure gadget was alright
>Well
>Blondie did, mostly
>But raven caught the splotch of blood on Gadget's cheeks that we hadn't cleaned off, and quickly connected it to the splotch of blood slowly staining my shirt
>She fretted over me
>Not very gently
>But she did get a loose cloth and start cleaning it off of gadget, and then wiping it up where it was dripping down my arm
>Glasses told her to stop though
>"They would get to us quicker if we were covered in blood"

>Not that we needed anymore
>My shirt was a mess enough, even if i wasn't the one who needed to see a doctor
>I don't know how glasses knew where to go
>Where a hospital even was
>Maybe she saw signs, or looked it up before the trip just incase
>I wouldn't put it past her to have memorized all the emergency locations along the way, just because that's the way she planned everything. Backups and backups for those backups.
>Blondie later told me she thought we drove by it on the way to the hotel, and that was a good enough answer for me.
>But i wouldn't put past her.
>Parking lot, freckles took over driving. Raven and i carried Gadget in
>People pointing us every which way
>We ended up in some waiting room, with groups of other people who looked twice as bad off, or like they didn't even belong there.
>Glasses negotiated everything
>Paperwork, she gave them some card or something
>Thank god
>I would have been useless, it would have taken us twice as long just to get in.
>I did my job, best i could, just held gadget, sat next to her, wrapped my arm around her and tickled
>Every time she tried to sleep i woke her up with giggles
>Not that she was even fully awake
>Not that everyone in the waiting room was giving us looks as if we were some romantic couple on a date to the ER
>Every giggle, i swear i made everyone slightly sicker
>Fuck you, she's got to stay awake, and pinches are going to get you just as mad.
>One man kept coughing
>Looking in our general direction with disdain
>The other girls were wonderful though, freckles, blondie and raven
>They just glared at him back until he stopped

>We sat there for an hour, a full fucking hour
>Not that the United states healthcare system is a crumbling mess that's put to shame by fourth world countries.
>Because it is
>oh wait yes that's the entire fucking reason
>You know, me holding a shivering half concious girl with a probable intracerebral hemorrhage or cerebral edema
>Pretty sure you know, brain swelling, bleeding, serious concussion.
>Really not a good thing
>Then finally, who knows how many minutes after Raven yelled at the nurse at the front desk (like she could do anything) or i angrily watched the clock tick by.
>Then finally a doctor who had an expression of complete uncaring showed up

>The nurse pointed at us, called some names and told us "We couldn't go in because we weren't guardians " or something, as the doctor puts her in a wheelchair and starts to roll her away
>Fuck that
>I tell the girl that she's gotta let me in because it's my fault and i've been keeping an eye on her this entire time to make sure she doesn't fall asleep.
>Blah blah blah
>Thirty second sob story
>She doesn't care, she just nods towards the nurse like "Deal with her, not me"
>Nurse says i have to be a guardian or some shit
>So i just tell her i'm her guardian right now because she's out of it, and follow the doctor in
>Who doesn't care
>the nurse is throwing some kind of fit and going to call security, but i think i hear glasses step in and tell her i'm her spouse or something.
>Lovely

>The doctor literally gave zero shits
>I guess they just don't care
>She told us to follow her, and i wheeled gadget down some hallways and into an exam room
>Said it was easier that i came anyway
>Asked me a ton of questions
>Age, weight, how long ago it occurred
>How it happened
>I just explain that she slipped in the bathtub and hit her head
>The fuck else was i supposed to say
>The doctor just looks at her, then me, nods and checks something off in her little clipboard
>Then the whole checkup
>She does eyes first, gets out the tools and checks whatever it is doctors check
>Lots of notes on her clipboard
>She notes that her skull isn't fractured, which is good
>I hope
>And then supposedly it's off for a catscan to make sure she's not bleeding on the inside of her skull or anything.
>Fun):

>That's another thirty fucking minutes
>I have to sit outside and just wait
>Then the technicians leave and they can't tell me anything because woawoh they aren't allowed to "Interpret" the charts
>Thats ten more minutes for the doctor to come back
>During which the technicians just vanished and it was my job to help her back into the wheelchair
>Fuck you can't even begin to imagine how much i was hating this hospital

>Or how much anyone who must go to these hospitals must hate them.
>She was conscious now though
>I had to pinch every once in a while, but she managed to keep her eyes open mostly
>And chastise me with a "Stop pinching! I'm awake... i'm awake!"
>That in my mind was good
>Pretty sure the awful smell in this place, of disinfectants and cleansers was curing her
>Could hope right?

>Who knows how long it is, before the doctor comes back and has the charts
>Doesn't even tell me right there, makes me wheel her into a room first
>Then blah blah blah technical speak she's required to say
>Then you know
>The magical words that i needed to hear
>No <Fancy doctor speak here>
>So no brain bleeding or any dark spots on the Catscan so there wasn't any blood pooling
>Then she used fancy doctor speak to tell me that she might have slight brain swelling, but that it wasn't anything to worry about and was typical in a hard singular hit and she would be fine.
>Something about how they could keep her overnight if we were really worried
>Oh and that letting her sleep was probably fine, she was just disoriented from the hit and it should subside in a couple hours.
>PHEW
>However
>She points at gadget's legs
>"From what it looks like however, this was not a fall and was most likely domestic abuse"
>F... FUCK
>FRECKLES YOU GAVE HER SHORTS
>And then the doctor points at my shirt
>"She fought back? Is that a puncture wound?"

>....
>wait what
>I think the doctor wasn't very surprised by my dumbfounded face
>I have no clue what she just accused me of
>But she continues
>"From the state of the girl, you seem to be either her spouse, or a close friend covering for her partner"
>I'm just staring
>Jaw might have fallen off at this point
>WHAT
>"So, as per state law, i'm required to report this. Even if no such situation occurred"
>I start to explain
>But she just holds up a hand
>"It doesn't matter, i'm just following regulations"

>Not like she would have believed any of it anyway.
>"There will be a simple investigation by the police department, because as you understand this is a serious problem here"
>wh.. what
>She jumps topics
>"You're bleeding quite profusely however Mr"
>She looks down at the clipboard for my name
>"Chris"
>She continues
>"I'll have a nurse come in and stitch that up"
>Not that i'm even paying attention
>I'm just staring
>Gadget's looking at the floor
>I think she's asleep again
>FUCK YOU ALABAMA
>STOP BEATING YOUR WIVES

>Then she's gone, and five minutes later (only five what the fuck) a nurse shows up
>Demands i take off my shirt, cleans the shoulder, disinfects it and injects me with something before stitching it up
>Takes no more than 10 minutes
>I joke with her about how she's so much more efficient than doctors
>A kind of worried attempt at relief and humor
>She doesn't laugh
>She doesn't even respond
>Just looks at the sleeping gadget in the wheelchair with a sad kind of look
>Then shoots red hot rods of steel from her eyes at me
>Terrifying me
>Fucking hell she thinks i beat her
>All the nurses are probably gossiping about it in the background
>They think i'm some awful shithead and this nurse was just forced to stitch me up because it's her job
>Without a word the nurse makes me feel like the shittiest man on earth
>Then leaves
>):
>I wheel gadget back out to the main room
>Four worried girls jump up and demand every detail
>Gadget's fine i tell them, and she just needs to sleep it off (or that's what they told me)
>The nurse is giving me the evil eye though, doubly so when i come back to retrieve my wallet.

>The chorus of happy women makes everyone REALLY mad though
>And one of the local nurses shushes us with a finger
>Not that we care

>The happy attitudes continue on quietly as we try to exit
>Unluckily for me, the doctor is back and she's got one of the hospital police there.
>N
>noooo
>Points at me mostly, and gadget's legs, and the officer just nods
>"Excuse me ladies, i'm going to need to take this girl for some quick questions. Her case has been lodged as domestic abuse and we're required to get her statement."
>That happy atmosphere
>Gone
>No more smiles
>Just stares, jaw dropping stares
>Then freckles speaks up
>"He didn't hit her officer! I was there she slipped in the bathtub"
>And the guy just turns
>In that intimidating posture and that question that makes even the bravest of us squeak in fear
>"Right and who might you be?" as he takes out a notepad
>Freckles shrinks back like a little mouse
>"H.. her friend"
>The officer just nods absent mindedly
>"Right, and what about the legs, how did those happen?"
>Freckles stammers
>"S.. she was attacked by a gang"
>The officer just nods
>"Right and did you witness this first hand.. or?"
>Freckles says the wrong thing here
>"No he told us bu-"
>The officer cuts her off
>"Right, so he told you. I'm afraid i'm still going to have to question her. "
>He just takes the wheelchair and starts wheeling her away
>At which point i valiantly step alongside him and inform him i'm coming with
>He just shrugs it off and tells me i can't be there when he questions her.
>So raven pipes up and offers to come
>He says he can't have anyone impede the questions or feed her answers and it's just the rules.
>Fuck
>I follow them anyway

>We all do
>Even if he just makes us wait outside while he wakes up gadget and asks her questions
>Closes some thick wood door behind him as he walks into a room with two chairs and a table. Even if he shoves one of the chairs aside for the wheelchair.
>We didn't talk outside the room
>Not even a word
>Like everyone just realized the weight of explaining this kind of thing to adults

>How it looks like we, a bunch of white kids, just brought in some comatose colored girl with severe injuries.
>I mean there's no way to make it make sense without really explaining it all
>Too long of a story to be made up
>Plus pretty sure the state is racist in general, so i'm sure it's not the first time.
>But i just hope for the best.
>Which isn't ever going to happen it seems.
>It's five minutes of time, before there's screaming in the room.
>Gadget
>Even through the thick door i can hear it's her, yelling something indecipherable
>Portuguese maybe
>Not that we thought about it
>I tied in speed getting to the door with glasses
>Raven and freckles close behind, always quick when women were in trouble

As shitty as this sounds, i have to cliffhanger here tonight anons. Maybe monday we can do another (short) update to make up for it. 8:00 PST. I just have to sleep tonight.

>implying i've actually been to sleep since i wrote that ^^^
>Nightmares man):

Update #38 : August 18th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13081341

>The door, locked
>Of course
>Was probably the holding room for criminals here for medical attention, or something close
>That's my train of thought as we all banged up against the door, a dogpile of sorts.
>Glasses and I crushed, just a bit
>Before they figured our yells of "IT'S LOCKED" meant we weren't getting in, and Raven ran off in another direction entirely, down the hallway
>Myself still trying the doorknob
>Frantically, as if the harder i pulled the more likely a reinforced door was going to open, there were no windows and i hadn't heard another sound since the initial screams.
>Mind racing
>He could have hurt her, attacked her
>Done normal american cop things, told her she was "Lying" to save someone else, or yell at her until she feels compelled to agree.
>Or she, maybe she was hurting him. We would walk in to a pool of blood.

>Gadget licking her lips, and the body nowhere to be found.
>It didn't matter what i thought, what i imagined could be happening in that room.
>My hindsight reminded me that letting her into a police interview so soon after a concussion was simply insane
>I took my fears out on the door
>Glasses did too, she was banging her open palms against it. Yelling right back
>Causing a ruckus in the hospital, with everyone watching us.
>Even more so when a short stocky nurse comes huddling back with raven leading the way
>A ring of keys in her hand.
>Each step painfully slow compared to her size

>The door opened and i was the first one in
>I'm not sure if i actually let go of the doorknob
>Even while the nurse was unlocking it, i was practically jittering itching for the exact moment it would open and i could force my way in
>It came
>Stumbling head over heel we all kind of piled in
>Took it all in at once
>The table we saw before
>Flipped
>Gadget's weelchair, on its side, the girl absent
>The officer, covered in what must be water, or coffee dripping from his shirt.
>Our friend
>Our gadget
>In the corner, crying, bawling her eyes out
>Arms up above her head, curled into a ball

>I shoved past the cop
>Angrily yelling something at us, not that i heard or remember what
>I didn't see him
>I didn't hear him
>My vision had kind of blurred, tunneled
>I saw black, brown and white around the edges, and all i was doing was focusing on the girl
>Rushed across the room, slid across a puddle of liquid and ended kneeling beside her
>She was still crying, pleading in words i don't pretend to understand
>Rhythmic, patterned
>Prayers maybe, or pleas for help
>I interrupted them with one word
>Her name
>Those eyes, blues, greens and yellows shot open
>Sparked in surprise
>Then she sniffled
>Closed her eyes again and pulled her arms away from her chest

>Opened, in the universal gesture
>Silently asking for a hug
>Of course i did

>She stopped crying
>Didn't say a word as i helped her up
>Sniffled softly into my shoulder
>Tightened her arms around mine
>Ended up hugging me, limpet style from the front
>Legs off the floor
>The officer still yelling something as she put her head on my shoulder
>Squeezed my ribs tighter and i turned around
>"SHE THREW, COFFEE AT ME"
>That one came through clear, the puddle was dark on the floor so it made sense
>I tried to walk by, gadget carried still
>The cop grabbed my arm
>"You're ALL going to be under ARREST"
>Fuck that
>Try to rip my arm away
>But there's really no way to do it, not while im holding gadget
>So he just stops me.
>Starts listing assault, breach of an private interrogation, blah blah blah

>He even starts pointing fingers at the nurse who entered the room with us
>She's just watching
>Deer eyed, saucers of brown
>Raven steps forward, places one hand calmly on the officers arm, and another on mine
>A light, but present tug in either direction
>And she makes eye contact with the officer
>Calmly
>Cleanly states
>"You're going to let him go, because you're in the wrong here."
>Then she nods backwards
>"And you have an audience"
>This was true
>The screaming, crying, banging and shouting of five people trying to get into a locked room had drawn quite a crowd
>Patients in hospital gowns curious and bored
>A whole host of nurses
>Staring
>Whispering to one another
>Hah
>Gossip about that behind the scenes!

>I do say calmly for raven, and i mean it in the most insincere way possible
>Because she was calm on the outside
>Trying to convince everyone else, sure.
>But i knew raven, i knew her tells and her signs
>And her hands were shaking.

>The officer took a long hard look around the room
>The glares from the women
>The nurses
>The condescending stares of the patients outside
>Great thing about america, is no matter what happens
>No matter who's actually in the wrong
>Nobody, ever, ever, ever agrees with cops
>He could see the multiple nurses standing by ready to give him shit if he didn't let us leave.
>But he was used to it.
>It was his job
>So he let go
>And leaned over
>Whispered in my ear
>"If you leave the hospital premises, we have your name and identification on file and will charge you with unlawfully removing your friend, who has now committed assault against an officer. From police custody."
>Or something like that
>He said fancier words
>But Oooh
>The scare game
>He forgets there's five women in this room

>There's a thing about women
>Their natural form of communication is whispering
>Because of this they all know how to lean in imperceptibly
>How each word sounds when whispered, the high and low notes, the harsh and soft tones
>It's not as much hearing what he said, as hearing the sounds that travel a foot or two farther than the officer would have liked
>Blondie, specially was the artisan at this craft
>Seconds after the officers lips stopped moving
>Hers started
>"YOU HEAR THAT EVERYONE?" She yelled
>And yes
>Word for word she informed the crowd
>Like a game of telephone where everyone's a little too good and it's no fun
>But i was atleast enjoying the drama, to some extent as i stepped out of the room, started walking down the hall.

>Fuck em
>The cop steps out behind us
>I can hear his boots
>But he doesn't follow me and my crowd of females
>He just calmly states "Alright Mr. Nugget. Expect officers on your doorstep this evening."
>Not that he follows us though
>Freckles was clenching her fists and looking like she wanted to punch something
>So he was either scared, or wanted to wait for backup because a 1v5 wasn't going to go well.

>Freckles ran off and ahead when we had turned a couple corners
>The car was waiting for us when we left
>Not like anyone followed us
>Not like any of us said anything
>Freckles just sat in the drivers seat
>Glasses took shotgun
>Blondie and raven middle
>Gadget and i in the back
>And we left
>Not a word
>Not a single word
>Gadget still hugging me an uncomfortable bulge in my back pocket (my stupid wallet)
>I lifted up, removed it and tossed it
>Somewhere to the front of the car
>Went back to hugging the quiet girl
>But i guess blondie spoke up first
>She caught my wallet
>She asked the question
>"So... are we criminals now?"
>Probably
>Raven mumbles i think a "yes"
>Glasses notes she doesn't have a plan for us becoming fugitives
>Freckles says her dad knows some pretty good lawyers.
>Blondie seems to dislike those answers
>And ignores them, fiddling with the leather in her hands instead.

>More silence
>Gadget hadn't moved
>I think she fell asleep again
>Good
>The weight of what had probably just happened wasn't really there at full strength yet
>I mean
>They probably knew all our names by now just looking up mine
>I don't know what glasses put down for gadget, but theres entire forms to fill out and everything

>Plus probably insurance
>Or someone was paying
>eh
>Can't really do anything about it
>Just have to explain it when it comes along
>E...
>Except for gadget
>Whatever happened in that room she threw coffee at a police officer
>Didn't look like hot coffee, not from what i saw.
>Not that it's a serious crime or anything, but if he made a fuss
>Then it's assault
>And she's not a citizen
>That's deportation
>Now i was just depressed):

>Blondie speaks up first
>"S... storybro...?"
>My name, but obviously a question.
>i ask what
>She asks me an odd question "Is this the wallet you gave them?"
>...
>Yeah?
>Duh i mean that's the only one i brought
>I watch her hands flip it open and show everyone
>Oh
>It was the drug dealer's wallet
>and his Fake ID
>I mean i smile
>Of course i grab that wallet and not the other one, fucking hillarious
>But holy shit that's just ANOTHER crime
>I mean jail time was probably assured for giving fake identification to an officer.
>Except
>A smile
>A turning girl
>Glasses glinting once again
>A plan
>"You didn't give them your real name?!" She questioned
>Hopeful
>I nodded
>"Oh... we're fine then!"

>WHAT
>Thats mirrored by Raven

>Freckles
>Blondie
>I guess everyone but miss asleep on my lap
>Glasses just turns back to smiling-i-win-mode she always has when she beats someone at a game
>"Oh, i was worried because he gave them his license. But they don't actually have gadget's name or anything"
>"She's not 18, so i just filled in some fake stuff and said she was two years older than she really was. Otherwise they would have had to call her dad and everything"
>Of course im just
>Staring at glasses with a "Fuck i should have figured" look on my face
>OF course
>Of course she pulled some kind of bullshit like that
>ALSO super illegal
>Super
>Super illegal
>Fuck glasses you goin to jail when you older girl
>implying they would catch her

>Gadget, stirred
>Softly told us
>me
>Hugging tighter as she said it
>"I kept asking for you..."
>"i... i woke up and didn't remember when you left..."
>"I kept asking, and he kept telling me you hit me"
>"I told him no, over and over, but he wouldn't believe it, and he said you weren't there, that you weren't waiting outside when i said your name"
>"and he got angrier, and angrier and slammed his hand on the table and i.. i threw..."
>"I THOUGHT YOU LEFT ME"
>and with that last statement it wasn't soft
>It was a loud cry, throughout the car
>The entire thing progressively louder
>Ending with her face buried in my shirt again
>I'm crying
>Staring outside at the unmoving scenery and holding her
>I had completely forgotten she was terrified of police, i hadn't realized how terrifying it must have been
>And for him to tell her that someone by my name wasn't there
>It took me a good long while
>A long stare before i realized the car wasn't moving through the shimmering landscape
>It had pulled over
>And i wasn't the only one crying

I think im just going to sleep anons. That's a finish to your cliffhanger i guess. More wednesday 8:00 Pst.

Update #39 : August 20th

hold on, lets try that again, fuckin heart attacks dear god
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13114215

>That sad moment lasted an eternity of regret
>Or a minute, maybe two
>I felt like a pretty shitty friend
>Glasses felt like a pretty shitty friend
>I wasn't too sure who else knew about gadget's history, but i'm sure the girls that did were feeling pretty shitty too
>The rest, just good at empathy
>That lasted a while, until the car started moving again
>Then the real questions started
>"So what actually happened?!" -Blondie
>"Gadget are you sure you're OK? I mean do you still feel dizzy?" - Raven
>I contemplate answering the first question
>About to do it infact
>But then i realize that no, that would be an absolutely terrible idea
>That question was a trap
>So i just snap my mouth shut and don't say a word
>Gadget turns around and gives an "mhmm!"
>Then curls back up into my lap sideways
>Blondie, distracted by this cuteness gives off an audible "Awwwe"
>Glasses however
>Answers the question for me
>"I didn't actually see what happened"
>Her eyes shallowly scanning the car. Freckles. Me, Gadget.
>"I came in the front door, asked where everyone was, heard shouting and ran to the bathroom"
>"Found freckles crying something in the corner naked. Gadget coughing up water on the floor clutching her stomach also naked, and HIM"
>She glares at me when she says it
>G.. glasses
>You can stop now before everyone-

>"Flailing around like a fucking idiot with just his pants on, not helping either of them"

>Hates me...
>Hoh boy
>Every set of glaring eyes that weren't already glaring at me (so everyone but freckles) was glaring at me now.
>Yup
>Even gadget was eying me with an air of suspicion
>"Alright alright relax everyone, i can explain"
>It's fine
>Communication is key right anons
>Well unless our angry-pants driver, more bipolar than a magnet has decided she's not going to be nice to me again.
>"He bit her, she slipped and hit her head. Then i tried to help her and he hit me in the stomach so hard i couldn't do anything"
>....
>If you hadn't guessed
>Well, you know
>Death warrant signed
>Executive order to dispose of #1 "Story L. Bro"
>Wonder what my tombstone should say
>Maybe uhh
>-Dear God. Can't this car go one day without a riot?
>Naw, simpsons probably did it
>Too cheesy anyway
>Gonna just go with
>-Damn freckles stop twisting that knife in my back so much its starting to hurt

>Raven's giving me a sad look, i mean she's the only one
>Kind of a "Well this sounds like a really bad misunderstanding and knowing you this isn't going to turn out well" kind of look
>She knew Gadget was my homeslice, ain't gonna hurt her no way.
>She was turned around in her seat though
>Glasses too, scowling at me with a look of disdain
>Along with Blondie, who was giving me true blue fire
>Glowing Sapphire flames
>A scowl like you wouldn't believe
>u.. uh oh
>They're besties now
>..."Comon! Gadget tell them i didn't try to hurt... you..."
>I droned off looking at gadget
>She was looking at me kinda funny

>Like she just realized something
>Bit her lip
>"i... i don't remember"
>nonononono
>Not enough Nos
>Too late
>Blondie's unbuckled, roared like a lion and tackled me
>"YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER TOO!"

>Tombstone now says "Damnit Blondie who keeps paying you to do this!?"
>Surprisingly that's just a placeholder because somehow
>Miraculous in fact
>I don't get greviously harmed, wounded, dead or otherwise dying from blondie being actually mad at me
>It's a tad bit of a mess of legs, but gadget ends up with my seat in the back
>Blinking questioningly
>I end up face down on the flat part in the car (where the single seat is down)
>Blondie sitting on my back victoriously
>I mean
>I Guess that wasn't too bad
>Plus blondie's butt was pretty soft so no complaints there
>Better than getting murdered, my heart was beating like a mile a minute when i saw her come at me
>Post traumatic stress from all the times she's hurt me probably
>I hear rustling in the back, and i guess gadget ducks behind the other seats
>We remain like that
>Blondie victoriously with her captured prey in holding for the rest of the trip back to the hotel.

>Eventually, pulling into the parking lot and stopping. Blondie gets off
>Which
>Actually i kinda wanted her back because i had this kink in my back that tons of weight and pressure was really making feel kinda nice
>Contemplating asking her to put her butt back where it was, but she just scoots away and back to gadget
>Then squeals
>"HEY!~ I CARRIED THOSE, save some for ME!"
>... what?
>Sitting up i'm awarded a sight of gadget
>Bare feet on the seat she was in previously, butt in the air, with a fork
>Pancake box open
>Turned towards us with a cheek-full-smile
>one word from her mouth
>"Hungry"

>Eh
>I shrug
>she can have mine i guess, i owe her
>Blondie doesn't hear my thoughts though
>I leave the two of them tussling and warring in the back seat. Following everyone else out of the car.
>Figure i might as well get beat up outside the hotel room, so i can crawl the short distance back a bloody mess
>Who wants a piece of...
>...me
>Glasses, Freckles and Raven were just filling inside ignoring me completely
>Can we... uhh
>Not get blood on the carpets, i bet we paid a deposit
>No such luck, because one girl remains standing outside
>Raven
>Shifted stance, weight on one leg
>Arms crossed
>Frown
>M... maybe she wants a hug?
>I walk slowly
>Carefully
>Open my arms, offer hugging services?
>Maybe?
>She doesn't even move, not until i dejectedly look down at the ground
>"Alright go ahead, lay it on me" I mumble

>She stands a little straighter
>I watch her shoes click together, knees tense
>"Tell me what really happened"
>Soft
>Not mean, not harsh, not angry.
>Just wanted to know.
>Not like its hard to explain, takes me a minute or two to describe why it happened
>Mostly the "I didn't realize she had no leverage to support herself" part
>It's a complicated physics problem summed up with lack of foresight
>She didn't say anything, not until i finished
>I watched her legs shift
>Side to side
>Then she smiled, an awkward sideways smile
>"Yeah, don't beat yourself up too much. Believe it or not glasses did the same thing with me~"
>My eyes dart to her face
>That same shit eating grin glasses had on earlier

>She can read it
>The palpable mad in my eyes, so condensed you could juice it and run an unfunny magazine ten years past its prime.
>"See!" She glows with a smile as she says this
>"Now you're not beating yourself up! You taught me that one!"
>She steps forward, one foot ahead of the other
>"But..."
>I watch her eyes dart down to my chest, a finger tap me once
>"If you want to beat someone up, just say the words"

>GRRRR
>Yeah, alright actually
>Somehow her being open about having any kind of relations with glasses just wasn't as angering as knowing she kept it a secret.
>Might be onto something, have her tell me all about it sometime and i'd feel better. If not just have a boner.
>Kinda tempted to take her offer and use the other room or something, but it felt kinda wrong
>I kinda decided ignoring her was the best choice
>Returned to the car to get the two pancake twins
> both sitting on the backseat now enjoying delicious breakfast
>"Scram! Bring it to the rooms!"
>They scrambled, crawled grabbed and tugged everything together into a neat heap
>Blondie got out, took the boxes and everything carried them inside
>The other three are sitting on the beds
>Cross legged
>Smoking pipes, wearing feathered caps and discussing with the tribe what was to be done with me.
>Raven arguing i just told her what happened and she believes me. Should just let me go.
>Freckles advocate of the death penalty
>Glasses advocate of both.
>At the same time.

>Blondie joins in with death penalty
>"Tie him up and leave him by the side of the road" was her exact terms
>Doubt she was serious
>But she wasn't very happy with me
>Gadget breaks free of blondie's firm grip and runs over to me, arms outstretched
>Then stops
>Just stops, a full two feet away from me, everyone watching
>"If... you bit me shouldn't i be mad at you?"
>Sideways glance
>A question
>*sigh*

>You're adorable gadget
>However i inform her
>"I didn't bite you"
>pivoting around on my toes
>Fucking
>"FRECKLES is full of SHIT as always"
>The girl herself recoiling at my words
>She tries to recoil, come up with a snakelike response but nope
>Not gonna let her
>"I don't know WHY any of you still BELIEVE her after how often she's LIED about me"
>I snapped
>"But you know what, i'm done. Freckles, we're going to have a TALK"
>So fucking done
>But you know, shock and embarrassment value required
>"Actually, scratch the talk"
>I grin
>Wide as i can force it
>Announce to all the women
>"Naw, i'm going to take her in the other room and pop her cherry"

>Chaos is an understatement
>The girl-who's-currently-having-her-maidenhead-threatened-with-rape jumps straight up
>"WHAT!" is the only word she yells
>Blondie squeals something along the lines of "Oh my goddd!"
>Probably something about eating her and next they're going to eat me
>Damn right blondie
>Raven doesn't seem that surprised
>Almost disappointed
>Kind of a "Come on i just offered" a sad green shadow in her eyes.
>Gadget doesn't say a word, she just stares at everyone else
>Kinda like me
>Glasses
>Glasses just stands up
>Places herself between me and freckles
>"Yeah, i'd like to see you try" were her words
>Freckles just shoves her aside
>"ILL KILL HIM MYSELF"
>Fists at the ready
>EN GUARD
>PREPARE FOR HONORABLE FISTICUFFS

>Not that Glasses played by the rules either

>They both came at me at the same time
>Probably thinking "What the fuck is he thinking"
>But i was quicker on my feet
>The world, at my fingertips
>Played it safe
>Tok It the long WaY, to take these To mareS down.
>Time slowed
>Stopped entirely and i could anticipate everything
>Ducked under one punch
>Threw another
>"Hiyah! Kia!"
>Making sound effects and everything
>Throwing knives left and right
>Took ages, but eventually time flowed once more
>Both women crumbled
>The others watching with awe as i dragged the kicking and screaming freckles out of the room
>"Let me GO!" she was shouting and kicking as i got her outside
>Wryyyyyggghhtt
>Like i would do that
>She didn't want to be in there for the steamroller anyway.

>I was simply stronger than freckles anyway
>I mean
>I doubt the people who were within earshot of her screaming all kinds of mean things as i forced her the last ten feet and held on to her tightly while opening the door were weaker than me
>But they didn't get there in time
>Also i mean it was a secluded parking lot so fuck if anyone actually heard her
>Still
>One shove and instead of tumbling, she dramatically hits the ground and starts "Crying" on the carpet as i close the door
>Lock everything that isn't bolted down
>Bolt down everything that isn't locked
>Turn around
>skull on the ground ect
>Also freckles
>"Stop crying, you know i don't believe you when you do that"
>Gets a growl in response
>Then hands on my hips
>"You uhh, gonna get undressed or do i have to do that too?"
>Fuck gotta do everything around here
>Not like i even get to chuckle to myself before she's on her feet again and screaming

something about killing me.
>All in a day's work.

>"Come on freckles, get on the bed so we can get this over with"
>I make sure i yell this
>Like through the walls yell
>So everyone in the other room can hear
>Also the room above and to the others side of us
>Freckles yells back "NO"
>more of a shimmering screech actually
>Disoriented temporarily for failing my will save, she takes the chance and comes at me and the door again
>Completely fucks up her attack roll, blow glances off my AC and i just end up with both of her fists held firmly in my hands
>I link an arm with hers and drag her over to the bed
>Not that she's even in the least possible way cooperative
>"IF YOU THINK I'D EVER"
>and
>"YOU'RE DEAD, HEAR ME, DEAD"
>Shut up freckles
>Calmly
>Cleanly
>I crush her. Break her will
>"You were worthless in the bathroom you lying piece of shit"
>That has the reaction i want
>She tenses up, knees lock
>Toes curl, arms lock
>I watch her eyes
>They shift
>From fire
>To wide, empty
>Plains of green grass
>Continue with my little tirade
>"You know i didn't bite her, you watched me pull her out of the tub and you wouldn't even say anything."
>I mean
>"On a list of shitty things to do, that's pretty up there. So fuck you. You deserved this"
>"Now i'm going to teach you CPR, and you're going to stop screaming and crying and apologize profusely to me, everyone else and admit i'm a GREAT fucking guy. Bitch"
>I add bitch at the end
>Just because
>Im sure i was flushed enough to be a pinkman

>Now in my mind she was going to get up all happy i wasn't actually raping her and go along fine with my plan
>I have an odd feeling the plan just seemed better in my head
>Forgot to think out a couple emotions along the way
>Freckles kinda lost all that tension
>All at once
>Kinda knees gave out
>Tumbled sorta
>Ended up on carpet again, almost took me down with her except i stopped holding her arm
>Then she curled up into a ball
>Ooops
>I may have broken he-
>Her legs come outwards, kick mine right from underneath me
>One arm on the bed, end up tumbling down sideways facefirst
>Slowly
>But no control over it really
>Land on the floor next to her
>Hi!
>Oh wait
>She's crying
>Tears only, no sounds
>Then a hand at my throat
>"I WAS GOING TO DO IT"
>A gravely uncomfortable statement
>Not as loud as it was distressed, watery.

>I didn't like that tone of voice
>"Do what" was the question
>Obviously not "Be raped" because that's fucking weird
>just silently stares at me
>I don't break eye contact, not sure why
>Not until she's back to her old antics
>"I... hate men"
>Was a sentence she said i guess
>wasn't really what i asked
>But it didn't need an answer, because i saw her hand twitch
>Try to hide it
>But i saw it before she could move it away
>Cold, solid, shiny, long
>Lots of words
>But it was a knife, a small blade.
>Pocketknife in her hand.
>Oh!

>Well that makes perfect sense my mind seems to clamor
>It's not like that isn't the logical solution to getting an
>OPPRESSIVE
>PATRIARCHAL
>OVERPOWERING
>DISCRIMINATING
>SEXIST
>CHAUVINISTIC
>PIG
>Off her
>You know, good for you freckles
>Totally would have deserved it
>Also my stomach was doing bellyflops
>kinda wanted to puke imagining what it would have felt like to be stabbed.
>Woulda really sucked
>Kinda roll away
>End up on my back, staring at the ceiling.

>Hmmm
>Yeah
>Second thoughts
>Lots of them as i stare up
>Pretending to want to rape freckles
>REALLY over the top, way too far
>I voice this
>Multiple times
>With apologies
>She's just silent over there
>Staring at me, or the ceiling
>I don't look
>Eventually breaks the silence
>Kind of a disintegrating sadness in each word
>"I... wouldn't have done it"
>"but i could have, if you were anyone"
>"I'm not Helpless you know!"
>A plea for acknowledgement
>Probably what she was fighting with in her head.
>Didn't believe it herself

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13117277
the fuck, first time we've ever had a thread deleted.

>I would go into intricate details on why realizing now freckles settled on hating men because it

made her feel stronger after someone hurt her in a way she felt she had no control over.
>But
>She sat up straight
>"Also, you did bite her. I saw her flinch and fall backwards"
>So i sit up too
>Call her a virgin
>[spoiler]PRICELESS[/spoiler]
>"I licked her clit you idiot, and i wasn't holding her down so she had no support"
>"What do you fucking think happens when you lick someone there"
>i'm about to add "You would know if you were a real lesbian"
>But i don't feel that mean
>Instead she just gives me a look like i've insulted her creed
>"SHUT UP, I WOULDN'T KNOW OK"
>there we go
>Back to being angry freckles
>Not feely touchy "I wouldn't stab you because you're an ok guy" freckles
>except i think she sees that expression
>scares the shit out of me by throwing the knife across the room
>thought it was at me
>Seriously
>Flash of light thought my life was over.

>Still though
>Just called a girl a virgin
>That never happens on the internet
>Might die happy
>Giggling to myself, half scared, half amused.
>All inappropriate
>She's back to glaring though
>"I'll get around to stabbing you later, ASS"
>Real emphasis on the last part
>Back to staring and giggling at the ceiling for me
>Man any conversation with this girl is a ride through hell, and disneyland twice.
>So just hell, but amusing in some parts.
>Freckles is off contemplating things in her head
>I can hear it from here
>"Grrs" and "mhmms"
>Then her eureka moment
>"You gonna teach me, or what?"
>Teach you what?
>I give a blank stare back.
>OH
>Right CPR

>Yeah yeah sure.

>"You said i was worthless in the bathroom"
>"I really hate you"
>Yeah yeah
>Sure
>Then she informs me i was right, and she just panicked and probably made things worse
>Right right, that's nice dear
>Get on the bed.
>A tiny bit of coaching and i had her on the side of the bed, lying on her back with her hands at her side
>first question first
>Asked her what she knew about CPR, or anything for that matter
>"Nothing"
>Heimlich?
>"We learned that, i guess. Never used it"
>Figures
>Kinda like heimlich but in reverse, since instead of forcing air out of the lungs you're simulating breathing.
>Yada
>Yada
>Technical talk, there's quite a bit of it
>About how you gotta technically break bones to do it right (less effort for the person doing it), but usually you don't have to.
>Then i point out i'm going to show her how to do it
>Hesitantly she adds
>"Alright but don't touch me anywhere funny..."
>I point at her boobs
>"Yeah those are kinda on your chest, can you take them off and put them back on later?"
>Miss grumbles gets the idea

>CPR isn't very erotic
>Not unless you REALLY try.
>I mean my hands went on her chest
>She had some T-shirt on she'd thrown on as we were running out of the room
>No bra
>So her boobs did the natural thing and sagged to either side, flattened and rounded out.
>They weren't very prominent through the shirt at this angle anyway, but i could tell where they were
>And from experience exactly what they were doing.
>Made my job easier, Two palms flat on her chest right in the middle.
>Plenty of room, sure i was grazing them a bit but nothing too contacty
>Now first

>I demonstrate, while talking
>"You give a firm hard press right here"
>Press down, and get to watch the show
>Firstly if you're ever performing CPR on anyone actually awake you get to watch what you're actually doing
>Press down hard and her head lifts slightly, lungs contract
>An audible "Release" of air
>A very short "Ah" out of her mouth
>Also surprise, i mean they don't expect it at all.
>I did this twice more
>"Ah!" "Ah!"
>She was in giggles by the third one, saying i was "Tickling" her
>Then i point out i'm going to need to breathe into her mouth.
>She stops giggling

>"Can we not" was her response
>eh
>We already made out in the back seat of a moving vehicle
>totally put my tongue down your throat missy
>Can't take that back
>"Yeah... but i didn't really like it. How you tasted i mean"
>yeah but that was your mou...
>You know what
>Fuck it, i wont tell her she wasn't very delicious herself, and neither is everyone else.
>Idea in her mind that everyone tastes like sunshine and rainbows i guess.
>Leaving her on the bed i duck into the bathroom and grab the little bottle of mouthwash
>Little tiny thing, but its enough to take a little swig, swish it around and spit it out in the sink.
>Returning to the other room i tell redhead-hates-kissing to open her mouth
>"Why!? I told you i didn't like it!"
>Mouthwash idiot
>She gives me a little "oh"
>yeah yeah
>"So, you need to breathe out hard enough to expand the lungs. It's way harder than you think it is. Like blowing up a balloon"
>I have her breathe fully out, so she can feel what it's like
>Then i connect lips
>Nothing fancy
>Open lips to open lips
>Puff her like an old wooden pipe, hard as i can
>Until i have nothing left and air's escaping from the weaker seams.
>I lift off and she giggles again
>"That feels weird, like you're putting really warm air inside me"
>...

>Why does that give me a boner
>I point out my breath probably tastes fine though, and she nods.
>show her how to do it a couple more times, the entire thing
>Leave her with a kind of fuzzy stare at the ceiling after a while. I sure hope im not actually turning her on or anything.
>It's her turn next anyway.

>We swap places
>Two hands on my chest
>"Is this right?"
>Nope, gotta show her where
>Three times
>She keeps putting her hands too far to the left or right, when that just won't do anything at all.
>A couple test compressions later and she's got em right
>Palm of her hand in the right area, heel on top of that.
>I find myself making the "Ah!" sound when she presses
>Neat
>I might actually be teaching her correctly
>Give her a "Thumbs up" youdid-good look when she gets three compressions in a row to work properly
>I wish i could capture the complete look of self accomplishment she had
>Proud of herself
>Until she frowned
>"Now i have to kiss you..."
>I correct her
>"It's just breathing. Just imagine i'm gadget"
>not that it works
>"You're not even close to how cute gadget is storybro"
>shut up
>shush dont remind me i can't compete
>Just pretend
>Oh also
>"Yeah but it woulda been your lips on hers if you actually knew it this morning. Idiot"
>Her turn to tell me to shut up
>"But i guess that's kinda hot"
>I nod with her.

>I might have to give gadget CPR later actually
>Oh wait or not she's kinda confused about being mad at me):
>THANKS FRECKLES
>interrupts my thought though
>drops her lips to touch mine, open my mouth just a tad and let her go to town with my lungs empty

>Relax everything
>I figure i'll let her try to keep me happily oxygenated for a couple minutes without breathing when she gets it all down.
>I've never heard anyone with that method of testing before, but it seems to make sense in my head.
>Nothing
>She blows, but it all seems to be going somewhere.
>Uh oh
>What did i forge...
>Oh right, the nose!
>"You gotta hold my nose too"
>Two finger pinch and that works miracles, i guess she wasn't completely relaxed when i did it.
>She fills me right up with hot air
>And she's completely right, very warm.
>I guess she hasn't played the breath kissing game, but suddenly i'm reminded of why both Glasses and Raven are so good at CPR.
>Same thing
>Just without tongues
>She gives me a couple breaths, then pulls away and wipes the spit off her mouth with an arm
>That universal "I hated that" reaction to a kiss
>Except she was smiling
>So maybe she didn't
>I spam the "Very good" carving

>Alright now totes keep me from not dying of holding my breath
>Yeah
>She nods, completely ready for it
>i do a FULL exhale
>I hate those because they hurt even before all the air is gone, but i do it.
>Then she gets to work
>Press, press, press, breath, press press press
>Count in my head, she's doing alright
>I feel like i'm kinda just holding my breath though
>Still it's good practice, and i can kinda feel my lungs inflating and deflating
>Pretty neat
>Plus i get a split second of eye contact every breath
>Watch her eyes get wider, and wider, and then smaller and smaller as she starts getting tired.
>Lids sagging
>Slower and slower
>After about fifteen total cycles she stops
>Gasping for breath
>Her lips and mine a slobbery mess
>[spoiler]What do you expect, its not a very clean thing CPR[/spoiler]

>I watch her tangled mess of hair collapse on my chest facing me
>"You... didn't tell me to stop" she gasps
>"Yeah well duh, i would still be dead"
>She disagrees
>"You would have woken up, i would have saved you by now!"
>Eh, i just tell her to ask raven
>What did she do, hundred of those to get gadget and me up the other night?
>Even trying to catch her breath that makes freckles prop up on her shoulders and stare me in the eyes
>Green contact, too light to be my favorite but green nonetheless
>"She really loves you then?"
>I shrug
>"That or Adrenaline, usually helps out quite a bit"

>Confident she knows CPR enough to not be a useless bitch next time something happens.
>Probably to me
>I call in Vargas and he gives her a field promotion, put all those points in first aid.
>She doesn't move though
>Just lies there, head on my chest staring off into the distance
>Breathing softly, in, out
>Plus soft pillowy boobs pressed up against my arm
>It's happily in the valley crease and she hasn't realized
>10/10
>Until she interrupts the silence with an exclamation
>"Ew, you have a boner"
>whaaat
>no i don't
>I sit up straight, dislodge her slightly
>But she doesn't actually remove her head
>Oh damn
>I do
>How long has that been there
>Backtracking in my mind, i'm pretty sure i pinpoint it.
>"Listen it's not what it looks like, i was thinking about how much CPR was like kissing"
>That got her attention
>"Kissing who?"
>Uhhh, i can't answer this without insulting her
>Probably have to say her or else she's gonna be sad
>"I know it's not me"
>Interrupts my contemplation
>"Tell me about it"
>O... ok
>I go into detail about raven and i kissing.

>Breathplay i think its called, one of the many games you can play with a partner.
>Freckles just shifts to lying on the bed with me, curls her legs into mine and listens like it's storytime.
>Exclamations of "That's hot" or "Wow" interrupting different details.
>I realize i'm telling erotic experiences to a lesbian and she's focusing on the girls just as much as a guy would
>Huh
>Never thought of it like that.

>I also realize that slowly but surely she's wrapped her sweatpantsed legs (her pajamas i guess)
>around mine
>Warm i guess
>She's welcome to cuddle
>I mean that was some pretty good CPR she just gave
>Not amazing
>But pretty good
>Plus you know storytime
>What it takes me far too long to realize is that each and every time she eggs me on for more details about the other women and stuff they do.
>She wiggles closer
>Just a tiny bit
>It's not until she asks questions about what it's like to lick women "down there"
>Then i realize she's wiggling AGAINST my knee
>and i don't think she's realizing she's doing it
>or she does
>Well, i make her realize, lift my knee ever-so-slightly
>My pants shift
>They're wet
>And these aren't the same pants gadget splashed.

>Well open season i guess
>Under the pretense of readjusting and not letting her fall off the bed, i wrap my farthest arm around her and shift over slightly
>Free up my hand from being trapped between us
>Then slide it
>Ever so slowly down
>All while explaining in detail the "Spell out shapes with your tongue" advice
>Seriously its good advice
>I could see her biting her lip and imagining it
>Eyelashes flickering, eyes almost closed completely.
>Shifting her hips ever so slightly
>That is until my fingertips reach her stomach

>Trickle lightly acros the bellybutton and to the waistband of her sweatpants
>Then she stops all movement
>Jolts her eyes open
>"What are you doing?"
>One question
>Uh oh

>Um
>I point out she was using my knee as a toy
>Practically soaked through everything
>Was about to offer to get her off because SCHOLAR AND A GENTLEMAN
>Somewhere around those exact words
>She responds with a "I'm not wet, you probably spilled something" and she pulls away
>Except
>Eyes straight to her crotch, that's definitely soaked missy
>Two inch diameter puddle, very visible on those boring grey sweatpants she's got on
>She denies it though and pulls all the way away
>Gets up and everything
>"You must have kneeled in something!"
>I watch her run off to the bathroom, close the door behind her
>Not to brag
>But i could smell her from here.
>Unmistakable odor of an aroused female, who now embarassed has denied it and run off.
>I sit up, thinking about it
>Yeaaaah
>Feet back on the ground, most definitely have a boner now.
>Tiptoe over to the bathroom, end up knocking on it three times
>Good old response of "Don't come in"
>I knock again
>"You sure? I'll finish you off, you don't need to hide it"
>Good ol freckles
>"I don't like men, sorry"
>Even when i point out through the door that's not entirely true
>She ignores me.

>I return to the bed
>Give her the alone time she wants, stare at the ceiling
>Not like it's going to make the ridiculous throbbing erection i have go away
>I mean i can still smell whatever juices she's left on my knee wafting around.
>Ten minutes
>That's how long i wait
>Knowing perfectly well she's got her hands in those pants thinking about something hot
>Eventually i hear the toilet flush

>The tell-tale sign she's trying to hide it
>Water running, door opening and she's back
>A much more "Dried" spot between her legs
>Probably padded it with toilet paper to make it go away faster.
>i know your tricks. Women.
>First on the agenda
>"Who were you thinking about?"
>Snappy answer from her
>"I wasn't thinking about anyone!"
>Denial
>My favorite
>"Really then? Let me smell your fingers"
>I watch her hands drop to her hips and a pout come up
>She holds one out for me
>"Go ahead! I washed them"
>See
>Right there anon, see that trick
>I point out what she just admitted to
>Which gets her fiery bright red blushing all over
>Her hair color all the way down.
>"SHUT UP!"
>"Why haven't YOU dealt with YOURS" she continues
>Meaning my boner probably
>"Eh, i can just have someone else take care of it"
>Quick response from her here
>Lightning fast
>"That's not fair, why do they play with you and not me?"

>I feel like we've been over this.
>I point out i literally just offered to get her off and instead she went and hid it to go fap to something quietly in the bathroom
>And then when i asked, YOU pretended you weren't
>That gets an embarrassing admission
>"You and Blondie ok, i was thinking about you licking her and the faces she would make!"
>I just tell her that's pretty hot
>No blush in return
>Just an "I know"
>yeah
>plus an "And boys can't get me off anyway. I've tried"
>thinking about it for precisely 0.2 seconds i realize this is completely untrue
>"no, you just dont let them"
>She shakes her head

>I nod
>Remind her of the backseat
>Got her close as hell and then she refused any more contact
>Just sat there squeezing her legs for the rest of the drive.
>I get a generic "That's not true" ect ect "That's impossible" ect ect you're not my father response
>Really now
>Easy question
>"Is that a bet?"
>The redhead yells "NO" back
>I think she doesn't like bets with me anymore
>"Plus i'm good, i can't get off twi-
>I interrupt again
>"Is that a bet?"
>Smug ass look on my face
>She just keeps feeding me these
>Too good
>"NO! You just CAN'T alright?"
>I grin again
>"Bet?"

>"NO!"
>Then she reconsiders
>"You don't even have anything i want anyway"
>I think about that for a second
>"Is that a bet?"
>Get an "ASSHOLE" in return
>So i guess not
>"I can offer lots of things" i mention
>She responds with a typical "No you can't
>"Bet?"
>Instead of glaring, or even reacting to that one i hear her mumble loudly "Now where did i put that knife..."
>Oh oh god sorry
>I backtrack and start offering
>Hook her up with another girl maybe?
>She contemplates the offer
>"Which girl?"
>I point out i have NO clue but i could probably get one of them to go for it
>If i lose
>She agrees
>On one condition
>"Not glasses, i don't trust her. She's a great friend but..."

>Color me shocked
>See
>This is insane
>This is deja fucking Vu
>What's up with nobody trusting glasses
>What the hell did she do now

>Still though
>Bet is a bet
>"Yeah ok, i can do that."
>Then i demand she accompanies me on the bed.
>Apprehensive
>Cautious
>Probably scared of me
>she inches over step by step, and then crawls over my legs to lie down.
>Can't even admire her butt on the way by, she flips over so quickly.
>Lies on her back, hands over chest. Eyes intently examining me.
>Legs firmly together, crossed at the ankles.
>Which
>[spoiler]There's lots of ways women can lie down[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's all body language, and this was not good body language[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Hers screamed embarrassed, unwilling to cooperate, and unlikely to actually enjoy anything at all[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Aka, if a woman ever does that, you're not gonna get anywhere with her without making her relax first[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]YW lonely anons[/spoiler]

>So obviously i use the oldest trick in the book
>Tell her to relax
>response
>"I AM RELAXED! JERK"
>Note
>Old tricks are old, but don't usually work.
>Who knows who wrote that book anyway
>I just lightly place my hand on her stomach
>Right over the shirt
>She does two things
>Jumps and tenses up
>Then exclaims "What! you want it off? Here just take it off already you pervert!"
>She's not... cooperating
>I mean her hands go right to her waist like she's going to take that shirt off
>Which
>Is the wrong thing

>I could get the hottest girl she knows in here and she's going to be dry as a desert down there
>No point in even trying like this
>So i stop her
>"You're sabotaging yourself you know"
>Practically clamming herself up and expecting me to hurt her so much that i will.
>Not like it gets a response of anything but "SO YOU LOSE THE BET HUH?"
>"No, shut up, turn over. I'm going to give you a back massage... and tell you more stories"
>Rolling, shoving and a crowbar over, i manage to get the stupid girl to flip
>Ankles still crossed
>Arms flat at her sides
>God damnit this is actually going to take forever.

Update #40 : August 22nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13145238

>Frankly when i told you this was going to take forever
>I meant it
>Massages are extremely serious business.
>The deal is, if you know how to give a lady a good massage, she'll come back for another
>And another
>And probably more until she forgets and you remind her.
>But also it's impossible
>I mean it
>IMPOSSIBLE
>To fuck up a massage
>The worst you can do is simply not press hard enough and end up a fumbling fool that thinks women are fragile.
>[spoiler]Unless you have hulkhands, or shehulk hands, alter ego of jennifer walters[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]They most definitely are not fragile[/spoiler]
>You can actually press really hard into most parts of a back
>The best places, generally safe-go-to areas you can do on even the most tense-up and unwilling women are the shoulders
>EVERYONE has tense shoulders
>Thats where i went first.

>Freckles indeed had tense shoulders
>Not just tense
>I couldn't tell where the bones were
>Tentatively placing my hands down on the should-be-squishy bits between her neck and

blades got me nothing.
>You don't need to know the muscle groups, or names and locations to give a half-decent massage
>You do however need to be able to tell hard bits from soft bits
>Through her shirt i couldn't tell
>She was either knotted into a solid mass or had fibrodysplasia ossificans
>Which, considering she was quite good at harming me and moving around, her muscles were not progressively turning into bones.
>Instead i could simply assume she'd not canceled her stoneskin buff yet
>I mean how else could she get through her day without kidnapping and burning down a troop of boyscouts for not selling cookies.
>Taking my hands off, i realize this is a bigger problem than i first thought
>Carefully
>Cautiously
>I straddle her lower back, and get a "Grr" in return
>I offer calming words of "dont you dare, you bet remember?"
>and also "If you kick i swear..."
>Then i carefully check where the muscles are in my shoulders with my own hand
>Right
>Just making sure i don't have bones there too
>Hands back down, REALLY firm grip this time
>I feel the tiniest tiniest give
>Oh man, she's not just knotted, this is going to be like untangling christmas lights.

>Four strands later, a couple blown fuses and one lightbulb that just wasn't in correctly (so i had to check the ENTIRE ROW)
>There's this threshold
>This magical point when you're touching knotted up muscles at which they become malleable
>Suddenly the tension just releases, and you can feel it release
>Like kneading hard dough, a bread you never put enough water in because you just winged the recipe like an idiot.
>I was actually feeling pretty happy with myself when i got to hard dough stage
>Freckles i think
>She was surprised, and defintiely the tiniest bit more relaxed
>It's all body language, but i watch as her arms drop the tension as well, where they were spread out to either side with balled up fists before.
>I watch as one fist, and then the other release
>Relax
>change to palms on the open bed
>Even if one of them was squeezing the sheets, it's better right?
>Legs too, they unhooked from one another
>I'd like to imagine that was because she was relaxing
>But it's also maybe just uncomfortable to lie down like that.

>Still, working on her shoulders took a while, maybe ten minutes before i was completely satisfied and her muscles had the consistency of soft play dough.
>Figuring that was good enough, i started to move downward
>Interrupted
>By a knock on the door, soft.

>Then it opens
>I swear to god the other girls didn't have a key i swear i took it
>If this is room service i will really...
>Freckles head to her side facing the door just growls an angry "WHAT DO YOU WANT" as the door swings inward
>If i didn't know better, i'd almost think she was annoyed that they were interrupting something
>who am i kidding though
>I just stare at the door too, feel like freckles appropriately established the mood
>Firstly it's bright as FUCK outside
>i didn't even realize we were in a hotel room with the lights off and the dark-ish curtains only letting some light in.
>Not until i saw the girl walk in
>Couldn't see her face, just her legs
>Whoever it was had a skirt on, because i saw knees, white socks and sneakers.
>Oh fuck sneakers
>Closing the door behind her we hear a soft, but serious "Sorry if i'm interrupting anything..."
>and then a
>"Wait, it doesn't smell like sex in here, where are you guys?"
>I can't see her eyes readjusting behind the rims, but i can see her face scanning for us
>So i know she forgot to turn HDR off in the video options
>She should know better
>AKA it was our resident masterful nerd, Glasses.
>Her eyes focused
>"Why do you guys still have clothes on, it's been like an hour?"

>Preemptively i give freckles a hard squeeze and a firm press right into some of those tender areas of her upper back
>She moans appropriately and manages to let out a "Whaaaat doyouwantglasses" all in one breath.
>Making women react while talking is like the best thing
>I swear
>[spoiler]I keep saying that about different things don't i[/spoiler]
>Glasses scans the situation and is about to step forward when i stop her
>"There's a knife on the ground somewhere over there, don't step on it"
>Her head darts downward, scanning
>Mumbling something about a knife as she steps forward a couple feet, then looks upward and starts talking.

>"Well firstly you two are absolute shit at foreplay if this is as far as you've got, but i guess knives are pretty hard to be in the mood for"
>lol
>I can't help but suppress a laugh as she says this
>Freckles isn't laughing, she starts to say something along the lines of "WHAT WO
>Who knows what she was going to say, because i consecutively squeeze her ribs with my thighs, and press down on the broad of her back to squish the air out of her.
>Disguised as more massaging
>"Secondly"
>She's arrived right beside us, some brown skirt and jacket combo.
>Same ones she was wearing a couple days ago i guess, good to see i'm not insane and they don't have unlimited bags of clothing with them.
>But i mean they're women, so they might
>"We talked, and even though we lost quite a bit of time today. If you're willing to take a nap in the car and drive after i get tired we can make it up and get to florida tonight.
>Ehh
>It's like 3:00 PM

>I don't know how far it is exactly but that's an annoying amount of driving.
>We were intentionally keeping shifts short because our two drivers weren't completely inexperienced, but were still relatively new at not hitting trees and other immobile objects
>Even if my mind was saying that's a bad idea,
>Freckles said she was alright with it
>I wasn't driving, i had an opinion but it didn't matter
>Next glasses inquires what the hell we were doing in here that took so long
>Freckles decidedly announces "Nothing YOU need to know about"
>i point out she's just embarassed and i taught her CPR
>Because you know, seconds before glasses barged in, freckles was being useless in a corner not helping gadget who nearly drowned
>Glasses has a look of "I figured as much" on her face
>Freckles instantly argues though
>"I WAS NOT BEING USELE-"
>I do the squeeze press thing again
>Shhh
>Shhh, it'll all be over soon my sweet
>Don't resist
>I let up the pressure, and she immediately tells me to
>"STOP DOING THAT"
>I inform her i'm not doing anything, and she's simply getting a massage
>Glasses is holding back giggles.

>Ignoring the near-chuckling girl with a hand over her mouth, i return to kneading the girl i'm sitting on

>little bit of upper, little lower, a firm pressure in a couple places
>But truth be told i was rather limited from the shirt.
>Can't do much except for rub things you can get a firm grip on through a shirt
>Glasses continues her inquiry as i try to figure out ways around it
>Settling on slipping the hem up and leaving one hand on her shoulder, and the other under it and skin-to-skin on the small of her back.
>The inquiring girl asks
>"So what, after you taught her CPR and she seemingly attempted to stab you"
>(a snide he deserved it added in here from freckles under her breath)
>"What you offered to give her a massage or something? This makes no sense you know"
>She's just standing there watching us
>Amused smile
>Hand on her hips
>I make eye contact with miss spectacles again
>Good ol glint in my eyes
>"It's a bet, she says men can't get her off"

>freckles chimes in an appropriate "He's shit at it"
>I shush her again
>Move my hands up on her back farther, start giving some nice firm knuckle pressure.
>Even if she's whining, i can hear little hisses and gasps which mean she's enjoying the massage.
>Glasses grins again
>"Yeah you know that's not how you get a woman off right? Man no wonder raven..."
>She trails off
>I'm glaring at her with my ANGRY set of eyes on
>Frowning eyebrows and everything
>Swapped em right onto my mister potato head face
>freckles isn't even listening, she just agrees and gasps out a "Yeah he's completely shit at it
>She's also about to continue about how she was right and ect ect ect
>But i have both hands under her shirt now, knuckles firmly pressed into her back.
>Squeeze her stomach with my thighs and press down in a typical "Shush" fashion
>Except this time
>There's a sickeningly loud
>*CRAAACCCKKK*
>Like you just popped everything out of place at the same time
>Little bit of a crunch too
>Bone grinding against bone
>and to make it worse the redhead completely stopped what she was saying
>Just let out a breathy low pitch "ohhhh" like a dying japanese man
>Her shoulders lost cohesion, arms relaxed
>head dropped, neck limp

>My eyes which had previously been on glasses and her snide bullshit
>Snapped, along with the Brownhaired lass beside me to the now unmoving figure between my legs.
>Oops

>Well, that was that
>Job completed
>Smacking my hands together i took off my storybro mask
>Blondie took off hers too
>"That wasn't that hard, i don't know why they wouldn't let me pretend to be gadget though"
>Blondie shrugs
>"Too easy maybe?"
>Fucking time travelers.
>I hold out my hand towards blondie though
>"Payment?"
>She shakes her head, swish swish go the golden locks
>Confirm it first
>Eh
>I poke freckles' limp corpse
>"You alive?"
>She's not moving
>Blondie demands i confirm it
>Fine!
>I place one of my hands behind me and give the redhead a firm pinch on the butt
>Get another moan a long low "oooohh" in return
>DAMN
>Daydreams of being a time traveling assassin crushed

>It kinda worries me that i wasn't exactly worried i had killed her
>Maybe like i said, women weren't really that fragile
>Or maybe i would have secretly enjoyed it
>Glasses wasn't that worried either, so she realized exactly what i did
>Whatever it was, the girl i still had my hands on let out a very-unlike-her
>"Wow..."
>A breathy
>"That felt fantastic"
>I'm not completely sure what i did
>But thanks?
>She moans again as i remove pressure from my knuckles
>I'm under the impression i may have just found a second g-spot.
>Scientific breakthrough?
>Does this count for the bet?
>Freckles ruins my hopes and dreams by informing me i just cracked her back

>Oh actually that makes too much sense
>Also tells me "It felt really good" and is about to tell me i could do it anytime i wanted
>Then changes her story halfway through
>To an i-wish-i-could-do-it-myself tune.
>I don't realize there's people that can't
>Personally i can crack nearly anything on command, it's really enjoyable.
>Glasses is laughing again
>"That sounded like he won the bet to me!"
>Freckles declares a "Not even close!"
>but, not as angrily as before
>This makes eyebrows raise above the rims of glass
>"Oh really? So he needs help then?" Was the sultry announcement to my left
>Before i can even respond she's hopped on the bed, is hugging me from behind
>Wherever that position put her, freckles squeaks into the pillow and tries to get up.

>It's not just freckles
>I want no part of whatever this is, and i try to struggle too
>my hands change from massaging, to gripping the girl's ribs and i try to use her for leverage to escape.
>Glasses has me tight, and i coincidentally am keeping freckles down without realizing it
>Even as she gets up on her elbows and tells glasses to fuck off
>I do the same
>Two things
>Freckles squeaks again.
>Loud
>Drops her elbows and facefirsts into the bed, shifts forward half an inch
>Then glasses reaches around the front and cups the crotch of my pants
>Yes i had a boner, but it wasn't hers
>She knew this
>JERK
>I turn to the side to try to escape, but her other arm has me and i realize she's got a firmer grip on the bed then i realized
>One of her legs is on the outside of freckles legs and the other
>Oh
>Her knee was between the other girl's bum
>No wonder freckles jumped forward to try to escape (and failed).
>I repeated "Fuck off Glasses"
>Freckles told the pillow the same thing
>Glasses just chuckled
>"That's not what both of you told me last night"

>Oh god damnit

>i sigh
>Somewhat out of "why do i even try" and somewhat out of her giving my hardon a squeeze
>but seriously
>Why do i even try
>I ask freckles this
>She mumbles something back
>probably an "I don't know"
>I agree
>Decide to ask freckles what she's in for
>She turns her head
>Besides stabbing a fireman, she informs me that glasses snuck into her bed last night.
>I point out the same thing happened, totally got a blowjob and she stopped halfway.
>Freckles mumbles something along the same line , but with fingers.
>Huh
>That makes way too much sense why she didn't trust glasses either.
>"Was she dressed as blondie for you?" I ask nonchalantly
>"No, she had a jacket on, thought it was gadget"
>lol
>Damnit glasses
>Meanwhile she's just calmly rubbing her knee up and down behind me, and cradling my crotch through my pants.
>"What's she blackmailing you for" i get asked
>"Not telling"
>"Me either" is the response i get
>Fucking glasses.

>So what
>"What do you want... glasses" freckles lets out in two little gasps
>i let out a noise of agreement and questioning as well
>Not sure i feel very safe with her hand where it is
>any insults or mean talk atleast
>She just mumbles a quiet "Shhh" into my ear
>Then whispers
>"Continue what you were doing, i see where your hands are..."
>Loud enough so freckles can hear it
>and realize too
>I've got my hands on her ribs sure, but wrapped around for grip
>Upper ribs
>If anything my top two fingers are calmly resting on the bottom round of her breasts, and i didn't even notice
>I was too busy paying attention to someone else's fingers, which were squeezing, coddling and tracing me in rather
>Distracting let us say

>ways
>Freckles realizes too
>"HANDS O-"
>A knee, a shove and a squeal interrupt that
>Squeeze for me
>We both shut up
>"Continue" Was louder this time, repeated.
>"But pull her shirt up, it's in the way"
>That part was quiet enough that just i could hear it.

>Mmmm
>Yeah
>"Alright, one question glasses"
>As i admit, i did what she told
>Pulled my hands out and slid the hem of freckles' shirt to her shoulders
>Red didn't even notice below my fingertips, she was nearly biting the pillow.
>"Listen, i mean usually you're great and all and i can kind of guess at what you're doing"
>Glasses just lets out a breathy "mmhmmmm" in my ear
>I can feel the frames pressing lightly into the back of my head
>"But i ... "
>She gives me a HARD squeeze
>"Ohh..."
>Interrupts me
>But i manage to get the rest of the question out
>"Idon'tknow whatyou're doing"
>couple gasps that was
>Freckles speaks instead
>A half moan
>"Just... FUckINg let her, she's BEttER than YOU"
>Her tone all over the place
>I can only imagine what glasses is doing.
>but i mean
>Ehhh
>EHHH
>Alright
>let it be stated that this is kinda humpity dumpity and i don't want to take a great fall or anything
>Glasses ignores my complaints and tells me to "Shhhh"
>Both hands on my crotch now
>and the sound of a zipper

>"Continue massaging her."
>Forceful demand
>Coupled with a bite on my ear from behind

>Two things
>FUCK YOU THATS WHERE SHE LEARNED IT
>And
>I start massaging again
>Same places as before, upper back, lower back
>Firm pressure
>Try to distrACT MYSELF
>As the FEMALE behind me has SLID my pants+boxers down and is
>Most definiTELY
>VERY skilled with her fingers.
>Good enough to disrupt my internal monologue even
>I can still feel every movement behind me as she's rolling her knee
>Raising it, lowering it, tiny tiny circles and angle changes
>Freckles has both hands on the sheets now
>Both hands gripping tightly, probably gripping the mattress
>I'm trying to politely not torment her anymore, but glasses notices
>Nips at my neck from behind, hot breath on the wetspot she leaves behind
>"Try her breasts... that's her favorite"
>Also another whisper in my ear that our redhead seat can't hear
>I don't move through
>I just continue rubbing small circles beneath her shoulder blades
>The girl behind me doesn't like that
>She squeezes
>"Or else i stop"
>...
>FUCK
>FINE
>Too hard to resist anyway.

>Might as well start carving the grave now.
>I lean forward
>Glasses follows, and i quickly realize she's pressed firmly into me when the contact vanishes
>Not that you can really feel anything
>But it's a nice thought, especially as i risk death.
>Lower my hands to the squirming girl below me again, ribs, upper back.
>Slowly inch upwards and curve my wrists around
>Surprisingly, there's no resistance
>Reverse, actually
>arches her back, slightly but just enough for me to get my palms underneath
>Settles down pins my fingers between the bed and her chest
>It's wonderfully warm, and soft all around.
>Sheets on one side and skin on the other, even have a finger free on both sides to Tweak-
>She gasps into the pillow

>-A nipple
>Hot
>How the hell did glasses know that.

>Not that i could ask
>Freckles was indeed biting the pillow now
>I wish i could bite a pillow, thats about where i was feeling too
>Every twenty seconds or so glasses would pull one hand away
>A crackling lick
>Then replace the other one and continue stroking
>I've got no clue how she knew this
>Magic i tell you, magic
>I don't ask, it's not like my words were working anyway
>Took all my effort just to keep it together
>And i was running out of effort
>Plus i was watching freckles
>And the skin on her back had gone from white and subdued flecks, to white with bright red spots
>Every single dot had changed hues
>Yet the normal skin was the same color
>Magical i tell you
>Thinking about this actually accidentally turned me on more
>Mostly because i realized i was going to ruin that awesome expanse of back when glasses finally.
>Oh no
>I WAS GOING T
>Oh fuck it
>I watch freckles shift upwards three inches as glasses jams her knee forward harshly
>Same time she takes both hands and strokes downward, forcefully, squeezing hard.
>That does it.

>I don't really squirt
>It's kind of a couple globs, and then a trickle
>Still a splatter on Freckles' back though, pools right in the arch of the small and her spine.
>Instantly
>Regret
>Fuck
>Glasses gives me a couple more squeezes, and i'll be honest i shriveled up pretty fast
>Then a shake and she lets go, rolls off both of us and stands up
>Freckles left giving a soft "mmmmmm" into the pillow
>Glasses tells me to "Rub it in"
>Eww
>No

>She giggles at my disgusted face as i roll off, end up back first on the bed beside her.
>Glasses sporting a huge grin just readjusts her skirt
>"Remember now" she chides us
>"You both owe me!"
>And with that she just about faces and practically prances away
>I mean high knees and everything, kneels down to pick something up and then vanishes, door slams behind her
>what
>the
>fuck
>Just happened
>Freckles pulls her head up and out of the pillow
>Not a word from her mouth, but she shifts to look at me
>Eyes glazed over
>Blushing, redcheeks, if her hair was a mess before...
>A firm long inhale, probably the first since she buried her head.
>I notice her sideboob peeking barely from where she's lying down
>But her eyes don't follow mine
>She's calm, completely collected
>"she made you come on my back... use my shirt and clean it off please"
>Not a trace
>Of emotion in her voice
>Eep

>She raises her arms and i sit up again, pants still half down but i'm long past erect
>Raise the shirt over her head and help her wiggle out of it and start wiping it up
>just a couple swabs and i just... throw the shirt off the side of the bed
>I doubt she wanted to wear it, i relax again and stare at the ceiling
>Try to strike up a conversation
>"Listen, freckles... i didn't..."
>I trail off
>"I wasn't trying to..."
>Still can't figure out what to say
>I settle on
>"That was weird alright..."
>Pretty sure even though she doesn't say anything for a couple seconds, she agrees
>She does finally say something
>"FUCK HER"
>i jump
>"FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCK HER FUCKING FUCK"
>Every curse complimented with a punch into the pillow
>She was holding herself up, breasts hanging vertical and jolting with every swing
>Implying i was watching and not fleeing in terror to the other side of the bed

>"SHE'S SO FUCKING"
>another punch
>But then she collapses again
>"Every TIME... so close and she LEAVES"
>Wait wait wait
>You didn't get off
>Freckles wails "nooo" in response
>turns over on the pillow away from me and curls her legs up, squeezed tightly together
>well
>Might as well die a hero
>I crawl over and place a hand on her bare shoulder
>She flips
>A shit
>Literally comes at me swinging
>no words, only fists

>Luckily i must have learned the way of freckle-fu however because i was ready
>Caught both of them, pinned the girl down and told her to relax
>End up above her, looking down
>Eye contact
>Grassy green eyes, with a touch of sadness
>frustration, with me, the predicament she was in, and probably with her pants.
>Lips curled into something unrecognizable, a smiling sad frown
>They don't last long
>She tries to ruin the moment with something
>Probably nothing important
>So i ruin her moment ruining, by leaning down and kissing her.
>I can tell from her eyes that her moment is ruined
>Eye contact unaware kisses are the best
>From sad, to angry, to something in between, to wide to small again.
>I pull off, really it was less of a kiss than the CPR was earlier
>Just a lip to lip
>And i keep eye contact all the way until
>Well until tits come into my field of view
>Then i look down
>And she sees
>"Pervert..."
>I nod
>Continue enjoying the tits
>Three seconds appropriate viewing time, they're covered in the same flecked pattern as her back
>Actually pretty neat
>I say that out loud

>"My boobs are neat?" A half amused response back
>"Yeah, you have freckles, they're awesome"
>I swear i say this exact thing
>Freckles are pretty awesome on boobs
>she gives a pained laugh, and i remember my original goal

>Eye contact again
>"I'm going to let go of your hand... alright?"
>No nod or response back
>I'll risk it
>let go
>Flinch preemptively (still a white superpower)
>Nothing happens
>She's just staring
>I slide my hand to her stomach
>Place it there, calmly while watching her fingers
>They curl
>Slightly
>Playing with fire i am
>I slide the hand down further
>Lower belly now, trace the bellybutton as pass by
>One finger following the other
>Hem of her sweatpants
>One eye on her face, still blank
>Eyes watching me closely
>Her fingers twitch though
>I lift the hem slightly
>Slide my hand all the way in, one go
>Fist curls
>Oh god
>I roll to the right
>Land on her arm right as it's coming up at me
>pin it under my shoulder, still holding her other in the air as she's now on her side facing me
>Biting her lip, my hand most definitely where i wanted it to be
>"HEY!" I growl
>Her eyes look downward, avoiding mine
>"I told you... it won't work, you're just going to make it worse"
>A sad sad sad sad downcast mumble
>):

>Those eyes are depressing me
>Darkening by the minute
>I make her eyes light up again with another kiss

>Mostly disguising my hand traveling the rest of the distance
>Not that my face could really hide the discovery
>I mean i knew she had already shaved, she was smooth with the tiniest hint of stubble all the way down
>No more delicious red curls):
>As soon as my fingers hit the parts of skin that are just softer squishier and fuller than all the rest
>It's obvious she's not just soaking
>She's a waterfall
>I break the kiss, and this time her lips are parted slightly
>Almost wanting
>I took it as a hint, but mention my discovery
>"i haaattee youu"
>More of a surprised hiss in response, because i might have found some kind of wet nub in this mess of exploration
>anyway
>I ask her to open her lips more and get a why in response
>"You know CPR right?"
>"mmm" quietly in response
>"Well i told you, it's kinda like breathy kisses, let me show you"
>All the while circling everything i could wrap my fingers around
>she frowns
>Then sticks out her tongue at me
>I take this as a go ahead

>Connecting the kiss i do two things
>One involves two fingers
>I was at kind of a funny angle, so getting them in was actually tough
>Finding the hole and getting past some bone that just happened to be in the way was annoying as hell
>[spoiler]You either know what i'm talking about, or will eventually[/spoiler]
>The other actually also involves two fingers
>Not really bone though
>I let go of her other hand
>She can have it, i hope she won't use it for evil
>Then i pinch cartilage
>Her nose
>Never forget that part.
>Fingers kind of get in the way, and she pins her eyes closed
>But the kiss still works
>Not much tongue after initial contact, just open gasps
>I breathe out, firmly
>Fill her lungs until air escapes between where we're touching

>She holds it for a moment, and breathes back into mine
>Two, three passes of hot air back and forth before i realize it's burning
>So i exhale out my nose, inhale and start again
>None of the air she's getting hasn't passed through my lungs yet
>That's the real way to do it.

>This continues for whoever knows how long
>Maybe three, four minutes
>[spoiler]Although i think i mentioned this elsewhere, we only use up about 30% of oxygen in a breath when we inhale and exhale[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]In an average city environment, we're talking 16-17% oxygen contact on inhale. Maybe 13-12% Exhale[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]So yes, you can pass back and forth breaths like that and not suffocate the other participant[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's REALLY fun, try it next girl you kidnap[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]The only issue is carbon dioxide, which you somewhat put out about the same amount out into the air[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Yeah that's kinda toxic, so you know 2-3 breaths like that and...[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Well that's the point actually[/spoiler]
>I find a hand on my chest, a tight grip and a push
>So i pull back, who knows how many breaths we traded
>Not that i stopped plunging fingers into her the entire time
>Wrong angle to get more than two, there was that damn bone in the way, and couldn't do much else than open palm everything else
>But she was gasping
>Inhaling, exhaling
>"Dizzy" was the word she got out
>Yep
>That's the point
>I was too

>Admittedly we don't distance very much
>She wraps that free arm around my back and squeezes me closer
>Over her shoulder this time
>"No... more..."
>She gasps a couple more breaths of air
>uhh.. im not stopping
>"Kissing... keep....doing...thAT"
>im not sure what i did to deserve the tone change
>But i'll take it
>I wrap my other arm over and hold her right back.
>Gasping gets more frequent

>Her legs shift upwards
>Open, wrap around me as well as they can at the angle
>Mashing my hand between my leg and her hips
>It's just wet bits mashing together down there
>Loud
>Suckling squelching sounds
>Haha, it's practically the same sound as fapping with lotion or something
>Wet skin on wet skin does that i guess
> i'm just amazed it's getting all the way up here to my ears
>Jesus it's loud
>Her breath on my ear is louder though, inhale
>exhale
>And then she just squeezes
>Mostly hips around my legs, entire bottom half of her body
>Her stomach tenses against my forearm, tickling the hairs all along it.
>I would say what my fingers felt like, but i couldn't feel them
>kept going though
>muscles still worked, might as we
>"S...stop"
>Wasn't a happy stop, that was a painful ouch stop
>So i did

>Completely entertaining
>I mean i couldn't feel my hand, but she pulled her top half happily away from me
>No smile
>More of a frown
>But maybe a forced frown
>"See? You can't"
>What do you mean i CAN'T
>the hell just happened
>"I just got you off, stop lying"
>She shakes her head, "No-"
>I scissors my fingers so they expand wider and rub again
>"-PE"
>Raising my eyebrows i think i've got the answer
>"Yup, you came"
>She shakes her head
>Perfect control of her upper half
>"Well if you didn't, could you please stop crushing my hand?"
>Her face scrunches up for a second
>Then release
>"uhh... cramped up"
>Hahahha

>Her legs are just wrapped around mine and stiff as concrete
>She most definitely, did get off
>She shakes her head again
>" I swear i didn't!"
>I interrupt her with a peck on the nose
>"You're cute when you're lying"
>Seriously though
>"Seriously, can't feel my hand, i'll move them for you if you want"
>Little strength
>Elbow grease and squeezing later, i've got my legs free and i slither free
>Freckles moaning "Ow ow" and "Stop stop!" the entire time until i get loose

>She curls up, legs still stiff and moans
>"Ow ow ow ow ow" every movement
>Now i'm worried i've hurt her, sprained something or somehow done anything that would...
>Or... she's faking to make me feel bad...
>"Come on, you're not that stiff, i just gave you a massage"
>As i say this i quietly bring my fingers up to my nose and take a good whiff
>Honestly
>How can i say this politely
>She's all musk, that strong arcid and weighty aroma
>I try a finger
>Kinda ok flavor i guess, just the smell
>Not my kinda thing
>Cursed with an undelicious vagina, that sucks
>Good luck being a lesbian freckles
>Really though she wasn't too bad, just wasn't really something i was in the mood to eat out at the drop of a hat.
>Might have to take me out to dinner first
>I try another finger, eh
>Not so bad, but i dont really care for it.
>wipe the rest off on my pants, making sure she can't see

>Next order of business
>Freckles is still curled up and whimpering, not even facing me
>Stretching each leg tentatively and yelping every so often
>I crawl back over and place a hand on her thigh
>It's rock hard
>oh no she really did tense up
>Without even thinking about it i return to massaging her, loosening up the tendons and muscles
>Can't really get any anything though
>Sweatpants are in the way

>"Alright freckles i'm going to take your pants off, is that ok?"
>Silence
>And then a cry
>"What! so you can fuck me and take away my last shred of dignity?"
>w... what?!
>"I DIDN'T WANT TO, but go the fuck ahead, rip them down and take it, show me i really like men after all"
>She's collapsing into the fact she might have just enjoyed male/female contact
>"prove i'm no better than everyone else!"
>and she hates it
>...
>I may have fucked up

THATS THE CLIFFHANGER FOR TONIGHT ANONS. More monday, or maybe sunday, or maybe saturday. But probably monday. I'll update this doc if it moves to sunday. 8:00 PST as usual.

Note: Update will be an hour later than usual.

Update #41 : August 25th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13198276

>Now anons, i apologize profusely
>What we're experiencing right now is a technical difficulty
>A female who enjoyed the experience, the situation as it was happening
>Possibly asked for more, or initiated parts of it.
>Yet, she, after is all done and done
>Regrets it, deeply for whatever reasons she may have.
>This is no good
>Very bad, in itself a problem.
>Men tend to get these all the time
>Get yourself drunk, take a fat girl with you from the bar, or a girl you know just gets around.
>Go home with her, enjoy some dirty sex and wake up with a raging headache, a size 37+ DD bra on your face and your bed smells like cheap perfume for a week.
>Thats what standards are for after all
>"High enough that you wont regret waking up next to the next day" is about all they stand for, and women have them too.
>However as is far more often a case than men. Women have qualifiers, additional restrictions, rules and regulations.

>Break any of them, and the female feels like they've cheapened themselves (oh god i'm too easy), feels out of control of their own body (i'm usually not like that!), feels you pressured them into it and they wouldn't have submitted otherwise (Last night shouldn't have happened....)
>Or they push all the responsibility for the night on you.
>You know
>The R word
>In the case that you violate those rules there's only one solution.
>Stop
>Drop
>Roll
>And burn the place to the ground

>I found myself curled into a ball and rolling to safety before i was reminded freckles was a natural redhead
>Probably immune to fire
>It's no wonder those ice attacks worked so well earlier
>Plus i didn't have a lighter, so i had to resort to a more primitive method.
>Words
>Not actually as hard as it sounds
>[spoiler]No i'm completely serious, you'll hate how simple this is and how much sense it makes[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's just in a majority of these situations, i can assure you the male doesn't understand what they've just done or said[/spoiler]
>I took mental assessment of the shitstorm i'd unknowingly caused
>1). Freckles was experiencing an identity crisis
>This was tied to her sexuality, mostly an element of her personality (i hate men) ect ect.
>As we've constantly seen, and our redhead damsel has frequently reinforced. This single aspect of her life played a pivotable role in her personality. She based her reactions, persona and interactions with others.
>Specially me, on "Being Gay"
>Being "Lesbian" or "Feminist"
>As shallow as it might seem, it was as if a fact she had known to be true and based her life around was suddenly proven false.
>That's pretty big

>2). She didn't feel in control of the situation
>This is Glasses' fault first, and mine second. Glasses is was just fucking with us to some end we'll never figure out, and i was trying to help.
>This was exacerbated by her on some level enjoying it
>She kissed back, she moaned, and she didn't force me off after all.
>Yet she didn't feel as if she was responsible for her actions. Another big problem with the situation as i'd created it..
>3). I was male

>This is a legitimate complaint because it's freckles and she hated me.
>This would have all gone away if i was a girl.
>Overall, adding these three together. It's like waking up next to a girl and getting the entire
>"I'm not like this! Last night shouldn't have happened! I don't even know who i am anymore! Why did you force this upon me!" Speech
>All at the same time.
>Pretty much you dun fucked up.
>She's lashing out at herself and seeking an excuse, or a culprit to blame
>Which, at this very point in time
>Is me
>It's my fault, because i'm here, and i'm the one she's going to blame for it.
>But don't worry! Relax fellow anons because uncle-storybro is going to guide you through this.
>Simple easy steps any male can follow to escape this kind of situation, with his and the females' dignity intact!
>Rule #1 for escaping this situation not-arrested
>Cheapen the Entire experience.
>Degrade it until it's a blameless, animosity-less, unimportant event that was in no way whatsoever *Her Fault*
>I can't stress this enough, it must be zero percent.
>Nor was yours
>I carefully chose my next words, to degrade my involvement firstly and mostly.
>"Don't worry about it, they're just fingers"
>I mention it nonchalantly, intentionally throwing the aura that it didn't matter
>"But they were YOURS"
>A cry in return
>Quick and right back to guilt
>Might be harder than i thought.

>Now imagine if i told her something typical male
>Cheesy, intended to get a second date, trying to be endlessly romantic
>"Don't cheapen it! We shared something beautiful"
>Or even worse
>Bragging
>"Don't worry, The Storybro's fingers can get you off any-time you'd like!"
>Maybe patronization?
>"Guess you're actually Bisexual then?"
>In any of these three situations
>Which as absurd as it sounds, from my experiences with female-gossip
>Seem to be the three most common types of one-liners men decide to ruin the after-sex glow with. Consistently.
>If i said any of these, i would be unknowingly making it worse. Reinforcing the identity crisis she was having

>The lack of control, the lack of knowing who she was, and she would retreat and throw responsibility away.
>Don't brag anons, she'll blame it on someone else.
>AKA me.
>So instead of being a complete retard i do my best to make it as impersonal and cheap as possible.
>"Yeah, but i barely did anything. Glasses did most the work"
>Blame glasses
>Master plan

>This was good though
>Freckles stopped her streaming tears for just an instant and looked at me like i was reminding her of something she'd forgotten
>Blaming her (what we could most definitely state was an) orgasm on a girl
>Reinforcing her being lesbian
>Keeping those shreds of identity intact
>Next up, make sure it's clear i'm completely unimportant
>Reminding her that you could be literally anyone else is the next step. Because it's just not worth it to be full of yourself right now.
>"Like i said, they're just fingers, i could have been Blondie..."
>Name drop a cute girl she likes (+ points here)
>"Or Gadget"
>Double points!
>Ding Ding Ding
>Lastly is to take the blame COMPLETELY off of her.
>Which is difficult, because it kind of requires knowing the girl a little bit beforehand.
>Blaming things like Stress, Jobs, Not being appreciated enough by coworkers/bosses, Being attractive yet underliked.
> These are all really really good ways to shift the blame from her, to someone around her that Drove her to do what just happened.
>Even if she's got a boyfriend (and you're an asshole)
>You can get past most of the "I shouldn't have done that! i'm in a relationship" drama by some simple words
>Shift the attention to the boyfriend
>"So are you serious with him? Maybe you were subconsciously stressing about if he was right for you or not, and you just had to make sure"
>There is no such thing as a woman without doubts about if her boyfriend is completely M.R Right.
>Tell her she's probably just come to a good conclusion in her head, and make it sound like sex with a stranger was part of the decisionmaking process.
>It works [spoiler]at least half the time[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You're welcome terrified-of-dealing-with-women anons[/spoiler]
>For freckles i just used the oldest trick in the book

>Blamed her body

>That's not even as risky as it sounds
>Women are literally in a constant WAR with their own body.
>Weight, Curves, Clothing, Hips, Breast Size, Facial Structure, Hair, Body hair, BO, Shoes, Ankles, Butts, Thighs, Wrinkles, Lines, Acne, Dandruff, Menstruation, Bloating, Cramps
>The list can go on and on and on
>Always doing things you don't want it to do.
>Continually undermining you plans for world domination, or just popularity.
>Literally a woman's worst enemy, The source of most (if not all) of her esteem issues, fears and self-hatred.
>You ever need an excuse for literally anything she's done, blame her body
>She does
>Also someone else
>She does
>"Don't worry about it. Glasses left you on the brink on purpose. She knew you wouldn't be able to think clearly"
>"It's just hormones, you didn't have control over it anyway. I was only doing you a favor and making you clearheaded again"
>Then restate the thesis
>"Could have been any of the other girls, and glasses did most the work"
>Zing
>Freckles was enamoured with this solution
>This excuse to blame not herself, not me, but glasses, and everything else.

>I even put in an extra "You weren't even thinking of me anyway, probably glasses the entire time"
>This of course backfired
>"Hah!" She sits upright
>Grinning
>"You're right! I wasn't thinking of YOU at all!"
>Ego reaffirmed, plot successful. Self defense systems reactivated.
>Good! Even if a tad hurtful.
>"In fact, your clumsy fingers couldn't even get in the way of what Blondie~ was doing to me!"
>...
>More than a tad...
>T... thats enough freck-
>"Plus you're awful at kissing!" She gloats
>"You were all lips, My Blondie would have a soft caressing tongue and she wou...."
>She drones off in her own fantasy land
>Properly having crushed my ego
>*sigh*

>I guess i deserved that
>It's better than her tearing herself apart
>I personally plop backwards on the bed
>Crisis averted once again
>My mistress ceiling needs me
>Thinking ceiling thoughts as freckles drones on about how awful i was at kissing, fingering and every manner of physical contact.
>Specially my CPR method, because she sideways (talking to herself mostly) justifies saying it made her dizzy so i was doing it wrong
>I don't correct her
>But eventually she comes to some kind of mental conclusion
>"So! When are you setting me up with blondie?"
>A kind of cheerful stop gap solution in her head for rationalizing what just happened
>Of course im confused
>I ask "What?"
>and she clarifies
>"Well. you lost the bet didn't you?"
>wh... what no
>I...
>I totally got you ...
>Those were my fing...
>...
>*sigh*
>Glasses may have won me the bet, but i argued myself out of winning the battle.
>fuck women
>"Yeah alright..." i mumble

>The things i do to keep things running smoothly around here, i swear
>Grumble grumble grumble
>Freckles is on to complaining about bigger things as i start cleaning up and zipping everything back
>Poverty in africa, impoverished nations, food crisis in asia
>Hah
>Who am i kidding she's still going on about how shit i was in compared to her imaginary girlfriends
>As i finish zipping up though she pauses
>"My back is still sticky..." an almost impassive statement from the otherwise animated linguist
>Like she hasn't connected what exactly she's saying yet
>Then i watch those grassy eyes connect with mine
>UH OH
>what sheer hell is awaiting me behind that stony visage she's got focused on me
>"You... uhh... you were thinking about glasses huh?"

>Why...?
>I realize that's less of a curiosity question and more like a little piece of self esteem issue poking through
>Might as well prod it and see what happens.
>Antagonizing her slightly i remind her "Yep, of course she was jacking me off"
>Shallow and resigned she's quick to respond what she was really thinking
>"I figured... my back is ugly
>... i think it's just my mortal weakness is women
>i correct her
>"You kidding? It's beautiful, i wouldn't have covered it in... well that's what i was staring at."
>She notes i was fondling her tits at the time and that was probably it
>Maybe
>She also points at her chest as she says "I hate my freckles though, they're like ugly blemishes everywhere"
>I nearly squint my eyes with thinking when she mentions this. Half staring half thinking.
>See
>Now she's just fishing for compliments.
>I already told her i loved the freckles on her tits earlier, she just wants to hear it again.

>I inform her in the most neutral way possible that her freckles are "Fine"
>She takes it as a compliment
>Then dismisses it
>"Not like your opinion matters... but thanks..."
>Then she realizes i'm still staring at the lovely pair of freckled tits she's got on display
>Gets all embarrassed and modest and puts her arm over the both of them):
>In addition to blushing
>The freckles i can see turning bright red, a rosy hue in her cheeks.
>Obviously taking it as a compliment that i liked what i was looking at.
>Even lesbians enjoy knowing men find them attractive. Don't question it.
>She tumbles off the bed to find her shirt
>Donning it without a care in the world that the back is covered in sticky white stuff
>I think she forgot
>I didn't remind her
>I do however nearly fall off the bed laughing when she bends over
>"Wet" is an understatement, the entire butt and crotch area of those sweatpants is darkened with liquids
>She jolts upwards with my laughter, hands covering her rear as she obviously felt the temperature change of her wet loins again skin.
>I watch the comical entertainment as she tries to hide it
>First facing one way, then the next with hands covering everything she can, searching the room desperately for a bag of clothes she can hide in.
>I point her to mine
>offer her a pair of boxers until she can get to the other room, and she quickly accepts (with a

snide comment about how men's clothing is worse than women's) and vanishes into the bathroom.
>Men's clothing is worse, but you don't have to rub it in):

>I'm not sure i'm up for the awkward exchange of words that will follow her leaving the bathroom. So i get to my feet
>Yell
> "I'm going back to the other room" ; don't wait for an answer. Just leave.
>The other room is in about as good shape as i would guess
>strewn with various styrofoam boxes in odd places, a bunch of bags packed on one bed with blondie sitting on the edge reading some book.
>Gadget in the other bed fast asleep.
>Wrapped up in miles of blankets, pillows and sheets she'd twisted herself into as a replacement for her trademarked hoodie and musical accompaniments.
>Giant fluffy monster of tired she was.
>She must be exhausted
>Then strewn across the floor, a couple articles raven was absent mindedly sorting into neat little piles.
>Clothing, junk from our pockets (my normal wallet was among one of the piles) and things that just hadn't been cleaned up after the chaotic mess to get gadget to the hospital.
>The girl herself is swapping between anxiously altering the piles and adding more, to staring at the carpet with an empty look on her face as if she was lost in deep contemplation.
>The empty stare, changed to glare, following my feet and then my face as i step inside. Only the shallowest glimpse of her actions beforehand.
>Blondie too looks up at me with a questioning glare, many more words in her eyes then her mouth
>Questioning, and a general curiosity as to what had transpired across the way.
>I don't offer answers, only questions.
>Pointing at blondie with my index and pointer, quick important question first.
>"Where's glasses?"
>Miss blue eyes shrugs and says something about the car.
>Still has her questioning glare on, begging for details.
>Alright
>I inform her quite-simply
>"You should probably take some bags and help her go pack for ten... fifteen minutes"
>Slightest hint of a smile on my face as i say this, but i meet that eye contact head on.
>Straight stare, blue to blue expanses.
>It takes her a second
>Then she jumps, startled almost by the realization.
>A hint of a blush creeping upon her cheeks as she sits upright.
>quickly grabs some of the bags off the bed and leaves, door closing softly behind her.
>Then i set my sights on Raven
>her deep green eyes contact mine

>I watch her black eyebrows raise a good inch
>Then a shit eating grin from her
>"Lesbians just not as good as real women?"
>I stifle a chuckle and tell her she's mean
>She giggles it off
>Even as i answer it with an honest "Nope" they are not.
>She's a bundle of energy
>Already on her feet and prancing, half skipping to the bathroom with a wagging finger calling the way.

>Of course i follow
>Her eyes are all smiles when i arrive.
>Her cheeks are rosy, lips smiling provocatively.
>Kissing, shoving, pressing against walls follows
>It ends with Raven slammed against the softness of the towel rack as i get my fill of kisses
>Both still fully clothed, even if her legs are firmly wrapped around my waist and supporting her weight
>An occasional squeeze with her thighs to remind me she has me right where she wants me.
>It's amazing how somehow her apology for cheating had lead to some of the most passionate romance we've had since.
>Well... forever really
>I wasn't even the only one participating, she had DEFINITELY started this one, even if i implied it.
>Smiles, little squeaks and giggles the entire time from her as i nip different sensitive things.
>Odd how cheating somehow made our relationship better in the end.
>Or it was just worse because of cheating in the first place, but that's a depressing thought
>I like to think it was better now
>Well
>Think
>Halfway through my tongue attempting to seek out the last remaining pockets of maple syrup flavor, even if by my standards those pancakes must have been rather bitter.
>The mouth i'm kissing, connected to my delicious black feathered bird, starts making muffled "oomfph" sounds
>And the hands connected start banging on me
>Nooo!
>): She wants to stop!

>Crying on the inside, i pull back
>Demand to know why i'm being denied
>but a pointing finger leads the way and answers for me.
>I had my back to the door, but she had a clear view over my shoulder. Turning my head around i understand what she's pointing at.
>Our sleeping princess has thrown the bathroom door wide open and is standing there, eyes

completely closed.
>Her hair was an absolute ruffled mess, chin nudged downwards towards the floor.
>Oh and the best part
>The part that instantly had me from worried stare to all smiles.
>She brought the bed with her.
>The entire set of blankets and sheets from the bed wrapped around her like some kind of magnificent dress.
>Everything she seems to be able to carry, came with
>I just stare.
>Raven staring over my shoulder too, legs still wrapped around my waist, but two arms over my shoulders supporting her as well.
>We're frozen
>I'm beaming, not even worried. She's cute as a button.
>We just turn and watch as Gadget, still mumbling something
>(Pancakes and apples i think)
>Probably still asleep
>Mumbles her way past us, dragging pillows and everything on the folds of the blanket with her
>Doesn't even pay us the slightest bit of attention
>Scootches up a little bit of everything and plops herself down on the toilet
>Not even noticing us
>Not even saying hello
>Some kind of magical scootch and a shimmy come next when she sits up partically.
>I realize it's her pants and underwear under the blanket being dropped as she seats herself again and stares back at the floor.
>And she's tinkling
>The almost cheerful patter of liquid against water.
>I'm smiling like a fool, she's adorable, but raven's finding it twenty times more humorous than i was.
>She loses her shit and starts stifling giggles into my shoulder.
>I slap a hand over her mouth, don't want to wake gadget
>Don't want to embarrass her sleepwalking escapades like that.
>I waddle out of there with a girl still wrapped around my legs and giggling at the sight behind us.
>Fully planning to make use of one of the beds instead and giving gadget some privacy.
>Sadly
>We meet a half-dressed freckles, My Boxers only rummaging bent over through one of her bags now.
>When i turn sideways, raven catches sight and the giggles stop for an instant
>I can feel her cheeks squeeze upward as her skin pulls up with her eyebrows raising
>Then freckles stands up and catches sight of us, throws her arms over herself and a shirt covers the rest in an embarrassed fashion
>Raven breaks into giggles once more.

>Freckles treats us to an adamant "WHAT?" and some other angry things
>Raven's still suppressing timid "Hehehe"s
>but she gets herself together long enough to point and ask "What, have you decided you're a boy now? They suit you!" and i have to slap a hand over her mouth
>It ends something she was about to say in a muffled Squeal, and i have to quickly explain to a simmering about-to-rage freckles that she's just giggling at gadget sleepwalking.
>Leaving out the part about raven already insulting freckles once earlier.
>Freckles is all glares though
>Glare glare glare
>Then a questioning look towards raven and not me.
>"She sounds drunk... actually"
>... drunk
>Fuck she's right
>Raven is all giggles and smiles when she's drunk, but i didn't taste alcohol on her breath.
>They weren't drinking over here were they?
>Raven. Still present of course, stops her incessant chorus of giggles when the accusation comes across.
>Answers it with an indignant
>"AM NOT!"
>and then she starts giggling again
>focuses her eyes back on mine with a fizzy dreamy loop
>And tries to kiss me full-mouth right in front of freckles

>I catch her cheeks with my hand
>Two finger squeeze between her open teeth, leaving her making a puckered set of lips and a funny "Awooo" sound
>Now freckles has me worried that the girl in my arms is drunk
>Not really worried, i mean i'd take her to the other room and bang her silly anyway. But i'm curious.
>I give her mouth a whiff
>I can't really smell any alcohol, she doesn't smell like anything really
>Didn't taste like alcohol either, just kinda like mouthwash.
>Well actually i don't smell the mouthwash but she tasted minty and cool so i know she used it.
>Same kind of flavor as the one i used in the other room.
>Freckles is looking on suspiciously eying us with an expression of "You guys are weird, thank god i'm a lesbian"
>I swear she had that look down perfectly
>One eyebrow raised and everything.
>But i thank her for voicing her fears that raven is drunk, i too agree she's acting giddy for no good reason.
>Point out it doesn't matter and i'm going to just take her to the other room for a quickie anyway
>Not sure why, but it seems as if i'm not scared of telling freckles about sex or anything between myself and raven anymore

>She nods
>Understands
>Even if she points out that Raven can't give consent and i'm a horrible g-
>Interrupt her with a finger
>Takes me ten seconds to explain the fighting rules, and Freckles changes her argument to "Oh you're just a pervert then, no wonder"
>I ignore her last statement and attempt to waddle to freedom once more.
>Constrained steps because a girl's wrapped around me still, clinging like she'll never let go.
>Not that she needed to.
>I'm contemplating the mintly flavor when she breaks into a chorus of giggles again, and i have to turn my head once more.

>Gadget has arrived from the bathroom, still holding all her blankets and everything.
>But this time her eyes were open, and she was rubbing one of them with a sheet sleepily.
>Until she catches sight of me
>Almost too ecstatically, she exclaims my name as if she's exceptionally glad to see me.
>Takes a running flying leap at me
>All blankets following
>Flowing in the wind behind her like a cape with how quickly she moves
>Everything soft hits me at the same time
>Any balance i imagined i had, gone
>I keel over and tumble to the floor, an inevitable fall. Still holding raven.
>Gadget you IDIOT
>Not that i can yell anything in midair about how she's acting crazy all of a sudden
>I mean no shit sherlock she just tackles you and raven while she's carrying an entire bed around
>And...
>Midair i remember what else tasted minty and made both of the girls act crazy, giggly and easily excitable.
>Fuck
>Minty
>RAVEN
>YOU DIDN'T THROW IT AWAY DID YOU

Alright anons lets promise a higher quality quicker update Wednesday. I'm letting people down with these wait times. I need to start prewriting again. 8:00 PST. I PROMISE ill prewrite.

Update #42 : August 27th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13230691

>I actually have plenty of time to think in midair
>Plenty of time to go over my regret for everything up to this point
>Lots of observations, i can watch the angles of everything change as i swoon and tumble backwards
>Freckles comes into view, still topless of course
>Startled if anything
>She's mid step back as she passes my view
>Woosh, wind flowing past my hair
>Then we pass by the height of the bed, and i realize i'm quite close to impact
>Most definitely going to bash my head on something, thanks gadget
>I decide i don't want to watch at the last moment, wrench my eyes closed
>Expecting fully to wake up in a hospital with an angry cop yelling at me about the scars on my legs.
>Everything goes dark as i hit the ground back first with a soft "Plonk"
>No bang

>No crash
>Something, or multiple things cushioned my fall, my head hit something soft instead of hard, my back barely hit the ground and my butt seemed to share the impact with something else.
>Sweet!
>I try to open my eyes and see what's going on
>Everythings just dark though
>Pitch black
>My mind starts racing as to visual nerves i could have pinched or hit on the way down
>absolutely terrified i might be blind

>Instead of admitting i won't ever see again, i blink my eyes multiple times.
>Takes a couple blinks before i realize that my eyes were open the entire time and i forgot to close them
>I'm not blind at all, raven's just hugging me.
>Warm pressure is telling me that raven just has her arms wrapped around my head and is pressing me into her chest
>A mass of jet black hair alongside skin blocking out the light.
>Some fumbling mumbling and a groan later she scoots backward again
>Legs still firmly wrapped around my waist, which means her knees, along with her elbows probably took the brunt of the fall
>A decision she'd made in midair with superhuman speed
>I appreciate it
>Gadget's somewhere in the mess too
>I catch sight of her slithering around belly first
>snaking her head around the arms and chest of my childhood friend and nudging her chin right up to mine.
>"Hiss!" a prompt exclamation of her intentions
>Also known in snake language as "i'm not mad at you anymore!"
>"Gadget HUSH, you almost did the same thing to him by jumping us like that, you weren't thinking!"
>Raven's got her head screwed on correctly with the chastisement and poor gadget shrinks backwards
>"Ssssorryy!" She hisses
>Slithers into her corner of shame
>Which actually just ends up to be beside me coiled around my arm in loops.
>A stomping foot next to my head prompts me to look straight upwards
>Freckles, glaring at us all, the mess of girls, me, pillows and blankets that followed.
>"You're in here for less than FIVE minutes and you're already COVERED in WOMEN"
>Hands on hips, shirt in hand.
>She states with not a hint of amusement in her voice

>I try to point out it's not nearly as comfortable as it looks
>Gadget's got one of my arms, the other is twisted around and underneath raven, one of my

legs is starting to go numb and i think i banged my knee.
>Freckles "HMPHS" in response and stomps the floor
>Brilliantly ignoring any negative aspects and assuming she would much rather swap positions with me.
>I offer
>"We can swap places if you want?
>I start to sit upright, untangle myself
>A squeeze
>Mostly from Raven's knees and hips
>That and a hand on my chest and it's superhuman strength prevents me from getting up
>"No! Stay!" Are the words i get in return
>A... alright
>I surrender and lie back down, to gadget chorusing us with giggles
>Freckles, not finding it funny at all
>"You two! Gadget, Raven!" She says each of the girl's names loudly and individually
>"Why are you so cuddly with him when all he does is hurts people? Why not me?!"
>Huh
>That's a good question, why do i still try to cuddle with blondie
>Gadget chimes into my internal monologue with a "Because you are mean!"
>Then slithers back under the blanket
>To anyone who didn't understand snake, they just heard a loud "Hiss!" and she was gone
>Hiding somewhere in the mountain of fluffy things covering everything from raven's back to my toes.
>All that was left of was her forked tongue infrequently darting out from under the blankets to taste the air.
>Tastes like Deja Vu

>Except this time Gadget foolishly had her rump exposed and unarmored
>Our vindictive redhead takes advantage of this, and with a sore thwump has pelted gadget's weak spot with a hard thwack from an errant pillow
>Massive damage!
>What can only be the sound created when a boa constrictor attempts to eat a chihuahua was what we all heard under that blanket.
>That poor boa never stood a chance
>she slithers back into sight defeated, tongue outstretched and a defeated "Awooo you hit meee" on her lips.
>"That doesn't count, you deserved it" Gloats the pillow swordsman.
>"Plus!"
>She points, arm outstretched with an angry frown
>"How many times have i saved you from your brother not letting you do things with us?"
>This is true
>Freckles has a natural talent for making men feel like they're oppressing women
>so naturally she did wonders on gadget's brother

>When we first met him he wouldn't let her go anywhere if he didn't come along
>So if he was busy, gadget was out of luck):
>[spoiler]Or she would have been if i didn't teach her how to sneak out[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Dont tell her brother[/spoiler]
>I guess she can have points for that.
>"You!" She points at raven
>"How often have you begged me to drive you and everyone else to the movies, or anything else?"
>...
>Also a good point
>Freckles had a license before even glasses (she was the oldest one there)
>And even if it was a tiny-tiny-itty-bitty bit illegal, she was our ride most the time before she was officially allowed to drive us.
>Ok so she wasn't exactly mean to the other girls most the time, she was rather nice and helpful
>She should have quit while she was ahead though because next she points to me
>"YOU"
>I break out laughing before the finger even gets there

>If there's someone she IS mean to it's me
>So i just stop her
>"Listen freckletits"
>I may or may not have actually said this
>Something close at least, something insulting enough for her to raise her leg to angrily quash me like an ant
>"You're wearing my boxers" i continue
>Which i point out are probably a size or two too big
>So all that stomping, kicking and leg lifting is giving me a great show
>"But if you want to watch that's cool, just stand somewhere where you won't drip on me"
>She steps backward along with a "SHUT UP!"
>Away from my face and my prying all-seeing eyes.
>Gadget and Raven have dissolved into puddles of giggles
>Raven has her head on my shoulder laughing like her air supply depends on it.
>Gadget, holding her stomach and kicking me uncontrollably over and over with matching laughter.
>Freckles growls in disgust
>Exclaims she's leaving and something about hating us all
>Stomping away angrily and almost out the door before gadget reminds her she's half naked
>Which sets the two girls on me into sets of giggles again

>And freckles into angrily strewing clothes around the room and ignoring us while getting dressed.
>It's my turn to point
>Raven first

>"You! You didn't t-
>She giggles an interruption
>"Wait! Wait wait wait i have to tell you something!"
>Someone under some blankets to my right chimes in a "Me too!"
>Followed by a "shhhshshshh gadget~" from raven
>Turning back to meet my eyes with hers, she continues
>"Ok! So you know..."
>She drops her voice an octave
>Nods her head forward, intentionally or unintentionally touching her nose to mine
>"That... i love you right?"
>OH NO
>PANIC

>Not the L word or anything that's no big deal.
>you can just shrug that off
>Even if it makes me feel all fluffy and fluttery inside
>nope, that's just what she WANTS me to feel
>Its a trick
>a trap
>She's trying to butter me up for some terrible new-
>"I always think it, but i never tell you how much you really mean to me..."
>Damnit Raven
>I'm feeling all giddy, stop it before i start smiling
>Even gadget's suppressed her giggles into silence for this important layer of lubrication for the oncoming storm
>Freckles doesn't get the hint though, making the only other sounds in the room
>mumbling loudly "why doesn't anyone ever tell me that" and "i swear one of these days i'm going to just run away"
>Raven ignores her and continues, after touching her lips to mine
>There's a thousand different types of kisses, and she picked the one with a nine volts behind it.
>Sometimes you'll find a girl who can make you feel all tingly when she kisses you
>Sometimes you'll feel nothing at all
>And sometimes it feels like you've just licked a battery
>Leaves you with an "I love this girl" smile on your face
>Giggly and dazed, confused, looking up with a happy expression
>She broke the news
>"So... about that bag i took from gadget earlier..."

>yeah yeah yeah
>I already figured it out idiot
>Just kiss me again
>I pucker up and demand 9 more volts

>She doesn't oblige, instead she goes on to tell me something about how gadget saw her take it out of her pocket
>Made some kind of fuss or something and raven felt bad because stress, hospital, cops, my fault.
>Blah blah
>Also how she was being responsible and she only gave out a very tiny tiny bit to gadget and tried some again herself.
>Not that the phrases "Being responsible" and "gave her cocaine" belong in the same sentence
>But i wasn't hearing her
>I was all fluffed up from the cute words she was sending my way before
>And the little kisses she kept interrupting herself with
>Maybe two, three volts each
>Still distracting
>I'm all smiles
>Living the happy bliss that is cuddles and kisses
>Although some words make it through
>"Glasses" "Don't" "Other Room" "Fifteen Minutes" and "Gadget" make it across the fuzzy barrier
>Threesome?

>Oooh
>yesyesyesyesyes
>can't get any better than this
>Wait why are angry toes by my head
>Freckles towering overhead, no longer glaring or frowning. Fully clothed though):
>She's smiling
> (:
>An evil smile
> (:<
>A "Ooh i bet you don't want me to tell raven" smile
> [:<
>A "She just said something about you not being allowed to go near glasses" smile
> {:<
>A "You better go get blondie and tie her up" smile
>Yeah alright fine, fuck
>Raven growls at freckles, and is accompanied by more hisses and growls from gadget.
>Also some words like "what do you want now freckles"
>Our redhead blackmailist just shoots them a beaming smile and walks off
>Set damnit
>Not that we even get a moment of alone time together because as soon as freckles leaves, blondie walks back in
>"Uhh..."
>Just stares at us all on the floor in a giggling heap

>Well not me, but the girls when freckles left
>"Well... um i need the other bags, and you guys need to put the bed back so we can leave"
>Gadget and raven "Awee" in unison

>It takes maybe ten minutes to put the room back together
>Another five to comb it for everything we own that wasn't already in a bag
>and in fifteen total we were in the car again
>This time for a long
>Long
>Long ride
>Gadget somehow manages to have her full usual outfit on, complete with headphones before she gets into shotgun.
>Dips off into music land instantly, craving her fix probably
>Still a giggle every now and then, but slowly more subdued over time.
>I kidnap the middle seat, raven picks the one next to me and curls up on my shoulder
>All smiles, but no more giggles from her
>Freckles falls asleep in the back, blondie on the other side
>and glasses drives.
>Nothing, i swear NOTHING is said for an hour
>The entire car just doesn't talk
>Broken by blondie only because she had to use a restroom
>Followed by blushing and everyone asking why she didn't go before we left
>Regular excuses follow, "Didn't have to go then" seems to be a favorite
>We stop off at some fast food place, and Raven suggests we try movies again
>Which isn't the worst idea
>We have like three left, we could just chain watch them and waste six hours.
>Probably be in florida by then
>The idea is met by general agreement
>Mostly from gadget, who says she's "Running out of music"
>A point i try to prove is physically impossible considering she's got days of it
>Well
>Until she points out she listens to it while she sleeps too with a giggle.
>Then i'm just at a loss
>Don't even know how to argue with that
>Or how she keeps track
>Omelette du fromage all over again

>The entire car gets re-arranged
>Mostly the seats Raven and I are on vanishing into a flat surface, and a blanket put down
>We dont want to disturb freckles (she needs the sleep) so raven and i make it out to be like a big bed kind of thing where we were
>Lying sideways
>Blondie and Gadget curled up sharing the back seat and ready for the movie completely

seperated from us
>Adorable together, as always
>I contemplate asking how gadget's going to watch the movie with music on
>But i dont
>I know better
>Raven plops something into the laptop, the laptop whirrs to life with a start menu aaaannd
>Its a romantic comedy
>NNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
>I curl into a little ball and weep at my loss of entertainment
>But actually
>Not really
>Raven just put that in
>You know
>Who just-so-happens-to-know what i do during boring chick flick type movies.
>To her
>I roam
>Felt good to be out of the rain
>Since it was a desert, on a horse with no name.
>Only we don't have a blanket
>So i can't
>I just sadly set my hand on her stomach instead
>Frowny face
>Not unless i want blondie and gadget to watch
>Which would be hot if raven didn't turn to me with a look of confusion on her face
>And then realization as to what she's done
>"No... you wouldn't" she whispers
>I would
>But blondie and gadget both already told me i was being mean by doing things with raven in front of them.
>So i inform her "She's getting off easy" this time
>And wrap her up in arms as a pillow for my afternoon nap.

Alright anons, let's just update Thursday (oh god i put tuesday, i mean tomorrow) at 8:00 PST. Gotta swap update schedule around a tad anyway.

Update #43 : August 28th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13246913

>I wake up to belly laughter
>That's where my arms were wrapped around, and where my head was resting
>Problem
>Not raven laughing
>But the belly i was lying on was jiggling
>Instantly i'm on high alert
>Plus from where my nose was, she smelled like not-raven
>Oh and my arms were wrapped around what seemed to be boobs.
>Uh oh
>Exclamation marks appear over my head and i sit bolt upright or i try to
>Stopped by what seems to be really heavy blankets or pillows everywhere
>What was this, like the fourth time
>Gonna get fucking fingerprint scans and voice prints before trusting any of these women that wake me up ever again
>Luckily because the car was still light, i didn't have to.
>I'm lying down with my arms wrapped around blondie's stomach, for some reason
>can just about prop my head up enough to see her chin, and catch her attention
>"Hi!" exclaims the face i'm staring at
>I inform her quite plainly
>A serious tone reserved for only movie trailers
>"What."
>"Have."
>"You"
>"...done... with my pillow?"
>A new summer blockbuster for sure

>She holds up one finger to shush me
>Then uses it to point
>Mostly at me, but a little past me at those heavy pillows that were pinning me down
>Yeah it was just raven
>Somehow she was using me as a pillow too
>So somehow while i was asleep blondie drugged raven, took her spot as my pillow and then wrapped my arms forcibly around herself.
>A party trick if i've ever seen one
>Not that she'll confirm or deny any of it, she just tells me "shh!" again and goes back to ignoring me and watching the movie
>I have no opinion on the matter
>Simply confusion
>The things that must happen when i'm asleep, i swear.
>Not actually a big deal i just wrap my arms around raven instead (Still using blondie's stomach as a pillow)
>Close my eyes to go back to sleepland and hope blondie doesn't find the antics of someone crashing a wedding funny enough again to wake me up.

>Nope, i couldn't be that lucky
>Instead this time, it's a cell phone
>Well, it's gadget answering a cell phone with a suspiciously similar ringtone to mine
>She gets them with a typical "Ola?" and pauses while listening
>Follows it with some still non-english again.
>I can tell by the pause that whoever called has no clue who just picked up the phone and if they were calling the right number.
>Accidentally dialed peru or something.
>Instead of tormenting the poor caller with not-english again, she switches to saying "He's asleep"

>I'm not!
>I sit up and start waving my hand around
>Gadget corrects that with a "Wait he's awake, hold on" and passes me my phone
>Not that i stop staring at gadget
>She just handed me the phone and didn't even tell me who it was
>palm flat over the reciever i have to stop staring and ask
>Something that sounds ridiculous, like
>"Earma myass Nova!" comes out of her mouth
>Portuguese again
>Zero help
>Thanks gadget
>as i'm putting the phone to my ear she repeats it again, english this time
>"Your little sister!"
>...
>I don't have a little sister
>Unless
>....
>I'M NOT ADOPTED AM I

>Pretty sure that's the last life reveal i need right now
>The voice responding to my "Hello?" on the phone confirmed it
>A little girl's voice, high pitched, whiny and far-too-happy to be insulting me over the phone
>"Hey small wiener guy!"
>Oh phew
>I respond back with "Hiya brat!"
>It's just Raven's little sister
>not my long lost twin separated at birth
>Rule #1 with little sisters (specially your girlfriend's) is to be friendly, but in no cases ever, ever treat them like an equal
>Thus brat
>But i start up cheerful pre-topic banter anyway.

>"Yeah Gadget just told me you were my little sister, i was all ready to learn i was adopted"
>I hear the other end of the line erupt into giggles
>"I hate to break it to you" came between two sets of laughter
>"But we already knew you were adopted, Raven and You look nothing alike!"
>This accompanied by all the scratching, muffled movement and giggling a phone line can handle.
>She's got me all smiles, little girls laughing are contagious

>I hold my giggles though and wait for the scratching on the other side of the phone to stop
>Assuming that means it's safe to talk
>"Soo, whatcha want? You and i are not on speaking terms missy"
>That and i never talked to her outside of her home
>Like ever
>why was she calling me
>"Hey! I'm sorry it was a joke):"
>I'm pretty sure you could audibly hear the frowny face she was making as she pressed the phone up against her cheek
>Seriously
>Have you ever been in a call with a little girl, you can HEAR the emotions.
>Still though
>Holding a grudge for her calling my wiener small
>Priceless
>I give her an audible shake of my head back
>She can hear that, or just guessed
>"That's not fair! i didn't even see it!"
>Then a short pause
>A deeper echo of "Didn't see what?!" in an older female voice in the background
>Oh lord, she's in the same room as momma bird.

>I consecutively hush her over the phone, at the same time as she echoes something trivial in the background to make the question go away.
>Then more crackling of the phone and the girl's back
>"Anyway It's not about you!" that's a shout on her end
>I can tell because it's all distorted on mine
>Followed by
>" Make raven pick up the phone when we call her. She's driving mom crazy"
>Uh, i point out
>"Raven always picks up the phone, like, instantly"
>She does
>Sometimes i worry that she's got psychic powers at knowing when i'm going to call her since her average is less than two rings.
>"Pfptttt" and some other related tongue sounds is all i get from the other end of the line

>Along with what i can only imagine was the sound of a middle schooler rolling her eyes
>"That's just you, she doesn't answer it for anyone else."
>lol what
>"Yeah duh, you're the only reason she got a phone, she begged dad for days about it"
>Siblings
>Source of embarrassing details since they were invented
>Not quite embarrassing though, i thought it was kinda cute
>But serious talk
>"So what, you guys talked to her yesterday i saw her call you both"

>"Moms a wre-"
>"What's that?"
>She's talking to someone else in the background, then some kind of argument ended with a "You shouldn't be the one to tell him" and more rustling and crackling
>Then all the noises stop
>A voice
>"Hey hun"
>It's Raven's mum
>"Oh hi Mrs.Raven"
>Mind you she's like a second mother to me, so me calling her by her last name (her old one too!)
>Drove her crazy
>She always told me the same thing every time
>"You really should stop...."
>... come on finish it
>...
>She skips over it
>"So how is your little group doing? I hear there's not much excitement but you're all having a good time"
>Raveeeeen
>Well what else could you tell her really
>I explain some of the more mundane and less harmful incidents
>Things we ate, or funny events.
>I can hear nods
>She's not actually paying attention to me, so there's something on her mind
>Probably what she was talking about in the background
>"What did you want to tell me?" I ask

>She ignores my question
>"How's my Rave doing? Are you taking good care of her?"
>She doesn't say raven, it's more of a childhood nickname she's used since...
>Well actually i think i came up with it and it was really cute at the time.
>probably plagiarism(its my name for raven!), but i forgive her.

>"Of course!" i point out
>Make it clear she's well fed, clothed and using me as a pillow at the moment
>All the important things
>"Good... Good" is the mindless and almost emotionless response i get back
>That kind of dull answer you give when you don't really care what was said because you know your daughter is fine.
>"Could you give her the phone?"
>I point out she's asleep
>"Well, wake her up please" all serious in return
>All...right
>That doesn't sound good

>I try to ask again what it is she was trying to tell me
>instead of ignoring me this time, she dismisses it in the most question inspiring way.
>Ever
>"Sorry hun, Raven should be the one to let you know"
>Then she doesn't say anything else, no matter how many times i ask
>Damn
>Well
>Alright i guess
>Burning curiosity being an understatement.
>I tickle raven a tiny bit under the chin and nudge her to the "whatdoyouwant" stage
>"Phone, your mum" is enough of an answer for her hands to flail around and grab at me looking for the darn thing
>She's still lying down and still half asleep while i pass it over
>I've managed to scoot up enough to try to crane my neck and listen to the conversation
>But it doesn't actually let me hear anything
>I just watch raven go from mumbling "Hi mum" to nothing at all
>No cheerful banter like i had
>Nothing but staring
>And then a couple minutes later she mumbles a response and takes the phone away from her ear
>stares at it
>and hangs up

>I watch her just stare
>No expression
>Nothing
>Then she reaches behind her and hands the phone back to me
>"Hey..."
>I nudge her
>"What did your mom tell you?"
>She just stares

>Straight forward, away from me
>Then turns
>and she's got that smile on
>The one that lets me know nothing is right and everything is wrong
>Except
>She doesn't
>She's just got a normal smile
>A normal, everyday smile on.
>Literally perfect, no hint of sadness whatsoever as she points out "Oh... it was nothing" and turns away
>Just
>a normal smile
>there's no way that can be right.

>Good news?
>Or bad news?
>I wrap my arms around her and give a little squeeze
>"Come on! Tell me!" I whisper
>She mumbles that it's nothing
>I ask again
>"Drop it" as the response
>and before i can ask a third time she tells me it "It doesn't concern you anymore"
>...
>"Anymore"
>Fuck
>What did i do now
>God damnit i've screwed something haven't i
>I'm going to call her mom back and ask, that's what i'll d-
>Blondie's hand finds mine and stops me before i press even a single number
>I look back at her as she shakes her head
>Yeah
>She was watching the entire thing, and i guess i do know better
>Raven will tell me
>Right?
>...Right?!

>I settle into just holding her as she goes back to sleep
>Feigned or otherwise
>Blondie isn't making the best pillow for me since i just can't seem to drift off myself.
>Even though she's soft as a bowl of feathers, she's full of hard bony bits and lumps
>I inform her she's lumpy and she takes it as some kind of terrible insult too
>What
>I mean i just want her to fluff herself up some

>Grab the edges and pull maybe?
>She refuses and nudges me to the floor
>):
>never tell a girl she's lumpy i guess
>Gadget and Blondie are the only two left watching the movie, and freckles is still asleep too.
>Eventually i manage to crane my neck just right and find a comfy spot
>Pass out with the rest of them
>Not for long though
>I mean i have no accurate judgement of time
>But when glasses braked
>She braked hard
>Raven, Myself and Blondie weren't wearing seatbelts
>so when she narrowly avoided crashing our giant hunk of fast moving metal into a three car pileup on the highway right infront of us.
>We went sliding forward into the backs of the chairs, cooler and laptop
>The cool part is that nothing was actually hard
>Soft chairs, soft ground, we rolled and didn't really fly
>No actual harm
>But we were all instantly awake
>+ Freckles

>She was bitching up a storm in the back and demanding to drive
>Before anyone else was even untangled
>I had legs, clothing and what i'm pretty sure was blondie's bellybutton in my face
>Injuries taken into account
>I bonked my knee on someone's knee
>Raven got her chin on the cooler, blondie was unscathed
>No flesh wounds even
>Thank you for not crashing glasses
>But her, she was frazzled
>I mean she drove around the mess on the freeway and pulled over not a thousand feet later at an offramp
>Didn't stop shaking until she stopped the car in a wendy's parking lot
>Even when she swapped out with freckles she was shaking
>Came to sit in the back next to us
>Staring at her
>I mean we weren't insulting her driving skills or anything it was more of a just "what happened"
>a silent what happened
>I think she was in shock
>Her hands jittering enough that a glass of water would have been empty without tipping over.
>I grabbed one
>Trying to be nice
>Trying to reassure her

>It was clammy and nearly made my entire arm vibrate
>Raven and blondie followed suit
>But with hugs
>I technically wasn't allowed
>But fuck it
>I hugged her too

>Blondie did some kind of video magic and put in the final movie
>Freckles took over driving, it was just starting to get dark outside so it was fine if she took over anyway
>For the first time in a long long time i found myself hugging glasses
>A normal
>Non sexual or blackmaily
>Hug
>We ended up lying down
>Three to the row
>Raven, Glasses, Me
>All curled into one another
>A rarity for all of us to be in proximity without fighting i would think
>All forgotten with glasses shaken up and raven silent.
>Raven didn't even seem to notice who she was hugging
>I mean she must have known
>But she wasn't there in mind
>Proven really, by when glasses asks "w... what was the phone call about?"
>Trying to change the subject away from "I almost turned us into a pile of metal and not alive"
>Raven takes it about as well as we could all expect
>And about as well as we didn't
>She....
>_____
>Well i think raven honestly fooled me with her smile.
>Learned after all these years how to hide things she didn't want me to know. I thought she was fine.
>I was wrong
>Because she nuzzled right up.
>And kissed glasses

Because of work-a-mah-jiggers schedules are jumping around a bit. We'll get some long plotty updates in soon, practically going to be in florida next update. and then the REAL FUN STARTS. Prepare for unforeseen

Saturday, 8:00 PST.

Update #44 : August 30th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13282145

>Now a bunch of things happened real quick-like
>One was that Glasses was surprised
>Shitless
>This wasn't part of her plan
>They broke the kiss and she had eyes wider than the rims of her lenses
>Judging from her expression of horror she either realized what was coming next, or just had everything she'd been working towards ruined
>She was clever, she knew everything that was going to happen before it did
>I wish i had that superpower
>because i didn't expect what happened next
>Blondie and Gadget went flying, flailing at the two girls on the blanket
>Battlecries, harpies going to war.
>"ohmygod!"
>That one belonged to blondie as she flung herself at glasses
>I think gadget was feeling kind of left out with the because blondie shouted hers first.
>So she joined in with a prairie "Aiyeeee" and jumped at raven
>Blondie
>As was tradition by this point, kneed me in the gut in her attempts to angrily straddle glasses
>You could practically feel the entire car swerve as freckles tried to moderate the instant frenzy of bullshit happening back here

>Gadget screaming a native battlecry and yanking raven away by her hair, probably to scalp her
>Poor raven, she's kicking and yelling but the red is dragging her back to the teepee.
>Even through her screams of "OWW" and "GET OFF!"
>I can't help, i don't have a horse, a six shooter and I'm rolling around on the floor.
>I mean not in laughter, blondie sunk half her weight into kneeing me in the stomach
>On a scale of pain i was "This hurts too much to yell"
>But i was yelling anyway.
>Blondie seems to have landed her thigh grip on glasses though
>Fighting some epic hand on hand combat with glasses
>Brilliant wars of blows between the two of them, pure ninja skills from the blonde princess
>punctuated finally by a resounding THWACK as she broke the mastermind's defenses.
>Blondie got a slap off
>Full hand to cheek
>Oh, and all of that was just the first thing that happened
>Gadget and Raven were at least twice as loud as the other two

>Our majestic comanche warrior princess finally had the poor screaming white girl where she wanted her
>Probably to make her pay for all the land she stole or something
>Doesn't matter what i thought she was doing because she threw that out the window too
>Ends up she was kidnapping the girl to take as a wife
>Because next thing i know THEY'RE KISSING
>Well, not "They" it's pretty one sided, and gadget's just forcing raven down as she's flailing and trying to get muffled shouts past.
>Really you know i think it's just beyond fucked up at this point
>Going to just go with my earlier plans of curling into a ball, rolling away and burning the car down.

>Don't have to though
>Freckles had already pulled over
>Had a lighter in her hand
>The shouting, screaming, hitting and fighting in the back; sure made driving impossible.
>I'm pretty sure my howling didn't help
>Blondie and Glasses were in some kind of hairpulling war
>Real tears, spit and unhappy sounds from the two of them.
>I was pretty sure i had bruised an important organ somewhere
>But most likely she just hated the fact raven was infringing on her territory
>So she crawled over the cooler to get to us and tackled the closest person she could blame
>Guess
>No Really, go ahead and guess
>Yep, that's right
>[spoiler]That one anon who guessed blondie you're silly stop that[/spoiler]
>Me

>Thus me, still in agonizing pain from being kneed in a spleen, colon, liver, appendix, gall bladder, pipe, electronic, or some other organ i'm not medically certified to tell you about.
>I get slapped too!
>Gee thanks!
>Freckles also shouts to everyone else "TIME OUT"
>Which
>Miraculously works
>Right? Who knew it was that simple.
>She's about to say something
>Probably important, a speech that would adhere us all to peace
>Proclaiming herself the next gandhi, a hunger strike to force us to cooperate.
>Solve every problem and make us all a big happy family once again
>Probably, but we never got to hear it.
>Didn't let her.
>I slap her shit right back

>"FUCK YOU"
>-donte

>So of course that was the go ahead for kissing, hair pulling, kicking, yelling and blood tears and fists to continue
>Thats how it works anyway
>Someone throws a chair and all of a sudden everyone's beating everyone else up
>I can't really pay attention to raven and gadget, but i see plenty of blondie and glasses
>Mostly because we're fighting in not some giant open space
>It's just cramped
>So every time i pull back my arm to punch freckles the fuck out
>I elbow blondie in the jaw
>Or every time she knees glasses in the stomach, she kicks me in the ribs
>Not that i really hit her in the jaw more than once accidentally
>but she kicked me like five times
>Literally refused to let me beat the shit out of freckles
>Meanwhile she was doing a serious number on glasses
>Said girl wasn't wearing her trademarked specs anymore, i don't know where they were but they came off somewhere between taking punch number two, and four
>And our princess, furious red with golden locks is taking out her anger like glasses was a pillow
>The latter who wasn't even moving anymore, or protecting her face or anything
>Which no matter how mad i was at freckles
>Is bad
>So i elbow blondie in the stomach intentionally this time to get her to stop
>Get a nice loud "oomph" and her hands fly back and grab her own stomach
>after which I take the opportunity to manhandle her by the shoulder and force her off glasses and down to the ground besides freckles
>Holding both of them down by throat when i get the opening, not hard enough to choke, but hard enough that they clawed at me to try to get free.

>So what, i've got control of the situation on this side of the car now
>I survey the damage
>I've got a bloody nose, i can tell because i'm dripping blood on blondie's cheek
>She's blinking every time a droplet hits her, and
>Glasses is unconscious and bleeding as well it looks like
>No shit blondie how the hell did you win that one
>Not that i can ask
>Freckles tries to knee me in the crotch
>Which i see coming a mile away, and dodge to the left
>At which point blondie knees me in the crotch
>Not actually the crotch because i do partially dodge that one
>It just ends up hitting me exactly where she kneed me in the gut before
>Which might have been worse

>"Guh!"
>Those are my end boss dying words as they finish me with that ultimate attack
>I use my body to protect glasses from any further assaults, and just curl up and die a little bit
>Just a little
>Then who knows what they do
>because I'm done
>just fucking done

>I get kicked a couple more times
>Non directed, just people trying to get footing
>I hear grunts, squeals, and all manner of thwacks slaps and shrieks
>there's some shit going down behind me
>But fuck if i'm even paying attention to that
>I sit up slightly and nudge glasses
>"You alright?"
>she groans
>not really a response, but it means she's not out cold which would be really really bad
>i tell her to play dead like i'm doing
>she's way ahead of me
>feign death until the bosses reset
>Then wait until the timer runs back and all your groupmates are back in the instance to auto-stand up
>get them all wiped again
>Hehe
>We wait out the feign timers
>Look up at the end to see if the coast is clear
>BLONDIE'S HIT HER ENRAGE TIMER
>FRECKLES AND HER ARE DUKING IT OUT
>Or not really
>Looks like freckles and blondie tied and are just glaring at one another angrily, rather roughed up
>And gadget/raven aren't even close to one another anymore, Gadget's over by us hiding from what must have been the flurry of the blonde/redhead fighting.

>Blondie and Freckles are gasping
>glaring one another down, but definitely out of fight
>Since this isn't current day, Raven and gadget weren't videotaping it and whatever amazing moves the two of them pulled off
>The moves that would be forever ingrained in the minds of the other two
>Memories of the cities destroyed during the battle
>Entire subsets of moves named
>The galaxy hair pull
>Inverted nipple pinch

>The bladder chokehold and the knicker knocker twister.
>Gadget's got everything a mess, her hood's pulled to the side, hair flying every which direction.
> one of her earbuds askew, cord ripped
>):
>I could still hear music playing out of it though, maybe it was still good
>Raven had one of the straps of her top ripped, not that anything was really showing
>She wasn't crying, didn't look that hurt
>Just staring blindly at freckles and blondie
>Good question is why were THEY fighting?

>I'm not sure anyone knew why they were hitting anyone anymore
>But freckles and blondie look like they're going to start again
>I sit up and stop it
>Not really stop it but just throw my hands out like i'm going to stop it
>They don't move
>Freckles doesn't, Blondie flinches
>She was tensed up into attack position and i surprised her
>Freckles takes that as an intitiative to lunge
>Doesn't get far
>Raven grabs her and pins her down
>I get between blondie and starting the fight again and from what it seems, everyone's unable to continue the drama shitstorm that just went down
>Whatever it even meant
>"Blondie...." A growl
>comes from behind me
>I turn, it's glasses, sitting up and wiping the blood off her mouth with the back of her hand
>She looks completely different
>The eyes are a glittering brown topaz as she asks one question
>"Why." "Did." "You." "Hit" "Me."

>The glittering i realize is crying
>Which, in turn makes blondie cry out
>"You ruin EVERYTHING~"
>Then gadget agrees, in tears as well
>"You just make things worse glasses..."
>Glasses has a look of complete shock on
>tears and an open mouth
>"BUT i... i DIDN'T DO ANYTHING"
>Freckles interrupts her
>"You probably came back here to pretend to be all shaken up so she would comfort you. We know you better than that"
>"I DIDN'T" glasses wails
>I believe her

>She's looking at raven asking, pleading silently for her to back her up
>Raven's ignoring her and looking at me
>I'm also getting stared at by gadget
>As if they expect me to solve this
>NOPE
>not saying ANYTHING

>They stare at me for however long
>Nope
>Not saying anything
>Then they move to raven again
>She stares at blondie
>Stares at gadget
>Stares at me
>Quick
>Easy defusal of the situation
>"He's out on parole"
>Blondie stares at raven
>Gadget stares at raven
>Glasses stares at raven
>Freckles stares at raven
>I don't
>My fists clench
>I growl
>"What..."

>When i do finally look at her, she's staring at me
>But straight through me, as if her eyes were focused on something else far far behind me
>Emeralds that were just eerily looking, without focus
>Gadget first to speak "Who?"
>I didn't need clarification
>Glasses drops her glare from blondie and changes to a softer face
>"He's not..."
>She drops off
>Blondie inserts an "I'm so sorry" into the mix of reactions
>She's stunned and surprised
>Freckles drops her anger to the curb and gives raven a frown
>Lifts her upper lip to say something, but stops and bites it instead
>Gadget turns to me and asks "Who?" again
>She's obviously feeling left out
>I've got my fists clenched still, and i'm grinding my teeth with palpable rage.
>That's what her mother wanted to tell her and not tell me
>Makes far too much sense

>Because of course i would be angry.
>She obviously thought her daughter could tell me in some way that wouldn't have me exploding in fury
>You know
>I dont think starting a full car brawl and getting glasses beat to shit was part of her plan
>Mother raven that is
>Who knows what raven was thinking
>But you know what, i think that's something she should have told me
>Right away

>I don't point this out though
>Gadget's still querying "Who?" and looking at everyone
>Hoping someone will give her an answer
>Glasses finally, staring down at her lap sadly answers
>"Her Father..."
>"The man Storybro put away in jail for abusing her when she was younger"
>Gadget hadn't heard the story before
>But that was enough details for her to go "oh" and shut up
>Temporarily at least
>So it was just me and raven staring past one another
>That's all i was paying attention to anyway
>So i clenched my fist and started to speak up
>Probably something like "You want me to kill him" or "I can hire a guy on craigslist if you want"
>She didn't even let me say a word
>"STOP"
>A shout, crying
>"don't say another word, not one"
>"It's not your problem anymore, drop it"
>well
>It is my problem because he fucki-
>Before i can say anything or think anything
>Gadget's pounced across the space between us and pinned me against the glass window
>With a kiss
>You know as if i wasn't already angry enough

>I shove her off almost instantly
>I didn't expect it, but it didn't fucking matter
>Some mixture of "What the fuck" and "Get off!" spews from my mouth
>I don't remember which
>But now i'm just fucking ANGRIER
>Gadget defends it with a "You were going to argue back and make it wor-
>"NO FUCKING SHIT"
>My voice isn't anything close to safe

>She jumps a full foot
>I've never yelled at her before, ever
>She stammers in response
>"Y... you both kissed, i kissed her and now you and you should make u-
>"THATS NOT HOW IT WORKS GADGET"
>Me again with the voice
>I'm so fucking angry with her it's like sandpaper on gravel
>She jumps again and retreats backwards scared and blondie jumps in
>"DON'T YELL AT HER, SHE DIDN'T DO ANYTHING"
>Arms outstretched
>Not that anyone else was standing up for gadget
>Freckles was downcast, glasses was fiddling with something in her lap and raven was staring through me again.

>Gadget cries out a sad
>"I was helping!" before curling up behind blondie as protection
>Freckles makes the question of how going full lesbian was "Helping"
>Gadget whines in return
>"Because I'm not glasses!"
>Huh
>Actually you know that's a fairly good point somehow
>Except not really
>Glasses coughs once, and i watch blood spatter all over her clothing
>Which is really bad
>But she seems to ignore it, or i'm the only one who notices because she asks "Why is that any better?"
>Gadget's peeking out from behind blondie and staring at me
>still have my fists clenched and teeth gritted looking right at her
>Until she finishes her point
>"I thought raven could kiss me and he wouldn't get mad"
>She's frowning, and obviously under the impression she was wrong
>But
>Honestly
>I guess that's a really good point
>Somehow
>I'm not angry at gadget, just projecting everything else at her
>I sigh, and release my hands
>Fingernail marks on my palms sting

>You know what though
>I'm done with all of this
>"Glasses"
>She jerks her head upwards and it's nothing i can read on her face

>Expressionless, but a mood all the same
>Covered up by an ample amount of blood from her nose
>With only a couple words i offer to check and make sure it's not broken
>It's not
>She checks mine and it's not
>Everyone's just staring at us
>I flip them the bird
>seriously i got the shit kicked out of me here, and so did glasses
>I hold up my hand over her mouth and ask her to cough
>Not that she understands what i'm asking, but she does it anyway
>No blood
>So it was just her nose
>Phew
>In my book i'm not very happy with raven
>Blondie's neutral, Freckles fuck her
>Gadget can be forgiven, i kind of understand that
>She thought raven wanted to kiss someone and she jumped in because i would be angrier if glasses was doing it.
>I feel like she had my interests at heart.
>But i sit glasses up and give her a tug off of the seat we're sitting on
>Proceed to start putting them up, shoving people and scootching them out of the way to do it.

>Everyone kind of dumbly stared
>But i was done with arguing, or responding to any of it
>I pushed people into seats sitting next to people they weren't angry with
>I told raven to sit in the front, Blondie and gadget in the middle, myself and glasses in the back
>No wars
>No fighting with one another
>There was a bit of conversation but i silenced it
>Frankly i didn't want anyone talking
>Zero chatter since it would just be drama
>I point out that we can talk when we get to florida and have a room
>Group time out
>Radio silence for the next couple hours, at least across rows.
>After everyone was situated and i confirmed they were seatbelted and locked into no more fighting.
>I sat down next to glasses to make sure she was ok
>She was sitting up against the corner staring out the window
>When i sat down she turned to face me
>Still the same topaz eyes she had earlier
>But... no glass in the way
>Uh oh
>I ask if she found them and she nods and turns to face the window again

>Ignoring me
>I look down to her hands in her lap, she's holding onto the glasses i guess
>oh
>):
>One of the lenses is cracked
>Damnit blondie

>Firstly that's really bad, she's one of our drivers
>that's my first thought. and the second is that it must suck.since she won't be able to see nearly as well anymore
>She's pretty blind without those things
>I offer to clean them, even if they're broken
>She doesn't say anything, just hands them to me and i proceed to dab at them with the same rag we were using to wipe up the blood
>Halfway through cleaning one lens she tells me "Don't bother"
>"I have contacts in my bag... i just hate them"
>i've never actually seen her in contacts and i had no clue she even had a pair
>But it feels wrong looking at her eyes without the lenses in the way
>Like it's a different girl entirely
>Less mischief, less planning
>She's just staring off sadly into the window
>Then after a while she turns back to me
>Squinting, but obviously trying to stare me in the eyes before she puts her head down on my shoulder
>"Do i really ruin everything?"
>It's not a question
>Not in this sense, she doesn't want me to say yes
>But i do anyway
>"Pretty much this entire trip you've just made things worse glasses"
>She tries to claim it's not true
>I start pointing out everything she's made worse before she stops me with a squeeze on my arm
>A whisper
>"I'm the only reason it's not worse you know"
>oh boy
>This is gonna be good

>"Alright, i'll bite"
>She scootches closer and rests her chin on my shoulder
>Lips nearly kissing my ear, but not
>She whispers
>"a little of everything, most of it went pretty well"
>I have to pull away

>Look at her incredulously
>"Well? It went well?"
>I ask
>she nods
>"what fucking dimension do you live in"
>nearly raising my voice before she holds up a finger
>"shh"
>"I fixed you and raven didn't i?"
>YOU DIDN'T DO ANY OF THAT
>i repeat that in a whisper
>"Yes i did" she gives back

>"First, back when you found out about raven and me, what was i trying to do"
>I point out she was just making it worse trying to seduce me in the first place
>She waves it off
>"Yeah because you were too hardheaded to cheat, it would have been fine if you did ya-know"
>"It was the only way i was going to make it all work and you didn't go along, so i had to come up with another way"
>...
>.....
>I can't fit enough dots here to explain my reaction
>So i just called her a bitch
>She frowned
>"I know... but i was trying to make it better don't hate me too much"
>CAN'T HATE YOU MORE THAN I ALREADY DO GLASSES
>"So you found out about us, the wrong way"
>"I'm sorry, i had a great way i was going to get you involved and raven wouldn't go for it, it was a crappy way to find out how you did."
>"But it was the only way i could let you know without you knowing i knew you knew or raven knowing you knew."
>what
>Literally just staring at her now
>She starts explaining how she made sure i found out
>Literal bullshit about telling raven she had blondie distract me, and having blondie do no such thing so i would find them together.
>Actual bullshit
>There's no way
>Holy fuck glasses

>So then she continues
>"After that, i made sure you had blondie and gadget in your room all night. I doubted you guys would actually do anything but i wanted you to be able to tell gadget"

>"Since you wouldn't do anything with me, i figured if it was your idea you would be more likely to-
>I stop listening
>Where's the eject button
>I want to get off
>But i can't escape
>I put my seatbelt on
>Trapped
>"...So from how gadget was smiling the next day (and blondie was frowning) i guessed you took the step yourself and finally did something with another girl"
>"Not that i was using either of them mind you, gadget adores you and she needed someone that wouldn't hurt her..."
>she
>She has this
>...and blondie's been having such a hard time with boys she could use some attention that doesn't run off crying with his tail between his legs..."
>She has this all
>All
>"...So that meant no matter what you had to sorta forgive her and tell her you cheated because she cheated. Then she would know you found out and it wasn't from me so we might be able to hold everyone's friendships intact."
>All planned out
>"...If i hadn't done that, you would have found out from blondie or freckles maybe if they caught us, and it would have blown up into so much drama you two would have broken up completely."
>all planned out
>all...
>out....

>"Then you!"
>She growls quietly into my ear
>"You ignored her you idiot, you did the completely wrong thing and didn't talk to her!"
>uhh
>"Every time i make a plan you ruin it! It's like i can't even plan for you"
>uhhh
>Thanks?
>I guess?
>She jabs me in the ribs
>"So you fucked up everything and i had to resort to my backup"
>"Raven was paranoid you were cheating on her too..."
>"I think freckles started that rumor... she pretty much hates you because you remind her of her brother ya-know"
>yes
>I think i do know

>WAIT
>HER BROTHER?
>Glasses ignores my newfound incredulousness
>"Yeah so i'm the one who stopped that rumor; you're welcome; but because of that i was able to make it look like you were cheating with me anyway"
>She's smiling
>She enjoys this level of control over everyone
>Oh god i hate her so much

>"So i made it seem like you and i were cheating, and played on her insecurities to make her hate me and you"
>"Make her feel like she lost you to me, and make it all make sense in her head, while you were furious with me as well for lying and breaking it up before you had a chance to act"
>....
>Where's that pocket knife i wonder
>"Then because i knew you told gadget and blondie that night, they confirmed your story with raven and i was the bad guy"
>damn that's right glasses picked it up when she left the other room
>i wonder if i could nonchalantly ask her for it
>No
>she's probably planned that too
>FUCK
>"So you both hated me, joined up in being angry at me for lying and trying to break you two apart...it wasn't my favorite plan but it worked..."
>So uhh
>I ask
>"What did... you tell her at the restaurant when we met freckles' fake gf"
>She smiles
>"I told her i loved you, so she'd believe she couldn't trust me"
>...
>Fuck
>You do-
>She grins
>"Don't worry, not like that."
>phew
>She starts talking again and i stop her
>"Enough, i get it, you planned everything"
>She corrects me
>"No, just lots of stuff... other things didn't work out too well"
>like... what?
>"I didn't plan to fuck with raven in the first place"
>She's got a genuinely sad expression on

>"It was when you fought with her like a year ago"
>yeah yeah i already knew
>"She said you broke up, and i just got dumped by rick for...
>She drones off but i knew the story with rick
>One of her plans backfired and she pretty much made his entire family hate her
>it was pretty nasty on her end, she told me she cried for weeks because he still liked her she just couldn't fix anything between them.
>"She came over, i grabbed some of my dad's liquor and we drank and watched movies all night complaining about boys... and mostly you"
>thanks
>Glad i could be there to be complained about
>"She said you two were "Done" and that women were better, and i don't know... we just kinda..."
>yeah yeah
>blah blah lesbian sex blah blah
>Although she filled in some notes that actually made me feel lots better about the entire thing
>Well
>Kinda
>"We didn't really... i mean we did but it wasn't a constant kind of thing"
>"The first time i just planned to get you involved and it would have been fine, but she absolutely refused."
>"So she went back to you, and we didn't... not again until"
>"Until you two fought again"
>"Every time you two had a bad fight she would show up and i would try to help her feel better"
>and then
>the kicker
>"She was pretty mad at you for some really big things i had her get over, and every time i could i made sure she went back to you and apologized or made it up to you"
>"I... i didn't know what else to do besides that"

>"Until she started fighting with you more and more, and i couldn't fix everything"
>"It was like she was angry at you for nothing, and i started getting the feeling she was fighting just as an excuse to... well sleep with me"
>"That's when i started really trying to push her to tell you, and when that didn't work i tried to tell you but i promised. So... so i tried to get you to do the same thing with me"
>Well
>There we go
>Glasses secretly sleeping with raven and fixing my relationship in the background, like some kind of perverted mechanic
>Not sure if i should be angry or glad
>But one things for sure, literally any of my guy friends wouldn't have done anything close
>Probably would have convinced raven i wasn't worth it and tried to sabotage it even more.
>Also freckles would have done that too come to think of it.

>Even if i was still angry
>I guess i was a little glad she went to glasses and not someone else.
>"You're not going to forgive me, but i wasn't doing it intentionally to hurt you..."
>She also notes she was fixing the hell out of it
>Oh and that there was some "HUGE" problem that she got raven to completely dismiss
>but she wouldn't tell me what
>):
>Well
>Alright glasses you're semi redeemed in my personal book
>But
>I point out that blackmail bullshit
>"Oh... yeah ok so..."

>Then she just grins
>I can see a glint in her eyes
>Doesn't even need glasses to do it, god damn
>Voice drops to serious mode
>"I can't tell you all of it, but i need you to get me together with raven again"
>... Yeah but
>Thats what you already told me
>"Yeah, well she's pretty on-guard with me, and she thinks i love you"
>She glances upwards when she says the last bit
>"I can't see her, too blurry but i bet she's looking this way"
>Indeed
>Raven was glaring at us
>I wave and smile
>which instead of making her angry, loosens her up slightly
>Like because i didn't act embarrassed we weren't hiding anything
>Hopefully that was good
>I tell glasses she's totally not watching though
>Even if she points out i waved
>"Nuh uh" i tell her before she continues
>"So she's not going to let us be friends, or be friends with me as long as she sees me as competition, it's a side effect of the way i got you back together"
>I point out she could just tell her all of this
>Glasses giggles and gets another stare from raven through the rearview mirror
>"Hah, she would kill me"
>... also true

>so? Freckles? I ask
>"Oh..."
>"I need... her uhh...'Talents'"
>...

>I make sure she said talents
>Freckles has talents?
>I get a soft punch in the arm for that one before she rests her chin on my shoulder again
>"Yeah..."
>Then she gets into a dreamy whispery kind of voice
>"The things she can do with her tongue..."
>hah!
>I call her bullshit
>she snorts, intentionally like a chortle almost
>"how'd you know!"
>but before she takes my answer she just jumps right to it
>"Oh, how'd it go after i won you that bet with freckles?"
>...
>I point out that it went AWFUL TERRIBLE VERY BAD NO GOOD
>Also that i lost the bet
>"... how!?" she groans
>I explain that freckles nearly broke down upon learning men could get her off, and that glasses was officially responsible.
>Also that i had to supposedly hook freckles and blondie up
>The two women who had just beaten the shit out of one another in the car
>She chuckles again
>"You're impossible you know that."
>"Also good luck, blondie won't go for it"
>*sigh*
>yeah

>It's dark outside, and glasses seems to be out of things to talk about
>Me too
>And i can tell she's tired, i had a nap earlier and she's been driving and getting beaten up all day so she leans her head on my shoulder again
>But this time she reaches out and grabs my hand
>Doesn't do anything with it
>Just a clasp in her own, and squeezes it
>"Thanks... for not being too mad" she mumbles into my shirt
>Oh don't worry
>That's my secret cap, i'm always angry.
>She tells me she'll plan to make it up to me
>I want to tell her to never ever
>Ever
>Ever plan anything again
>But knowing her she's probably the only reason i'm still alive
>That's a terrifying thought
>Note to self

>Be more predictable
>My life depends on it
>She snoozes off mumbling something about world domination
>Probably
>I'm not listening, i'm staring out the window.
>"Now Entering Florida"
>Just kidding we did that miles and miles ago
>We were in lake city

Thaaats not a cliffhanger right. Lets end there anons. Until monday. 8:00 PST

Update #45 : September 1st

-thread abandoned-

>The drive wasn't very eventful
>Freckles didn't hit any pedestrians for extra points
>Blondie and Gadget were both listening the same genre of music i'm linking right now
>Happy hardcore, of course
>I think everyone was calming down from the fight mostly, it took me an hour for the adrenaline to really settle
>Glasses fast asleep on my shoulder
>Snoozing softly, little poofs and ahhs, murmurs of master plans and schemes in her dreams
>Lucky
>She was kinda cute when she wasn't plotting the rise of the machines.
>However who i really wasn't getting a good vibe from was raven
>She'd been in the front seat, and aside from some rather discourteous looks while i was talking she hadn't said a word
>Nobody had really
>Not my problem though
>I unbuckle, shift glasses to the other side of her seat (so she was leaning on the armrest) and pile into the back for some delicious distracting electronics
>Find the psps
>Load up one of the single player games and just go to town, ignoring everyone else
>Car stops eventually though, pit stop, gas, food, everything else.
>Freckles demands my assistance
>*sigh*

>So of course i pause, get out with a groan
>She points at the gas pump as if it's some kind of punishment with a scowl on her face and

tosses me a credit card.
>Raven sneaks off to grab a soda, freckles vanishes off to the loo
>I uhh....
>Well i didn't drive
>So besides fumbling miraculously through the gas purchasing process, guessing at how the hell it all worked, and taking three tries to open the fuel cap.
>I just stand there like an idiot holding the gas pump handle
>Because i had no clue there was a lever that held it for you.
>All in all i think it was a pretty good first-gas-filling experience.
>Well until freckles returns and points out i never actually pumped any gas into the car
>Blondie who's watching me with amusement through an open window breaks into full out laughter at this point
>Freckles ends up showing me how its done
>Yeah
>I was embarrassed as fuck

>Not that i didn't point at blondie and ask if she could do it through her ceaseless giggling
>Ends up she hadn't ever pumped gas either.
>So freckles (i think as an excuse to get back at blondie for the fight they had earlier)
>Forced her out of the car and went through the steps with both of us
>And gadget just smiled and pretended she wasn't amused
>My question is how SHE knew
>It's just not something you do until you own a car usually
>Ends ups she filled her brothers car sometimes when he stopped off
>Not that it matters, Raven showed back up and sipped on her soda with amusement watching freckles give us hands on experience with pumping gas
>Then we were back in the car and off again
>Miraculously it was if we hadn't actually been fists to face less than two hours ago
>Blondie joked with raven, gadget asked me random questions about the game i was playing, freckles laughed at blondie's jokes
>What the fuck just happened.

>It was like all tension was completely gone
>Everything miraculously "Fixed"
>But i knew better
>These weren't guys
>You trade blows with some guy and end up best friends later
>I didn't think that was the case here
>These women were putting on facades, fake faces
>They all hated one another

>But they were smiling
>That's how you know you're really in for the storm, the quiet right before
>Which i'm probably going to be right in the middle of
>Where's the escape pods when you need them, really
>So blondie giving her sincerest eye twinkling smiles to freckles through the mirrors
>Raven looking back at gadget and cheerfully giggling at a joke
>or blondie ignoring glasses on my shoulder as she asked me how the game was.
>That was all probably fake
>Great

>I pretended everything was happy happy smiley fun
>Only thing i could do for the next three hours as we drove down the east coast
>Pitch black out to sea when we were along the coast, so it's not like we could enjoy the view or anything
>Shitty plan to come here so late
>But we were kinda really really behind schedule, so it was either that or keep the rooms an extra day
>Not the best course of action, so we rushed

Updates will resume at 8:00 PST Sunday

Update #45.5 : September 7th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13424388

>It was two more hours before we hit a major city
>Then that city never stopped
>I never realized exactly how big some cities in our country are, i guess i should have since i came from L.A
>But miami was huge
>I mean not just huge. LA is little sections of things all over the place
>But there weren't any barriers, it was just suddenly a different part of town every mile.
>Miami was like the same thing, all split up into little cultural islands.
>You could just see it as you drove around, Canals, Rivers, Tributaries, every five minutes we

went over some body of water
>Then bam we were in a different styled section of the city entirely.
>It's own motifs, culture, buildings and everything
>To me that's pretty cool
>We didn't get to see as much of it as i would have liked, bright bits and dark bits. But our transition through the city was smooth.
>On the way up, between giving various driving directions, Raven was on the phone.
>Quite a bit
>Mostly to do with (from what i could tell) room stuff
>"Blah blah blah sorry we're late" ect
>I didn't really listen
>I should have though
>Really should have

>I thought we were on the beach
>Or visible range of the ocean or something.
>That's what Glasses kept telling everyone
>Hyping it up, Proverbially making us wet with how good it was going to be
>[spoiler]Lewd[/spoiler]
>So we pull into whatever part of Miami "Fort Lauderdale" is.
>I mean in my mind i'm pretty sure that's where they shoot all those cop shows with the high rise buildings, so it was good.
>Right?
>Lo and behold those of us still awake when we got there (Blondie barely keeping her head from bobbing, myself leaning on the window, freckles driving and raven still giving directions.
>Everyone else was out cold, Gadget bobbing her head listlessly to some quiet trance
>Glasses asleep with her head in my lap
>I'm stroking her hair, not in any kind of emotional way, just you know
>She's there, and it was kinda soothing. To me.
>Plus i don't think she minded, she was snoozing softly.
>Those of us awake
>So really just freckles and myself
>We were alerted when Raven told us to turn off the coast and onto some kind of 4 lane broadway or something.
>Away from the fancy buildings we kept driving past.
>Yeah we didn't like that one bit

>"We're not on the beach?"
>I think i asked that
>Doesn't matter we were both thinking it
>Raven tells us to hold on and relax
>Gives us directions down this beautiful avenue with trees and middle dividers and everything.
>Water on every side

>Then directs us down a side road into this little neighborhood with pretty neat houses all lined up
>Instructs us to pull up to the garage of this swanky little "Modern" themed house over near the end.
>It was cool i guess
>But i felt lied to, i swear we were supposed to be at some kind of hotel at the beach and not at some stupid house like a mile from the ocean.
>Raven takes my complaints and pouting with a "Hold on" and jumps out of the car to knock on the door of the house (?) and duck around the side to get the garage opener.
>I don't know if she had the keys or what, but the door whirrs to life
>We drive in, door closes behind us with a slam as freckles turns off the car
>Pitch black
>And a little bit of silence before i hear freckles' seatbelt unbuckle
>Probably her turning around to face me, even though i can't see her
>"... she did say we were on the beach right?"
>I nod
>Then realize she can't see me
>About to say something when a door to the garage opens from inside
>Silhouette of someone standing in the doorway
>Female, can't see the face
>But that's definitely not Raven.
>She's got curves, AND tits

>First thought
>Fuck
>Second thought
>well.. and also third thought
>This better not be who i think it is
>It's not even a prayer, i'm begging and pleading every holy deity i know, including boccob, pelor and even nerull
>They listen
>Light turns on
>Garage lights up, and we get to see who's already here.
>Well, hear her voice first through the window freckles rolled down
>"YOU GALS are LATE as HELL"
>She yells it out with a fake texas drawl and for a couple seconds i'm just really confused.
>Then the lights fully turn on, i can focus and see her face
>One thing's for sure, it's not who i thought it would be
>Not even close
>Worse, as is the usual

>What can only be described as "Top Tier" was standing there, leaning one arm on the garage door and a smirk covering not only her lips, but her cheeks as well.

>Light complexion, Beautiful blondish brown hair that got lighter the farther it went.
>Till it stopped abruptly almost red-blonde at her chest.
>The way she was standing just made her hips jut out more, hourglass figure (no ugly pears or apples here)
>Sweatpants covering everything else. But a nightshirt that didn't do much besides remind you she had a perfect chest.
>Cs, Ds, i don't care. They were as perky and teenage as they come.
>Oh and i knew from experience she was taller than me.
>This girl could be a model, a superstar celebrity or something.
>My opinion
>Aside from Raven (Obligatory comment here), she was the most beautiful, gorgeous, jaw dropping sexy knockout female i'd ever met personally.
>We're talking 10/10, supermodel status
>This my friends was Aubrey (mostly from the color of her hair)
>She was completely out of my league
>But Anons, you've already met her.

>Happens sometimes, you watch a girl go from attractive to drop dead gorgeous
>Like puberty just goes "Eh We're going to change this, and this and this" with decisions from kharaa intent
>Maybe a lerk of a tweak here, hydra flaws there and a touch of the ol' healing spray.
>Bam, kick it up a notch.
>Plus you're grandfathered in, you don't even have to try to be a friend with her because she knew you before it happened.
>I spent i shit you not, zero effort on her.
>And nobody at school understood why she talked to me, or a bunch of us even.
>Not that they knew how much of a nerd she was.
>Still into anime, manga and whatever japanese products she could get her hands on
>still incapable of going through a conversation with us without telling us just what her great-handsome anime prince was doing in the most recent episodes of her shows.
>She hid her powerlevel well
>That kinda thing just happens, i mean it sounds weird but even pretty women can have invisible hobbies.
>This anons, was our good friend. Birthday
>And fuck was she hot.

>The next bits were mostly car things
>Rousing everyone who was asleep
>lost my jaw in the process
>Blondie practically bounding out of the car and into the arms of Aubrey
>Squeals the entire way
>"OHMIGAWD HOW DID THEY LET YOU COME"
>Or

>Something close
>That's all my shrieking-squealing excited translator could handle.
>Glasses, not surprised.
>Raven arriving from a side door, not surprised.
>They gave courteous excited squeals as well though.
>Gadget simply gave a nod of acknowledgement and sleepily asked if we were at the beach
>Freckles and Myself just stared
>Which
>I guess we forgot to mention and i'm the only one who realized
>Freckles and Aubrey have never met.
>Not that anyone did introductions
>I get out a "Hi!"
>I'm not sure if i'm excited
>Or if she knows what kind of minefield she's walking into
>I don't know how to politely broach the subject so she just ends up waving us inside
>"We're not on the beach, we're on the WATER!" she exclaims
>Leads us inside
>Texas drawl gone, replaced with a posh accent where she emphasizes the last word.

>Confused, tired and half asleep.
>After raven re-affixes my jaw and gives me a look
>You know the one
>Aubrey leads her chosen peoples across the vast expanses of the house to a sliding glass door in the back.
>Freckles left hers in the car
>Opening it, the humidity hits us like a wall
>It's SCORCHING HOT and it's like 1:00 AM
>but we walk out as far as the lights on the lawn go before we're greeted with what seems to be a cliff into the deep dark pit of NOTHINGNESS itself.
>Terrifying
>Until i realize that's a boat parked on that pit of black out behind the house.
>Also Aubrey explains to our confused stares that it's the harbor or something and we're surrounded by it.
>Oh
>Not the beach
>The "water"
>I can see how everyone just assumed that meant the beach, because in LA it sure did.
>That's pretty cool i guess
>But whose house is this

>Freckles asks
>Glasses points at Aubrey
>Who smiles again, full lips to cheek

>"ello! I'm Aubrey i don't believe we've met before!"
>Soft english accent here, nothing too intense
>She uhh... uses accents when she's excited
>Plus, Aubrey didn't go to our school anymore.
>Still
>Two things happen
>One, Everyone just stares at Aubrey's extended hand
>Freckles doesn't take it
>She's just staring, and i remember she left that jaw in the car
>Two, I could swear freckles' knees start to buckle
>I'm giggling secretly but i know i should probably get everyone to bed without incident so i can talk to aubrey alone.
>I slip beside the speechless freckles (and the motionless blondie just staring) and using two hands.
>One for grabbing Freckles and the other for capping the handshake when i force the hands to meet.
>I introduce them to one another
>Breaking that kinda trancey staring contest they had going on
>Aubrey smiles politely
>Freckles nods, manages to mumble a "Hi" and shuts up
>Jesus girl, sploosh elsewhere wontcha

>Various amounts of chittering and chattering occur in the backyard before gadget nearly tiddles over asleep.
>We're all really tired
>Aubrey offers to bring our stuff in and Glasses/Gadget/Blondie toddle off
>With directions of course to where some of the sleeping places and the bathrooms are
>I don't think they cared
>Freckles still staring, i could feel the uncomfortableness exuding off her presence.
>I whisper to raven about leading her off so i can talk to Aubrey alone
>She gives me that look
>Then hands on hips and a pout
>a huge one
>Lips curled and everything
>Fake or real, the eyes said "YOU BETTER NOT"
>I shush her
>Shoo her away with my hands
>Still a pout, but she corrals our redheaded steer-caught-in-the-headlights back into the house
>Rawhide boots and everything.
>Not that they go very far
>They leave the door open and sit down on the couch inside
>Some nice giant L shaped leather thing in the living room.
>But raven sits there intentionally so she could hear us talking

>Can't let that happen
>I ask

>"Private private? or private Private?" She responds
Normal voice this time
>What
>My look must have given away the fact she just said the same thing twice, because she corrects herself
>"How private?"
>Squeak at the end, no accent.
>Which gets an entirely different look from me.
>What the hell is she asking
>she corrects herself again
>Completely serious
>"Um.. i mean you want to uhh.."
>I just interrupt her fumbling
>"I just want to talk to you where RAVEN CAN'T HEAR" i make sure raven can hear the last bit
>But yeah
>This was definitely our Birthday girl from the last story
>She wasn't flirting with me, don't get confused
>She wasn't stumbling over words because she thought i was attractive, or trying to find the right thing to say because she liked me.
>You see when you get really, REALLY attractive
>Everything you say suddenly sounds like you're flirting
>She wasn't very good at flirting
>Or not flirting
>Or whatever she was doing
>She overthought what she was saying and was trying to make it not flirty even though it sounded like it was.
>I knew what she meant though
>She nods and leads us over to the dock next to the boat
>Decent sized thing, but she doesn't actually lead me into it, just by it.

>We end up chatting in low tones
>She gives me a little recap of how she got here, flew in yesterday, been bored shitless all day waiting for us.
>Thats fine and cool but i tell her she shouldn't have come
>Which
>Yeah changes her mood from chattery happy to sad
>Yeah never ever say that to a girl
>I wave my hands back and forth "Nonononono"
>Try to explain nicer
>Inform her of the situation

>Mostly you know, the blood on my clothes
>That everyone was being pretend friendly with one another
>The multitudes of category five shitstorms approaching quickly off the coast.
>She realizes exactly what i'm talking about
>says "I'll fix it, don't worry"
>... those fucking words
>Never trust em
>But then she points out she's still in her nightshirt, feels exposed, and she wants to back inside
>Not that i looked
>I did
>No man can resist that temptation
>It's like trying not to imagine a girl naked when she says she's going to take a shower
>You can't do it.
>Its warm out
>):
>My frown is accompanied by a punch in the arm and a joke from her
>"It ain't nippy, keep your tots off my teats"
>Something she tries to say straight face in a hard british accent, before breaking into giggles.
>Leads us back inside, she goes first
>Even through the sweatpants i could tell
>The ass was fat

>Raven's standing at the door waiting for us
>So i pretend i wasn't puppydogging Aubrey to stare at that swoosh swoosh
>Also i tell my pants to calm down
>It's unstatable how attractive she was. Like my pants were leading me around
>I needed a cold shower, but maybe not right now.
>Raven's removed her stockings and is standing there scratching one leg with the other
>I didn't even realize she was wearing some, but i realized why she took em off
>It's hot, and
>Because she's trying to look to look more attractive/get my eyes off Aubrey
>I get it, she's feeling insecure
>Aubrey walks right past her, the couch and to the kitchen.
>So i swoop rave up as i go by
>First surprised, then a kiss, then wide green eyes
>Then giggles
>pretty damn on the spot i would think.
>I glance over her shoulder and freckles is still sitting on the couch watching us
>Me mostly but they might have just been left on stare.
>Those eyes speak "I'm in love"
>I didn't know she was an ass girl.

>Wine

>Aubrey offers
>Im kind of confused as to where she got wine because she's WAY underage
>But i don't ask
>Raven and i look at one another, embracing of course, nod in unison and she tells her "That would be lovely"
>Freckles starts up saying "I don't like wi...."
>Then drones off when she sees Aubrey leaning up into the cabinet to get some wine glass.
>Corrects herself real quick
>"That would be lovely... too!"
>Hhahahahaha
>We all assemble at the kitchen counter and sit on stools
>Freckles,Myself and then Raven on one side
>Aubrey standing on the other, pulls a bottle out of the fridge
>Some Chateau montelena estate cabernet sauvignon
>Or something
>IM joking fuck if i know what it was
>I don't remember
>It was red though
>She grins again and starts "sooo...."

>She goes on about how she got here
>Which we were all super curious about.
>First she thanks me and raven for talking to her dad and begging/pleading for her to come.
>That supposedly really helped calm him down
>I guess we told him some bullshit about her being really not that bad most the time and it was just a slip or something
>fuck if i know what we said to her dad, we were just trying to get her out of trouble.
>But Aubrey was pretty happy about it
>Ends up her parents folded eventually because it was THEIR vacation home and they flew her out yesterday when they confirmed with glasses we would be here.
>Which we weren't
>Left her in the house all yesterday SUPER bored
>So she found the wine cabinet
>She points somewhere over by the stairs, i don't know i haven't even looked around
>Then she points at the TV
>Lmfao
>Be more of a typical housewife aubrey
>I don't say this
>Raven does though and aubrey laughs
>So i guess it's a compliment
>somehow
>Freckles and myself are just silently staring at her lips as she talks
>I get pinched by raven

>She can't reach freckles
>The girl across from us demands to know what happened on our trip

>So i kick freckles to get her to talk
>She starts blurting out random parts all at once
>"wewenttolasvegas"
>Which gets our beautiful golden brown haired host to raise her eyebrow
>I kick freckles again
>"blondiealmostgotr-
>i kick her harder this time
>"storybrosavedherfromsomedrugdealers"
>There we go
>making me look good
>I kick her again
>"butreallihelpedbecausehe'suseless"
>HEY
>i'm about to kick her again before a hand on my leg (raven's) tells me to stop
>And she starts explaining instead
>Three glasses (each) later
>Well freckles only had two, she really hates wine
>Aubrey is the appropriately overdramatized range of emotions you would expect
>Every time raven gets to a scary bit, or an exciting bit in the story she oohs and ahhs
>Holds up her hands over her eyes when she explains some of the bad things,
>Raven completely leaves out entire sections of the relationship drama
>Fights, any of that.
>I take her hint and chime in for little bits she forgets, but not much
>And freckles jumps to little words or sentences here or there
>Where raven and i are acting completely normal (aside from being happily buzzed), she's just rosy cheeked, giggling and staring.
>I would say her hair was the least red part of her in some areas.
>We run out of road trip to talk about without going into drama we're supposedly keeping a secret from her but she already knows.
>So she offers another bottle of wine she pulls out of thin air
>Magic i tell you + corkscrew

>We just talk the shit after that
>Nothing i can remember of importance, just things while drinking, laughing and smiling at one another.
>Frankly im pretty sure that's the point of wine.
>The other point of wine is that somewhere down the line Raven droned off mid sentence asleep on my shoulder
>It just happened
>To the chorus of giggles from Aubrey and myself, and the smiling stares of freckles

>She was smiling now
>That was good
>Raven however was hiccuping
>A thing i didn't believe happened and had i swear never seen before
>Didn't happen to me or anyone else i knew, and never happened to raven either.
>But i guess we never really drank wine.
>Soft quiet hiccups on my shoulder
>I almost choked on the next sip of red, laughing.
>She was so fucking cute
>Aubrey points out there's a master bedroom on the bottom floor that she was using and i can take her there.

>Asks if i can carry her though
>Pretty sure i can
>Drunken superpower strength activate
>I don't even know how, i can't remember the floor the walkway the hallways the carpet or anything that night
>But i just picked up raven like a sleeping bodypillow and carried her over, set her down and did all the blankety comfy things, returned
>No effort, i dont even think she was heavy
>I don't know how long it took
>But it was a staring contest i came back to
>Aubrey sitting on a stool she moved behind the counter, both elbows on the smooth black marble surface.
>Head resting in hands, cheeks in palms smiling at freckles
>Who was sitting kind of leaning forward, wine glass still half full (her third maybe) tipping dangerously close to spilling.
>I take that glass away
>saving the precious liquid from staining whatever floor was here
>Freckles took that as a chance to make her move
>"You're uhh.. really pretty..."
>A very not-confident statement, stammered.

>Aubrey giggles and takes it as a generic compliment with a "Thank you!"
>Not realizing freckles is flirting with her she tries to strike up conversation
>"soo what's your story?"
>I'm not sure how she got her voice all deep and breathy, but it was an old gypsy woman saying this line.
>Well + she was slurring words but that was expected, who even knows where that bottle went.
>Freckles ignores her
>"No! I mean it you're really... beautiful!"
>I don't even think she was drunk
>Just liquid courage and an awful attempt at flirting.

>But when you repeat the same thing twice you can expect the result
>Aubrey was taken aback
>I couldn't help but giggle, but i put my hand on freckle's shoulder anyway to try to stop her from making a fool out of herself
>She shoves my hand off
>Not like actually shoves
>It's more like a comical attempt at grabbing my hand with both of her hands and shooing it off like a butterfly that landed on her shoulder
>"No! Im serious guys!"
>"You should have coffee with me!"
>Freckles, hahahaha
>I think she was asking a girl out on a date for coffee
>When you know, wine in the kitchen already way past that step

>I decide she could probably use sleep so i stick an arm under her shoulder and drag her off
>Little bit of complaints, but she comes with little to no dragging
>It's freckles though so its mostly dragging
>Aubrey points out there's a guest bedroom when i ask if any single beds are free
>So i drag freckles over to the other side of the stairs and find a small little guest room, with a single bed, and i haul all the covers out of the way and shove freckles in
>She complains at first
>Entire time i'm getting her into the bed she's telling me about how she wants me to change the bet or take it back or something.
>I ignore her
>manage to tuck her in like a small child
>Until she can't move or complain anymore and she gets all silent
>Pretty sure she's asleep when i start to leave
>Switch the light off and suddenly she's loud again , calling my name and demanding i come back
>Light back on
>Mumbles,nothing i can even make out from across the room
>So i walk ALL four or five really long steps over to the bed.
>Lean down for a listen to whatever she's saying
>"Make a mark! It'll make a mark!"
>What'll make a mark
>She ignores my question and tries to sit up
>Still stuck tucked in until she squirms free
>Then she sits up straight when she's finally free, arms crossed to her waist and she tries to take her shirt off
>Operative word try
>She manages to get the bottom part up over her chest, leaving her in a grey bra happily exposed to the world
>But the rest of it gets stuck on her head/neck and her arms are all tangled

>So she falls back to the pillow and with one word from her lips
>"Help..!"
>i break into giggling
>Drunk girls are the best

>She repeats herself two more times before i step in and stop laughing hard enough to yank the shirt up over her head
>She doesn't even seem to think about it, because instantly her hands go behind her back and she starts scrabbling at something repeating "It'll make a marrkkk!" in a whine
>I realize she's talking about her bra
>Also she can't take it off with her current level of motor skills
>Alright fine
>I turn her around and offer to help with fingers
>Which uhh
>I can't take it off with my current level of motor skills
>Freckles is just getting whinier and whinier and trying to pull at the back unsuccessfully
>I don't even know how this one works
>Probably my mortal Nemesis
>Eventually i just give up trying to undo the back and remember you can just take them off like shirts
>Which includes holding her arms up, hooking your fingers under the cups and kinda pulling it all up like a T-shirt
>That worked with about twice as much fondling as i thought it would include
>Armpits, breasts, ribcage and tickles
>Lots of fun
>All of it i swear was me trying to get the damn thing off, but finally i do
>Then i realize i've broken it
>Because the two cups in front aren't attached to one another anymore, and i start to panic and look at it closer
>Its just got the hooks in the front....
>god damnit no wonder

>Even when i tried to escape and not stare at the beautiful things she was presenting me, she grabbed my hand
>Then she pointed with the other
>"Make sure there's no mark"
>What
>She rubs her own hand across the bottom of the curve of her breast, the lower line where it meets the chest and mentions for me to look at it....
>"I can't feel it, make sure!"
>Uhh.. ok
>I'm gonna be honest
>I leaned in, fondled the breast a bit, made a big deal about them being all "smooth" and there

not being a mark
>i mean
>I kinda just gave in with my drunk state and totally felt her up
>I wasn't amazing, i didn't get her off or probably even let her enjoy it that much
>Just drunk and playing with tits
>But eventually she was happy that i had "checked" and shoved me off, rolling over and pulling the blanket up.
>...Ok then
>Pretty sure i wouldn't even remember this in the morning, ima go talk to aubrey some more.
>I turn around to leave
>She's already here.
>Aubrey in the doorway, leaning against the frame, swishing her wineglass and smiling at me.
>She was watching the entire time.
>You know, of course.

That's where we end tonight anons, update tomorrow at 8:00 PST (Monday)

Update #46 : September 8th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13442439

>Before i even react to her, she's flipped off the light
>Then back on again
>Off and on once more and her face comes back with a huge pout
>scrunched up into the most annoying frown i've ever seen she mimics the voice of a bratty little sister
>"oooooh! I'M telling MOOOOMMMM"
>She means raven of course
>i shrug
>Go ahead
>Which leaves Aubrey giving me a complete look of shock
>"waitwaitwait"
>She's completely serious
>"You're telling me you're not together with her? but you two with the wi-"
>I hold up my hand to stop the frantic pitch she's starting to sing.
>Hmm how do i check the "It's complicated" checkbox IRL
>context menus too complicated, i give up
>just tell her i'm allowed to fool around until the trip ends because i caught raven cheating.
>Somehow an aspect of all the drama and fighting i forgot to mention before i guess
>Slipped my mind

>Well actually i'm pretty sure in terms of causing drama that wasn't actually even a part of it
>Somehow me fooling around with everyone else wasn't doing much negative for group attitudes, and it was mostly everyone defending my relationship with raven against glasses that got everything fucked.
>Or it was and i just didn't know it yet
>I'm sure it makes sense in someone's brain somewhere, just not mine.

>"So wait wait wait"
>Normal voice for her again
>"You mean i could tell her and she won't even be mad? That's no fun!" She whines
>I point out that probably freckles would be more mad than raven
>Get a "What? She was calling your name! There's no wa"
>I don't hear the rest of it because i turn off the light to the guest room and close the door, stepping outside.
>Interrupt her drunken speech with an informative tidbit about freckles being a lesbian and hating men
>Two memos we left on the copier and never got sent
>Now its her turn to be speechless
>"y... you mean she was actually flirting with me?"
>Man girl how daft can you be, of course she was
>But i just nod
>"B... but i'm not even that pretty!" she stammers, completely red faced and embarrassed.
>[spoiler]See anons[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]There's just something inherently wrong with the system when even the drop dead gorgeous women pretend they aren't pretty for compliments[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]She KNEW, she fucking knew[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I ain't gonna play this shit experienced anons, we all know better[/spoiler]
>I agree with her
>"Yeah you're really not even that pretty"
>She swats at my arm
>Missing of course but she corrects herself
>"Shut up! I mean i didn't think i was pretty enough for women to like"
>I dont say anything, just shake my head
>She breaks into valley girl for a moment
>"I mean my nails are chipped, my hair is a Muh-ESS and oh my-god like my pores are completely acting up"
>She doesn't make it very far into a valley girl speech without me giggling and causing her to break into laughter too.

>She returns to asking questions after we're done laughing
>"So anyone and she won't be mad?"
>Im not sure if this is an inquiry or curiosity
>I assume its the latter

>point out that i can't touch glasses because mastermind status and nobody trusts her anymore
>Then i think for a second
>I point out i probably can't touch her either because raven would jealousy herself to pieces.
>She abruptly stops giggling and is back to normal voice
>"Oh that's fine, i'm already not wearing a bra"
>I mean i can see that
>She notices me staring and starts stammering again
>"I.. i didn't mean, i mean i'm glad i'm not wearing a bra so that..."
>She pauses and restarts
>"I'm not wearing a bra so i DON'T need your HELP!"
>The end is almost a triumphant shout
>Followed by a grin at possibly not flirting with me accidentally for once
>I give her a "So-so" hand movement
>Turn away and start to walk back towards the garage before saying "Maybe not need, but want"
>I hear a suppressed "DAMNIT" behind me and i call out for her to help me unload everything

>Trotting to catch up she appears beside me
>without her wine, she set it down somewhere
>Not completely steady on her feet, but we enter the garage turn on the lights and fumble around trying to open the car for like two minutes while we discuss it
>"How do you always do that! I wasn't flirting with you! But it sounds like i was!"
>Lol
>We've been doing this for a while
>See after the sleepover she went head-over heels out of her way to inform raven she would never-ever try to flirt with me again and take me away from her.
>Birthday was pretty cool about us
>But
>It quickly became apparent that she still flirted with me ALL the time
>Or sounded like she was, she did it with everyone, and girls too even.
>And it just got worse and worse as she grew into her rather comely appearance
>So i made it a game, and pointed out she was totally flirting with me all the time
>Hence how she tried to make it sound like she wasn't when she realized she was
>And failed
>So my plan for not ever having a chance at cheating with her was reminding her she wasn't allowed to flirt with me and therefore reminding myself she wasn't flirting with me.
>I think it worked
>I hope that's a better explanation than ten minutes of hauling bags and junk out of the car with a rather drunk girl who's nightshirt was a little loose around the top
>I still looked
>Didn't mean she wasn't attractive.
>But off limits, remember that pants

>Giggles, tumbling, a couple innocent (i swear) thwacks on either of our drunk asses to get the other one to move quicker and we've got pretty much everything important from the car into the living room
>Where we just drop it and let it be a problem for tomorrow
>Aubrey gives me a sad look after staring at the bags for a while
>"What?", im kinda concerned
>what else was i supposed to ask
>"I lost my wine glass"
>She's got a pouty face on and her light brown eyes are giving me sad looks
>Breaking my heart
>I tell her there's technically raven's and freckles if she wants
>Or mine, i add
>Finger on chin she goes "hmmmm"
>Trots back to the counter and glares at my glass and raven's
>Ignoring freckles' entirely
>She picks my girlfriend's glass up, sniffs it and takes a sip
>Guess its fine because she happily resumes topping those two off, hers and mine
>Then it's back to chatting and drinking
>Well
>Like two minutes of chatting before we realize we're too drunk to be talking to one another
>But neither of us are tired
>I suggest a movie, or something
>She agrees

>Trounces over to the couch on legs that nearly don't work, and arms that nearly spill her wine twice
>I'm at that wierd level of drunkenness where my mind is working
>Perfectly fine
>I can think intelligently, i'm completely aware that i'm plastered and shouldn't be talking or doing anything of importance tonight and we should just sit down and chill
>I could even sit there and calculate the angle of trajectory my limbs are refusing to listen to me
>But my body's not listening
>How does that even work, like i'm blabbing things i never talk about
>Tidbits about my pets i never find a reason to use in conversations, things i've done with raven that are completely inconsequential. Wierd shit
>And my head is going "STOP STOP YOU'RE BEING DUMB"
>But the mouth keeps going
>I suggest a movie
>She suggests another
>It ends up on something romantic and my mouth is going "YEAH let's watch this"
>Like that's a good idea with two drunk teenagers
>She agrees
>WAIT

>I SUGGESTED IT?
>YOU'VE BETRAYED ME FOR THE LAST TIME MOUTH
>she suggests we share the couch
>nooooo

>I'm way too drunk to be doing this is all i can keep thinking of
>Ends up not nearly as big a deal as i thought it would be
>She takes one part of the L and i take the other
>Don't even meet in the middle
>We get super comfy, lie down on pillows and everything
>She points out that she can't sleep at ALL if she's drunk
>Specially wine
>I never drink wine, i don't know
>But i comfy the fuck up and watch this movie
>Its pretty good, from on demand or something
>I have no fucking clue why he's in a romance movie or what we're watching. But jack black is in it
>and he's pretty good
>Or he's awful and that's the wine talking
>Who knows
>There were some hot women in it too, which was good
>Didn't need to get distracted and stare at Aubrey's chest where she was curled over on the couch watching
>Which is probably why i didn't notice until halfway through the movie that she was out cold
>Oh and also jack black like wasn't a character anymore for some reason, so suddenly i didn't care about it
>So i turned it off
>Still wasn't tired though
>Sat there
>In silence
>Darkness
>Staring off into the distance and thinking
>Man i need to never ever drink wine again, i can't sleep at all
>It's like 3:00
>Then of course, my phone rings from a bag behind me
>it's probably the mormons again

>Technically i didn't stop drinking wine
>I mean my glass was empty on the coffee table
>So that was one more glass in my stomach
>The room's light was out
>It was pitch black
>And i forgot where i put the clicker

>So it's finding my phone in the dark then
>First i need to get my arms to work and climb over the back end of the couch
>Mostly because i'm scared of knocking things over on the coffee table
>Also because it's a shorter distance to the bags
>One arm
>The other arm
>I haul myself up
>Or something
>I think i get a leg too
>And then i'm on top of the couch
>And then i'm on the floor on the other side
>On my back, one leg still up in the air
>Didn't feel a thing
>I'm fine, i promise
>Thats what my mind keeps saying
>My arms don't agree
>next up is the trek across the desert of a carpet
>This was a terrible idea

>It's long
>Grueling
>No water
>I'm almost at wit's end
>I take advice from the wise desert snake, good ol' nate
>Make my wish, acknowledge his lever-age
>So that pretty much means i slither across the entire expanse
>My arms don't work anyway
>I mean they do
>But not like that
>Slithering seems to work fine, i can use my chin to aim and wiggle waggle my way across the room
>Only problem is i'm pretty sure it's been miles
>No bags in sight
>I think i'm just going to give up
>Turn over and lie here
>I do, i flip onto my back
>and my arm hits something
>a bag
>To my left
>i was just crawling past them....
>It takes me like no time at all to find my bag by feeling alone
>Phone long stopped ringing but i had to get to it
>Had to

>Finally i do, the shitty little backlight makes it glow green and i can read it
>"1 new text"
>... i didn't even get called?
>What was that ringing
>Text is from "some cut off name though... don't r...
>Oh wait that's just gadget's long ass irl name

>"Can't sleep, no music" is all the message reads
>!!!
>Oh no she left her ipod down here
>But somehow not her phone
>THIS IS DRASTIC
>EMERGENCY
>i need to solve this right away
>Rescue this poor girl from not being able to sleep without music
>Which
>Amaazzzinngly cute btw
>Completely
>Oh man i can't even start
>I guess she left it in the car and i brought it in on top of her bag
>I think
>A little bit of wiggling, rolling and groping later i've found a cord
>Tug, yank, a thunk and i think i dropped her ipod because the cord isn't heavy anymore
>CRITICAL MISSION FAILURE
>I actually find it really quick, then spend four minutes trying to get the headphones back into the little slot before i give up
>Fuck it, she can do it.
>Now to get it to her
>BACK ACROSS THE DESERT I GO
>Sammy keeping me company

>Who knows how long i'm squirming across that carpet
>Probably only a minute or two
>But it felt like forever
>Eventually surpassing the terrors of the hadarac desert
>I reach the base of the towering beor mountains
>So tall i can look up and never see the end in the darkness
>Aka i hit my head on the base of the stairs
>Oh god
>How the hell am i going to get up these
>Everything's spinning
>And that's surprising because all i can see is pitch black
>Hmmm

>Aright
>Crawling time
>One step
>Two steps
>Four
>Eight
>One foot ahead of each arm
>wait how is that even possible
>Oh god i'm sliding back down
>Thump
>Thump
>Thump
>That awful sensation as your chin bumps the carpeted edge of each step as your stomach slides down each one.
>FUCK

>I give it another attempt
>Make it to step four
>Another attempt
>Step three this time
>FUCK
>I'm not even sure how i slid down because i'm backwards
>Or forwards
>Or upside down or something
>I'll be honest those stairs were the hardest thing i've ever tried to do while drunk
>a couple attempts later and i swear i'm at the top
>But then my foot misses whatever step it was aiming for and i'm tumbling down it again
>I swear somebody told me about these
>Gonna be here all night
>Alright
>Three more attempts and i get halfway
>But i'm terrified of falling again
>Ill call for gadget maybe
>She can come meet me halfway down the stairs and i can go halfway up
>Work fine right
>I call her name
>It doesn't come out as words
>Just
>"shhhh" sounds
>Hmmm
>I might be stuck here

>Waitwaitwait

>Idea
>Its my feet that keep fucking up right
>Yeayeayeahyeah
>Ok
>Like, crazy himalayan insane mountain climbing powers activate
>I turn all the way around on the stairs
>Feet first
>Hands last
>Use hands to push, feet to pull
>Works
>BEAUTIFULLY
>I don't know why
>At first i think it's because i can see my hands and see what i'm doing
>But actually i can't
>Hmm
>No clue
>But i make it to the top of the stairs, roll to safety up top and assess my surroundings
>Check my left hand for the...
>The...
>Fuck i forgot the ipod

>Alright
>I sit up straight and scootch over to the top step
>Can go down this on my butt
>Safe
>Easy
>Get the ipod
>Come back up
>No problem, i did it once i can do it again
>Then somehow the stupid stairs move and my foot slips off the step i'm on
>I find myself clinging for dear life to the top of the railing trying not to slide down again
>Also i can't seem to grip the railing with my right hand because i'm holding something
>OH
>my right hand seems to have been smarter than my left and brought a spare
>Heaving myself off the top step threatening to kill me i manage to roll to safety again
>This is ridiculous
>Now where do i go
>There's like seven directions, so i just pick one and roll down the hallway
>Carpet feels great on my skin, pretty comfy actually so i don't mind
>Eventually go off course, hit a door, bounce through two hoops, do a flip and land on my feet
>Only to stand up, open a door, get on the floor and listen to a voice in the darkness asking
>"Hello?"
>"Who's there?"

>Hmmm
>Pretty sure its about to say "Dispensing Product" and i'm going to be full of bullets
>luckily i'm on the floor again somehow and gadget's voice didn't used to be a vending machine
>I hope

>I inform her it's not going to be bring your daughter to work day for months, so she's safe
>Or maybe i'm safe
>I think it just ends up as a drunken roar
>Although i'm sure i pronounced "Ipod" correctly"
>Seven or eight steps and i'm floundering over on her bed
>It's a single
>so she's actually in some other guest room or something
>My words "Special delivery!"
>and then i break down giggling
>She probably ordered some gunship support vs the north koreans
>at the time i couldn't even remember why it's so funny, but she didn't think so
>Or i think she didn't think so
>She announced "Oh you're really drunk, i didn't real-"
>I interrupt her with more laughter
>"I didn't come downstairs, i was giving you privacy, so-"
>more laughter from me
>She was pretty funny
>Even if i couldn't see her
>I blurt out "Brought Music"
>Or something close
>She gives me a genuine thanks
>I want to ask her something
>I can't remember what
>Something about a reward or something
>Fuck it
>I push her over on the bed, lean in and kiss her
>That's all i remember

>Of course, as is rules
>I wake up
>Naked, seriously where did my clothes go
>Sweaty, the house must be 80 degrees
>It's far far past any reasonable hour to be waking up, noon or even later maybe
>My arms are around a girl who smells like nothing i've woken up with before, no maple, no mint, no cherries. Just soft
>If that's a smell
>She's got dark hazelnut hair
>Naked, i'm spooning her from behind, my arms wrapped around her stomach.

>She's still asleep, but the ipod i brought her is ringing away with some kind of soft progressive house.
>Light but there
>So yeah, i fucked gadget then?
>Great job drunken me
>As long as...
>Wait
>i was drunk
>I probably FORCED HER
>nononononononono
>I shake her awake
>"Gadget! Gadget! Please i didn't sleep with you right!"
>She grumbles and mumbles back to the world of the awake with a "ugghhh of course we did silly"
>NONONONONO

>She sees my look of panic and starts to panic herself
>Instead of wiping the sleep out of her eyes they just open wide with a "What!? what happened?!"
>Oh god
>She's terrified of me
>That's all i can think
>"I didn't force you right?"
>I ask again when she just looks at me confused
>"Force me what?"
>i repeat myself with "Force you to sleep with me"
>She's just completely dumbstruck
>"uhh... yeah kinda... i guess?"
>NONONONONONONO
>but she continues "But... i didn't mind"
>What?
>"It's no problem, plus you brought me my ipod"
>THAT DOESN'T JUSTIFY IT

>I start apologising
>Like that'll make it better somehow
>"I'm so sorry i'm so sorry i'm so sorry"
>try saying this ten times fast
>I did
>She's still confused
>"Sorry about what?"
>Her eyes aren't just wide, i can count the rings

>I start apologising again
>"I was drunk and i tried to kiss you and then i'm so sorry"
>She's just staring
>No expression change
>"What?" is the word that came out of her mouth
>And then she explains
>I supposedly came into her room ten minutes after she texted me
>I came in slurring my words and talking about how i was some prince in shining armor that brought her a bard and a traveling band of musicians to sing her to sleep
>She realized then that i was pretty drunk
>I then offered her what i called a "Magical Music Device" and told her i rode across deserts and mountains to find it for her then climbed the castle turrets to her tower.
>Then demanded a kiss from the princess
>Ends up i leaned in to kiss her and passed out mumbling something about asking for permission for her blessing or something.
>huh
>I don't remember any of that.

>I have to ask multiple times to make sure she's not just making it up to make me feel better
>Which she's not
>Because she doesn't know half of the words i used from old english and i have to explain it to her
>After i learn that i called the ipod a "Band of Merry Men" twice, i began to worry
>What the fuck was i even saying
>Out of all the girls i could have given that speech to
>1). Gadget didn't understand any of it, or understand how absurdly silly it was
>2). She thought it was cute, and got the jist of it as endearing and romantic and not cheesy
>Ok but questions
>I ask her why she's naked then if we didn't have sex
>"i'm not naked?" She pulls back the covers and she's wearing a shirt that's just ruffled up around her upper stomach
>Oh
>Then... why am i naked?
>"You came like that"
>... i know i did but we aren't talking about childbirth
>Also
>WHERE THE FUCK DID MY CLOTHES GO
>"I didn't realize you meant sex...." she mumbles as i'm musing about where the hell my pants escaped to now
>"i wouldn't... not with someone drunk... but the answer is yes"
>trying to track down the last known location of my shirt in my head when she says that last part
>Yes to what?
>she answers that by leaning over and kissing me.

>Not just a kiss
>a KISS
>A KISS KISS
>All the kissing involved
>My head kinda hurt with how much of a kiss it was
>or that was the hangover
>But fuck it i kissed back
>or... tongued really
>Gadget was unique in the sense that she didn't taste or smell like anything i could place a finger on
>No fruits, no trees, nothing natural or unnatural
>But it wasn't tasteless
>She didn't smell like "nothing"
>It was just a sensation instead of a smell
>She smelled like soft
>Like you were embracing a towel fresh from a wash without any detergent
>She tasted like the color of a warm summer day
>Like licking your lips in a field of freshly cut grass
>That or i had synesthesia
>But i didn't
>She was just different
>All women taste different
>I guess every other time i'd had her company in the shower, or the bath and never noticed because it was so light
>I would be lying if i didn't say it was exotic

>That romanticises it a bit i know
>She tasted like a normal kiss and smelled like a normal girl who's been sleeping under the covers with you in a hot house
>But she had that touch of something more on top
>It was enough to make me try to follow her when she pulled her lips away
>That tease that lets women know you're helpless
>I might have been
>But she pulls off and looks me in the eyes
>Hazel blue green and yellow with a smile on her end
>probably a daze on mine
>"You're not... drunk anymore" she points out
>Well duh
>My head kinda hurts and im a little thirsty maybe but i'm prett go
>oh...
>She gives me a little worried look and then bites her lip
>"You... "

>Then she leans over and fishes for her pants off the side of the bed
>comes back up with the swishy things in tow and digs in one of the pockets
>Pulls out two silver blue packages
>"I got them from blondie...you would uhhh..."
>She forces a smile
>"Be the first i wanted to, yeah?"
>Condoms anons.

>When gadget tells me i'm the first guy she's wanted to sleep with
>I don't know if that's an honor
>Or my heart is broken and she's taken all the pieces
>Means a lot more than an "I love you" i'll tell you that
>That's an absurd amount of trust involved
>Thinking that i would be a guy that wouldn't hurt her, or force her into anything
>and that i would be worth it enough that she could forget things previous
>To me that sounds even more important than virginity, specially to a girl who's been through hell and back.
>I realize if i fuck it up.
>Figuratively.
>i could completely mess up her psyche for years to come.
>No pressure
>no pressure at all
>I try to nonchalantly accept her proposition
>Because turning her down wasn't even a choice
>I think i use "Of course!" and a smile
>Worst acceptance speech ever
>But she doesn't mind
>She's back to shiny bright eyes and a cheery smile as she returns for kisses
>But then she pulls back
>"First, i want what... uhh... blondie... that cherry thing..."
>lol
>Alright
>Before i can do anything though it's her that slithers under the covers.

>I try to search for her in the quagmire of sheets but she's gone
>They have these huge giant comforter things on the beds
>I don't know why
>Its florida
>But they were giant, like a mile deep
>Not really
>I mean i knew exactly where she was, and i could feel her squirming around over my shins doing whatever it was she was doing
>But the bottom of the bed just looked poofy with her there, didn't look like there was a person

down-
>Well
>She's got cherry jello backwards
>Not that i mind
>I'll correct her after she gets me off once
>Which considering the lips and suction, won't be very long
>I didn't think it would be
>She wasn't really a professional at blowjobs, i guess this was the second she'd ever done. But it still felt great
>I wanted it to last though, so i started to imagine people walking in on us and how embarrassed i would be
>Then i realize almost too late that it wasn't me imagining it
>Someone was actually knocking on the door and coming in
>Blondie pops in asking "Hey gadget are you awake yet? My room doesn't have any towe....
>Her pitch drops lower at the end and completely stops in an "uhh..."
>Me
>I managed to throw blankets over myself and make it look like i wasn't completely naked
>And i threw one of my legs up and rested it on gadget's back, to make it look like i had a foot raised and a toe pointing up.
>"Hi blondie!" I put on a fake excited smile
>Suppressing a squeak at the end
>Gadget hadn't stopped

>From where blondie was standing she couldn't tell gadget was under the covers giving me a blowjob
>It looked like i just had knees crossed under the sheets and was swinging my foot around
>Or i hoped it looked like that
>We seemed to pass for only one guy in this bed who wasn't gadget, because blondie scanned the room and seemed to find no fault with it.
>"uhh... wasn't gadget in here?" she asked
>I point out gadget is downstairs, probably
>She nods
>Scans the room again and closes the door behind her
>I guess it locks
>I notice but i'm not worried that she hasn't left yet
>"So..." she says, stepping closer
>She's scanning the room, looking at closets, cabinets, drawers
>"Towels?" A hopeful question along with those blue eyes and another step further
>ALWAYS the towels
>probably got a towel dispenser in a place like this
>I point out there's no towels in here, and she steps two steps closer, standing at the base of the bed and looking around
>"Alright... i guess" she mumbles

>turns around and walks away
>Phew

>Well, by walks away i mean half a foot before pivoting around on her heel 180 degrees and facing me again
>"So" she says
>Then SLAPS the blanket where gadget was hiding as hard as possible
>Hits the poor south american girl right on the rump
>"Why are GADGET'S clothes and MY condoms on the ground?"
>Oh
>I wasn't listening
>One of the girls in the room bit down upon getting her ass forcibly smacked
>and it wasn't blondie.

My home is in boxes at this moment. Please check back in a couple days for normal update schedule to resume. It's completely possible i'll be without internet until the 18th and i simply will be unable to have large updates until then. However what i can do...

Update #47 : Sept 11th-18th

As a shameless plug for another lewd 4chan greentext that's currently being written. Check out http://thestoryofbutton.wordpress.com/

Update #48 : September 18th

Thread: http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13617156

>I left my body here. Floated off on my own little trip.
>Took the car out, went shopping, picked up a bit of groceries and the milk we obviously needed for cereal in the morning.
>The essentials, essentially.
>Hit up a couple other errands, took a 20 minute coffee break and just read the newspaper down at the nearby cafe.
>Even smiled at some cute girls
>Who weren't trying to kill me

>Then i came back, floated my ghostly errand running self back into my body and remembered what went down.
>Less remembered, more felt
>A howl that probably, could be heard across the entire bay area.
>Except not really in pain
>More surprise
>The sensation of warmth, suction and generally what most men will describe as "Feeling Good" was replaced with teeth.
>Music loving headphone-wearing shark teeth.
>Funny thing that, it didn't hurt nearly as much as i thought it would
>I don't know how to relate that to anything else
>Or explain it away
>I mean you can't just go around asking your bros if they've ever had a girl bite them during a BJ can you?
>[spoiler]Hint: You can, that's what bros are for[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But none of my bros can currently inform me of the sensations they experienced, so you're out of luck on confirming if this is rare or not[/spoiler]
>The grand sum was, it didn't hurt
>It was like pinching your finger in a lid when you go to close it, you snap it away and shake it a little and the pain's all gone.
>[spoiler]Imagine your wang getting stuck in a soda lid, same thing right?[/spoiler]

>Well that was thing number one that happened. Was my crotch snapped away so quick i'm not sure if i did it
>Probably instincts and self preservation.
>Got a bit of the teeth grate on the way out, roof of her mouth and two front teeth gliding across the tip and the shaft.
>That hurt more than the bite, honestly.
>I howled, yelped, screamed, squealed like a pig
>Whatever you can imagine as a sound, i made it
>Not in pain, just "Holy fuck you bit me"
>Gadget, still under the covers, sat up far too quickly
>That means she ended up backwards, upside down and turned completely around
>Her attempts to escape the comforter failed completely
>Flinging her off the bed, still wrapped heavily in blankets.
>She hit the ground with an "OWW!" and preluded it with a "BLONDIEE!!!"

>So blondie.
>She screamed
>Mostly out of surprise at the holler i gave off, the yelp gadget muffled out from under the covers and the bang as she hit the floor.
>Expected really
>Hands to her mouth, more of a worried squeal than an actual scream, followed by an "Oh my

god i didn't! i didn't; i'm so!"
>Well
>She repeated that about a million times
>Nothing else, She didn't finish it or anything.
>Frankly it was about as obvious as the sunlight streaming in the windows that she realized gadget was hiding under the covers doing something perverted.
>I mean she pointed out the condoms and everything
>So she knew, and just interrupted it because she could
>Consequences be damned, just pretend her way out of it she thought.
>So you know blondie being a little bitch
>Apologies of course, it's just you know.
>Got my dick bit
>Ain't in the mood for her fake cutesy "I didn't know attitude"

>Problem was that as gadget tumbled off the bed, she took the sheets and bedcoverings with her.
>So, kinda suddenly left exposed, curled over hollering in surprise about the vampire i made the mistake of entrusting with my life force.
>Blondie ends up staring at me
>Well, at my crotch
>"Oh... she was..." was all that came out of her mouth this time
>Then a typical "I'M SO SORRY, I DIDN'T KNO-
>Didn't need to hear the rest
>Not that i got to, because the door banged open and voila who else could it be but raven standing in the hallway
>Arms crossed
>Yipeee
>She gets to see the tail end of gadget floundering around on the floor trying to escape from the blanket hell she's brought with her, blondie playing innocent and me clutching my very-much exposed not-so-happy pecker.
>Probably about as compromising a situation as you can find yourself in with your girlfriend barging in
>I'm not worried
>She'll understand

>She does
>Actually, Kind of scary how well she understands because Raven steps inside
>Closes the door behind her
>And crosses her arms
>No pout, no smile, no expression at all
>She even locks the door this time
>Legs slightly spread in an aggressive stance, arms hooked one under the other and a blank face.

>Blondie stares at her with fear in her eyes
>Probably because she knows she's probably now irrevocably damaged Raven's boyfriend's privates.
>Not that i care, sock that bitch out rave.
>Gadget gives up trying to escape the blankets and curls up crying
>Raven's staring at me, mostly.
>I give her my best "I swear this was going better 30 seconds ago" look.
>I don't really have that one down though, so she doesn't get the message and just leaves her arms crossed
>We still stare though, and the soft sobbing from the carpet reminds me i should probably man the fuck up.
>I grit my teeth, ignore raven for a moment and head over the side of the bed.
>My worst fears confirmed by the sight.
>Gadget just got hurt again when we tried to do something together.
>Falling off a bed, wrapped in blankets with no way to know what way's up? then struggling to get free and giving up?
>That's shitty, probably my fault
>I bet she's got a headache like hell.
>I step off the bed with the full intent of helping her out.
>Raven just watches, blondie standing off where we can't see her over the bed, and i untangle the mess and arrive at the soft chewy center of the tootsie roll pop
>the center is pretty angry that mister owl took more than three seconds to get to her.
>She's not very happy

>The closest comparison i can make was that gadget was truly back to her little-girl self when i pulled off the last set of blankets.
>She wasn't trying to escape, she wasn't trying to kick, or untangle or anything else
>She had just curled up into a ball, her hands holding her head as if she had hit it again.
>Which set off so many red flags in my mind the second i saw it that i think i scared her with how quickly i tried to sit her up and look.
>One arm under her shoulder and i pull her from the fetal position
>Then one of her arms around my shoulder and she's hugging me
>Not just a hug, a "Thank you!" Hug
>A verbal announcement "Blondie you RUINED it" hug
>Followed by a questioning squeeze from gadget herself
>It's ridiculous how much of a conversation you can have through a hug.
>Even if she talked for some of it
>She was telling me secrets she wasn't telling the other two women in the room
>Telling me she forgave me for her getting hurt once again
>Telling me she was sorry this kind of thing always seemed to happen, that she was sorry she bit me
>And most of all telling me she was glad i was alright, there, and hugging her.
>She also gave a couple hints with whispers

>I might be a little rusty with hug language
>But i ended up there sitting on my heels getting an extended hug from our... no MY steampunk princess.
>Well
>Interrupted of course by blondie with a "IT'S NOT FAIR!"
>Yeah yeah, it's really just not fair
>When we go up to bed you're just no good, it's just a shame.
>Look into your eyes
>Wanna get to know you
>Then you make a little painful noise and it's apparent it's all over.
>Thanks Blondie, not fair my ass.

>Still. Raven standing there arms crossed is creeping me out
>I ask her bluntly what she's thinking/doing/why she's here
>She tells us to "Ignore her"
>and something about "Wanting to watch the trouble i get up to"
>Blondie lets out some kind of waily-sigh-y kinda thing and tells us it's not fair again
>Starts complaining about how i'm always talking/hanging out with gadget and she wants a turn.
>A turn
>Yeah, that phrase exactly
>I rolled my eyes
>It's not like i hadn't seen her do this before
>Blondie wasn't jealous of gadget, or secretly trying to get with me or anything and express her secret love.
>She just felt left out
>kinda like "Well everyone else is doing it, might as well"
>I understand her logic about as well as a baby understands where babies come from
>So pretty well i guess.
>"You don't deserve a turn anyway". Announces Glasses.
>As she steps out of the closet
>Figuratively

>Also literally
>As in the fucking closet door of gadget's room just opened and glasses walked in through it.
>Seriously, it was full of jackets and things
>That was a closet
>But you know, Glasses just
>Waiting in there and watching through the door slats or something
>Creepy as shit
>THANKS FOR WATCHING GADGET AS SHE SLEPT GLASSES
>I announce this
>Blondie goes "eek!"
>Nobody else says anything, but i mean we were all just staring

>I mean come on how are you going to explain your way out of hiding in a closet only to jump out later and yell surprise
>she didn't even yell surprise
>You're awful at this glasses
>She waves off my complaints
>"I heard my closet yelling"
>She inquires us to go look
>Blondie does
>Vanishes into the closet and comes back ten years older and thirty years wiser
>Along with a flying tree
>ITS A WHOLE NEW WORLD THROUGH THERE
>Also the rooms are connected by those closet door things where you can move between the two rooms through the closets.
>I NEVER understood those
>Like they were designed for siblings to spy on one another.
>Terrifying thought whoever came up with them.

>So
>Blondie nearly got lil storybro bitten off
>Gadget's had her perfect moment ruined
>Glasses is creepy as fuck and Raven's got a silent voyeurism fetish.
>Sounds about right for my life
>I half expected aubrey or freckles to show up too and announce something else completely fucked to make everything better.
>Unluckily they didn't
>Because Blondie points at Glasses and screams "YOU SNEAKING PERVERT, YOU WERE WATCHING"
>Glasses can't shake her head fast enough before blondie sets upon her with vengeance
>Raven tries to step in, but Gadget unclamps her arms from around me and moves to intercept.
>Which means i have to get between my pristine white and delicious brown goddesses and stop them from staining one another.
>Ignoring world-war blondie x glasses, i tug gadget and raven out of the room
>Mostly hair pulling, squeals, screams and vows to disembowl the other opponent.
>Nothing serious as we leave it behind.
>Pointing at gadget, i inform her we're now showering together
>She's agreeing and off before i can even finish the sentence
>Pointing at raven i inform her she should probably stop the fight in the other room.
>Then i follow gadget
>So does Raven

>Blondie's shouts of "It's NOT FAIR" and "WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO..." with an indecipherable last bit.
>I ignore them.

>Ignoring also the redhead flying past us down the hallway towards the source of trouble.
>The light clomping and slapping of barefeet against hardwood floors.
>Ignoring the mewling, screaming, barking and possibly howls at the moon coming from behind us. We tromp down the hallway.
>Well
> I do for a bit but then i realize i've completely lost wherever the hell gadget is.
>I mean i don't know this house
>She just went down some doorway or entryway into a master bathroom i guess and my pretending to ignore blondiexglassesxfrecklesxwolves was actually distracting enough for me to lose track of her.
>Damn.
>I turn to raven, mostly with a confused
>"why are you following me" expression
>just a little hint of a
>"I know why you're following me just tell me where gadget went"
>You can tell because the top corners of my mouth were turned upwards in a tiny-tiny smile

>She grins
>Points towards a door we passed already
>Doesn't matter why she does it, or what she's thinking.
><3 u raven
>She's completely silent as i retreat a couple feet down the hallway and back into the room i missed.
>I guess its a big bedroom, the one freckles came running past.
>I can also hear a much louder version of the kerfuffle coming from the closet
>So they're all probably connected
>Good to know
>What isn't connected is the master bathroom, which is a giant awning to our right
>Its pretty big, pretty fancy, and i haven't even stepped in
>Well
>Until i turn the corner and realize the entire thing is tile
>Pink tile
>EVERYWHERE
>it's not like its a big deal but its gawdy as fuck
>The only not pink things are the toilet, and Gadget standing in the middle room hands on her hips
>"Lost?"
>It must have been written on my face.

>I nod, shamefully.
>There's a certain incomparable level of shame to admitting you've tried to follow a female for sexytimes and got distracted/lost and didn't know where she went.
>Like losing a game of hide and seek where the winner gets to have their way with the loser.

>Those are game terms i can agree to.
>But not right now because i've obviously lost
>Against the rules to have outside participants lead you to the hide-ee
>That is assuming you were HONEST players when you were youngers anons
>You didn't cheat at hide and seek did you?
>[spoiler]DID YOU?[spoiler]

>Gadget's hands-on-hips change rather quickly to open arms though
>She wants another hug
>Daww
>I oblige
>She's still wearing whatever pair of panties she went to bed in, and the loose nightshirt
>So of course i'm instantly reminded that i'm naked
>It...
>WAIT FUCK
>Nearly every girl in the house has now watched me, get out of bed with gadget completely naked.
>Then all the rest of the girls came in to blondie and glasses fighting over me being naked
>Oops
>Suddenly that makes it look twice as bad as i was thinking it was
>ALSO WHY WAS I NAKED
>This just keeps getting... all the kinds of fucked up.
>Gadget interrupts my clothing non-existential crisis with a smile on my cheek
>And then a "ppfpfptptpphht", the sound of what can only be her sticking out her tongue and blowing air at raven, comes out of her mouth.
>Not that i was paying attention to that
>Mostly the hug
>Gadget was soft, had her arms around the sides of my ribs, up and over my shoulders. Crossed.
>This is like, awesome hug tactic #43
>Less like a hug and more like an embrace for a slow dance, with her chin resting on my shoulder.
>Although its not as romantic as it could be, because that sound she made was followed by a
>"What is SHE doing here?"
>Obviously indicating some level of dislike towards raven nonchalantly standing over by the sink staring at us.
>Come to think of it why was she here
>Probably admiring my butt
>Safest rationalization in my head.
>I know its a nice butt but you don't have to stare raven, especially not when i'm with other girls.
>Gadget repeats the question and raven only gives an audible pout in return.
>Fine!
>I turn the hug around so i'm facing Raven instead

>"Yeah why are you here?"
>I don't ask it in any kind of rude way
>I try to put as much softness and caring into it, like telling her i know she has a reason but hinting at how we would rather have privacy.
>Gotta finish you know, i wink at her
>Completely ignoring our questions
>And my wink, completely against the bro code
>Raven turns to close the door, locks it, turns around once more and places her hands at the small of her back.
>Leaning up against the now-closed entrance
>She smirks
>"Ignore me, pretend i'm not here..."
>waitwaitwait
>No
>Nope
>Nuh uh
>Gadget's turns me around this time
>Soft voice this time
>"umm but you can leave us alone for a tiny bit right...?"
>I would almost say it was a little fearful, but that's not really gadget's thing, so soft is all i can explain.
>Mood in shambles with this almost bargaining going on
>Probably raven's intention
>She's secretly jealous about her previous decisions and she's trying to ruin it now
>Of course
>I should have realized

>So i turn my head too, drop part of the hug and join gadget in scrutinizing Raven
>Who was, in my mind
>At that very moment
>Being a gigantic, giga, awful bitch.
>She catches our dual "fuck off" gazes and her smirk drops
>Her eyes turn cold, dark.
>Serious
>Still hands behind her back she growls "DON'T look at ME like that"
>I'm about to ask why the fuck not
>Gadget beats me to it with a
>"So you're taking it back then?"
>That's not softness in her voice
>It's just a sad kind of defeat as she lets go of my arm and hangs her head.
>Not that i'm some amazing catch or anything

>Not that i'm in any way more important than any other male
>But it's just that kind of situation where suddenly the reactions of everyone around you make far too much sense
>Gadget, even if she was pretending she just wanted to take advantage of a hiccup between myself and Raven to...
>Well all speculation really
>But she was planning it in the least
>So, feelings were involved
>Enough that she was hanging her head disappointedly, standing in front of a somewhat naked me.
>Im not sure there's any situation where thats good
>Raven's just a bitch

>So bitchy mc mood ruiner over there
>Well i could practically hear her thinking
>Or not thinking
>The bathroom was sound proofed, or Blondie had successfully managed to murder everyone and was standing victorious in a pool of blood.
>It's only been a second, so im about to just
>Well i don't know what i'm going to do
>But its going to be brash, loud, and i'm going to regret it. Because this just isn't very nice anymore
>Raven gets to it first
>"Gadget,You know it's not like that"
>This of course, the generic female words used that can only evoke pure rage in other humans.
>"don't make it like that..."
>Those are the other ones

>As you undoubtedly all think, raven right now is absolutely shit tier.
>Bottom of the lowest rung
>Sure looking back at it. i myself was pretty fucking selfish.
>I had every intention of romancing gadget via oddly flirtatious conversation options marked with a little heart next to them.
>All to get back at my main love interest for doing something evil behind my back
>Ideally while accidentally romancing someone else that i wasn't even trying to flirt with.
>My voice just automatically taking on a sultry tone as i say "Hello~"
>Adding additional dialogue that frequently goes beyond the scope of the text options i was presented with.
>solutions or endings to the conversation that i never intended, and a large muscular dark skinned man now wondering if i was his new soulmate and giving me bedroom eyes.
>That seemed to happen all the time
>Pretty sure my life was a bioware RPG
>Didn't you realize by now the plot of this road trip was to save the world and not romance all of

your traveling companions?
>No?
>Then its definitely a bioware RPG
>But; i warn you this is going to get a little bit sappy, fluffy and possibly too romantic for your tastes
>[spoiler]Sorry romance fearing anons[/spoiler]

>But i'll keep it toned down.
>In my mind i was trying to play the fine line between making myself feel a bit better, making raven feel a bit jealous and having my own set of fun.
>Me mostly
>My goals were almost completely about me.
>I wasn't trying to hurt anyone else (Raven doesn't count) in the process, and i considered the entire thing more or less harmless.
>Fool around with blondie, fool around with gadget, fail at fooling around with aubrey (way out of my league) and then probably get castrated by freckles and run screaming back to Raven pretending i forgive her and not just that i'm tired of how bullshitty other women are.
>"Avoid Glasses" in bold at the top of my list
>Problem was, as it always is
>Women are fucking complicated
>And no matter how hard you try, no matter what you're doing. They make it about THEM.
>So i'm standing in this bathroom with my turbo-bitch girlfriend staring me and gadget down not because i want to fuck around and make her jealous anymore as payback.
>I mean maybe a little bit
>[spoiler]There's no way to make this next part not so sappy[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]sap trigger warning, maple[/spoiler]
>Knowing everything i know about gadget, she had a life that i honestly wish i could have been there to prevent or save her from.
>That kind of heroic delusion we all have sometimes.
>I couldn't, she had been hurt in more ways than even she would admit.
>What i could do
>And this just might be how i was rationalizing it (IE more delusions)
>But gadget was my friend
>When she told me i was the first person she'd actually wanted to willingly share any kind of romantic experience with.
>That to me was a giant baton of some kind of honor or something.
>So It kind of felt like my job not to let her down
>Pretty important in my mind

>So raven
>i'm a let you finish
>But you are the biggest bitch of all time if you do this
>[spoiler]probably bigger than cartman's mom[/spoiler]

>Too late
>Gadget tromps away
>Stomp stomp stomp
>Her eyes never leaving the floor
>She doesn't particularly have anywhere to go angrily though
>The bathroom is blindingly pink and has only one exit, which miss green-eyes-black-dragon is guarding.
>So i do the only logical thing
>Break into song and dance of course
>I first extend my hand
>"See, i've got this notion! That i'd quite like to sail the ocean!"
>Do a little spin on my toes with my hands up
>"So i'm building a big boat! To leave you for good!"
>Drop my arms again
>"I'm not keen on sinkin, so i'm sitting here thinkin"
>Clench my fists pointing at her with my index fingers
>"Cos i built it too big and you took all the wood!"
>I'm dancing on my tiptoes, middle fingers extended
>I don't know if i was that flashy
>And none of you will ever understand the reference
>But those guys were giant selfish pricks that always wanted more no matter how much you gave them.
>Seriously
>Raven hated those guys

>What i actually sang and danced, i don't know
>Probably that exactly because fuck that game was old and we both played it.
>Raven tries to interrupt us with some kind of bullshit "I'm doing this FOR you!" excuse
>Seriously
>She tries to pull THAT?
>Move over gadget let me mope on the toilet with you
>This is just one giant fucking trap, we can't just ignore her because she's got some purpose that she's trying to pull and fuck with us on
>Pretty much getting cockblocked by my broirlfriend, gonna have to revoke her membership.
>Gadget goes from silent
>To loud
>"Do NOT talk DOWN to ME"
>Not just loud
>Furious
>I've never seen her angry like this
>Ever
>Those eyes i talk about all the time. Mixtures of yellow blue and green
>All three colors were burning with different flames.

>Sodium, Copper and Lead, all combusting differently
>Glowing with each one, she made me feel small just looking into them, she made the bathroom's walls seem white by comparison.
>She continues, her voice calm but loud, growling but soft, an intense mixture of someone who never speaks up, and someone who silences an entire room when they do
>"YOU!" : She points at raven flagrantly
>"You manipulate HIM, you toy with him and torment HIM"
>"You make him worry sick, he tries everything and comes to me for help, advice and you just LEAVE him like that"
>Me anons
>She's standing up, for me

>It's here that Gadget's true feelings come out
>She's been holding in some things
>Probably for my sake she didn't mention them before
>But here was the place
>"You were making him WORRY for MONTHS"
>Problem is
>These always end one way, and one way only
>"He thought you DID NOT LOVE HIM, he thought he was doing EVERYTHING WRONG"
>"Well you know what?..."
>Gadget leaves that statement open ended
>Fists clenched
>Stance firm, glaring angrily at Raven
>Whos not even looking at her anymore, she's just staring at the floor and letting her feet slide out from underneath against the tile
>Sliding down the door slowly
>A mumbled "Stop... please"
>Quiet enough for both of us to hear it
>But gadget doesn't
>"YOU don't"
>Fuck
>Told you anons
>"YOU DO NOT LOVE HIM"
>Raven's louder this time
>And farther down, she's only a couple feet from sitting against the door now, downcast staring at the hands in her lap
>"Stop. Please"

>Gadget does what pretty much every culture in the world does
>Females at least
>"YOU DO NOT DESERVE HIM, HE IS TOO GOOD FOR YOU"
>Firstly

>Hah
>Secondly
>Raven's fully on the ground now, and silent
>Thirdly
>Fuck, Gadget has feelings for me
>And is jealous
>Fourthly
>Fuck
>Fifthly
>Gadget starts to speak up
>The finisher, coup de grace
>I hold up my hand to stop her
>Something she wasn't expecting, startled as her voice catches in her throat
>Mostly because i know what she's going to say
>Even if she's got an accent, and she's going to use simpler words than an american girl would
>She was probably about to say something about how she could do a better job
>AKA threatening raven's sovereignty as queen
>Not something i think the moment needed, or i wanted to endorse at quite this instant in time

>Raven, now sitting completely on the floor
>Silent
>Staring at her hands
>She's quiet for a short amount of time, just enough for a pause, a lull in the conversation
>Then she speaks, loudly, bellowing
>Enunciating each word perfectly. Calmly
>"SHUT."
>"THE."
>"FUCK."
>"UP."
>"BOTH OF YOU."
>Then a pause
>An empty moment
>And like it's an afterthought
>"Please..."
>She looks up to me on that last word
>Me, not gadget
>She's crying
>Tears streaming down her face, eyes a watery refractive grey, no hint of green
>A profound look of sadness that i just didn't understand at the time
>Women don't react to that kind of accusation unless...
>Unless it's right... and they've been struggling to come to terms with...
>NO
>"YOU BE-

>Raven interrupts me with a quiet "Stop"
>Distraught
>Hurt, a voice she never uses unless somethings terribly wrong
>A voice that when a girlfriend uses it, you shut up and listen
>"Fine"
>She softly informs us as she stands up and turns her back to the middle of the room and starts fiddling with the bathroom lock
>A click as she undoes it

>"See if i fucking care what happens" she growls as she starts to open the door
>Her mood changed just like that
>Problem was thats girl speak for "i really fucking care and you're going to hurt me immensely if you actually have sex with gadget"
>"Literally going to bring it up for the next month and make a bitchfest out of it whenever i can if you do, just so you know"
>She didn't say any of that, my head did
>But its pretty accurate
>Fuck
>She steps outside of the bathroom and flings herself onto the master bed, back first
>Ends up staring at our silent traveling companion for a moment
>Before yelling across the threshold
>"Make sure you both LOCK the door"
>"So i can just listen as you both fucking DROWN YOURSELVES"
>Whoa, hold on
>That's mean raven, don't be wishing death on us that's fucked up
>I've got pretty much no choice but to leave the bathroom and go and try and comfort Raven now

>Fuck her
>But seriously how do i even get out of-
>Gadget stops me "HEY, THAT IS MEAN" she yells back
>"FUCK OFF, THAT'S WHATS GOING TO HAPPEN" returns our black haired not-so-friend at the moment.
>ouch
>Harsh
>"EVERY TIME" she continues
>Wait
>What
>You hope we drown every time?
>Gadget mirrors my "What is that supposed to mean?"
>And raven sits bolt upright

>"You know PERFECTLY well you two IDIOTS"

>I shake my head
>Gadget nods a no
>Both of us pretty confused
>I can't tell if raven is just informing us she's hexed us into a voodoo curse of doom, or if she's serious.
>We might need a bitch doctor after this was all over, but she certainly wasn't a witch
>Plus i mean was she implying she was going to kill us, or drown us in drink or something?
>Nevar red rum, sir, is murder, Raven.
>[spoiler]wow, neat[/spoiler]
>Silly crow
>She's still crying, real tears
>Not that fake kind that comes in a bottle that actors and women use to get what they want
>[spoiler]i've seen them do that TWICE[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]If she ever comes out a bathroom with her mascara a mess and tears streaming down her cheeks, piss her off more and make her produce some real ones on the spot to prove she's legit[/spoiler]
>a sniffle from raven
>"EVERY time i LEAVE you two together..."
>"Every time... i walk away, or go get something, or just think you'll be fine..."
>A sob from her, a clenched fist up to her nose to wipe away the snot
>Grey oceans of sadness where her eyes should be
>I realize, before she even says it
>"One of you gets hurt..."

>A wail from her
>"I JUST WANTED to stay here this time, so nothing happened..."
>A pause
>"I didn't want to watch one of you get hurt again and feel like it's because i left..."
>Uh oh
>I've horribly misread this situation
>She was following me around and telling us to ignore her not to ruin the mood, but to make sure she was there to rescue us if we managed to almost kill ourselves in the bathroom... again.
>And gadget and i (mostly gadget) just ripped her a new one for it
>Shit, i feel bad NOW
>Gadget doesn't
>"Oh. Still we are fine, we do not need you protecting us"
>I mentally disagree
>Raven's got a point, but gadget continues
>"Lock the door, i do not care what she thinks"
>A defiant "Fuck that bitch let's fuck" statement, disguised as a dismissal of feelings.

>So gadget's in the mood to make raven jealous, gotcha
>She's got leftover anger from that entire exchange
>I'm more on the fence about it
>Not sure where my feelings lie
>Fuck it
>I leave the bathroom

>Step out into the master bedroom, past raven lying on the bed to the master door.
>Lock it
>Return, and leave the bathroom open
>I feel like i should say something
>But i don't
>I just leave the bathroom door open
>Leave raven, who's back to lying on the bed and staring at the ceiling once more
>And i return to the bathroom
>Twisting the knobs and starting the shower
>I turn to gadget
>Who's just paused staring out the open doorway at the dangling legs of raven
>She turns back to me, apprehensive
>"We will not get hurt"
>I nod
>Sure, that's what you think
>But i know how showers and women both work
>Slippery when wet
>[spoiler]Someone some day is going to stab me for making that joke[/spoiler]

>Water temperature adjusted, i start to undress
>Before realizing i'm still naked
>Right
>Where the hell did my clothes go, i ask gadget again and she shrugs
>Before dropping her own hands to the hem of her shirt
>Then stopping
>She bites her lip, and turns around to stare out the door again
>A whisper to me
>"I... don't want to take it off, it feels like my brother is watching or something..."
>oh fuck
>[spoiler]this anons, is what we call "Cold feet"[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Aka the mood is ruined and you're fucked so you might as well give up now[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Or just make her forget about raven outside, that works too.[/spoiler]
>"That's fine" I announce as i start to lead her over to the shower
>"You don't have to take them off anyway"
>And before she knows it, i've guided her under the water right as she starts to react and squeal "No! it will get all we.....t"

>Yeah that drumming sound had started up, and her shirt was soaked
>I step into the shower behind her and she turns
>A smile in her eyes, but a pout on her lips
>"This was my favorite pa-ja-mas!"
>She said the last bit all funny
>I point out they're "Ruined" and she has to take them off now
>She doesn't get the hint, and just tells me it's fine
>Practical i guess, every other girl here would be complaining about how i ruined them and shoul-
>Then she stops pouting and smiles
>"Or you can get me new ones"
>A... alright her too.
>Then a wide smile "Kidding! There's a dryer downstairs right?"

>Damnit gadget
>I can't help but giggle at the way she defused that
>trying to come off as suave i tell her something along the lines of "They look good on you wet anyway"
>This encourages her to look down at herself
>It was a light colored nightshirt and pair of panties
>So transparency was actually awesome
>Instead of it just being this blatantly transparent piece of cloth, it was like she was wearing a darker color of the shirt, and the glimpses of the underwear sported the same thing.
>Only thing different was super dark spots where the nipples were
>Little peaks pressing out the fabric at the tip of each, and i bet a crease where her thighs met too.
>I could have stared all day
>But i didn't need to, i could touch
>My left hand went straight to her chest, where it belonged
>My right, to her asscheek
>My knee, right into her crotch, softly in a grind, and my lips followed the kiss as i pressed her against the smooth tile wall

>She took that pose for half a second before squirming, letting out a squeal and pushing me off
>Rushing away from the wall with her arms around her shoulders
>"C... cold"
>Oops
>Firstly though, this shower was weird
>It was pretty big, but it had multiple shower nozzles up top, and we seemed to be only using one of them
>Plus what seemed to be holes all over the place in the tiles
>I didn't know what ANY of them did
>Still the shower seemed hot, so i decided to take the hit

>Returned us to the same position, but this time i leaned against the wall
>FUCK
>It was really cold
>[spoiler]I didn't know the showerhead trick faggot used on button at the time[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Seven years of cold-tile shower sex and NOW you tell me i can spray water at it[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]fuck you faggot[/spoiler]
>buttcheek clenching boner extending cold
>Which, she definitely felt since i hadn't replaced my knee
>Mister willy kinda jumped and gave her a slap hello
>"Hellooo!!"

>Not that most the kissing was anything that interesting
>Mostly foreplay and me using my butt to warm up the tile wall
>What matters is when i replaced the grinding with fingers on her hip
>Then the hem of her underwear
>From that it was a short gallop down the smooth saharan plains to the oasis and bubbling spring centered between those thighs
>So in no fancy terms i got my hand between the wet fabric and a happy spot for two fingers
>Curved upwards, and a little pressure i realize there's a serious problem
>Not that she's warmer than me by probably five degrees, or that the texture is completely unlike anything i've felt before
>Although i think that's just the angle
>My problem seems to be the two finger limit
>See when you get one finger in, it's easy to get the second one to follow
>But my third wasn't finding entrance
>I squiggle it around, squirm around the wet creases and folds
>She pants into my mouth, pulls off and rests her head on my shoulder
>I squirm a bit more
>Wiggle, waggle
>But every time i get my third finger where i know it needs to go in to loosen her up, it's just hitting a fold, or a hard spot it can't get past, or something stretches that makes her gasp
>I decide my other hand might be of assistance, so it joins the first
>Two minutes of attempted tri-fingering later
>Gadget squeals into my neck and sags on her knees slightly
>Oops
>Nobody tell her i was having mechanical trouble and accidentally got her off
>[spoiler]I'm serious guys, how do vaginas work[/spoiler]

>Before she sank to her knees completely though, i had that one last thing we needed to try
>I glance around the shower
>Looking for ... there we go!

>The SOAP HOLDER
>You heard me right anons
>And so did gadget when i scooted her around so she was on the cold tile again (not as cold anymore) and i had her grab it and hold on for dear life.
>Then i sank to my knees
>I was right by the way
>She did have a perfect crease in that underwear,
>Aside from that you couldn't even tell it wasn't just a darker pair of panties
>Well up close you could
>Specially as i nudged the cloth aside and dove in for a taste
>Which still had no actual discernable flavor
>Aside from a very loud gasp and a shudder as my tongue first touched the skin
>I wasn't licking her directly yet
>Somewhat because i was terrified she was going to fall and slip again, and i was making sure her grip was solid

>It was, since i made sure to lift one (and only one) of her legs over my shoulder for a better angle
>She had her left hand firmly gripping the soap holder, her right leg over my shoulder, and i had one hand holding the panties aside.
>Which left her kind of trembly and wobbly
>Each time i did a full lick, once from top to bottom, i was terrified she was going to fall
>So i reached up with my right hand, found her hand
>Entwined my fingers in hers and stiffened my elbow as a makeshift handhold
>Perfect
>She stopped wobbling (mostly), but continued making the same little sounds she had been before
>"nnnnhhhss" and "ahhhs" and "eeeess"
>The timbre was off, like they were all an octave lower than i expected
>A word or two in portuguese every so often
>Then a long
>Drawn out "aaahhhhhhh" and a squeeze of the hand she was holding
>Then she relaxes and smiles down at me
>Whispers something, sounds like
>"Say-oh"

>I try to go back for second helping
>Get one
>Two
>Three licks before i try to bite, and she's got my hair and yanking me back
>I wasn't really going to bite you i was just kiddi-
>She's got a funny look on
>"Maybe later, it's really... touchy"

>hahahaha
>touchy
>I love her word choices sometimes
>She pulls me up again and gives me a begging stare
>Alright Alright
>I ask her a one word "How?"
>And she thinks for a second
>Before settling on "Forward"
>It takes me about three seconds to envision how that even works out
>She gets to it first
>Hitches one leg around me, grasps one arm on the soap holder, another on the top of the shower stall and hauls herself up before i can press her against the wall to take the weight off
>Oh
>Forward, sure
>I take a hand to guide myself in to a soft landing as she bites her lip again
>Sexily encouraging me to ravish her just like this, chest pressed against her wet shirt and breasts showing through, suspended between her own arms and as much weight as she can put on my hips
>Hot
>Or not
>I look down and realize mister pecker isn't wearing his raincoat
>And we left them in the other room.

Not to leave it on too much of a cliffhanger
>Gadget catches my face
>Her smile unwavering, even when she sees the look of worry, and no doubt in my eyes
>Fatherbro not what i was interested in being today
>Gadget has no clue from this angle, can't see what's up
>As far as she can tell, i just positioned myself at her entrance and i'm waiting for something, the go ahead, maybe a green light, simon to say so.
>So i quietly inform her "Uhh... we forgot the condoms"
>Her mouth changes from a smile, to scrunched up
>Then a kind of sideways pout, and a smile again
>"Yeah, i'm safe though, it was just extra"
>uhhh
>UHHH
>I'm pretty sure you don't trust a girl when she tells you she's safe
>I tell her this
>No offense
>Wanting nothing other than to just plunge into her and be done with it
>She even tries to squeeze her hips and pull me closer into what would inevitably be fucking before i stop her
>"Nono! Stop, i don't want to get you pregnant"

>Obviously me
>Scared shitless and unaware of any safety procedures besides "Just use a condom" i was lost
>She pokes me with her chin on my cheek and a smiling nuzzle
>"Silly!, you watched me bleed!"
>uhh blee... oh periods
>"Is not risky until next week" she boasts
>"You know how girl's work right?"
>A condescending question
>OF COURSE i know how girls work
>[spoiler]to this fucking day i have no clue how girls work[/spoiler]
>She repeats that it's safe and you know what
>I just tell her i'm trusting her with it
>Fuck the rules

That's where we end tonight anons. Next update is ideally Sunday (8:00 PST). Which may be skipped if things arise, but for-sure monday/tuesday are going to be back to back updates.

Update #49: September 21st

Fixed update edition
(odd, 4chan seems to archive posts now naturally, Archive still posted just in case)
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S13685475

>We've long left the shower's water
>Mostly because the not-so-cool tile of the wall isn't close to where the jets of spray are cascading down
>The bathroom isn't very steamy at all
>Maybe because the door's open, but there's no kind of foggy haze like there should be
>Checking to make sure the coast is clear, and also a moment of reprieve
>I did just get her off after all
>I think
>That's always a worry in the back of my mind
>A nag
>That someday i'll be with a woman who pretends i got her off when i didn't
>Pretends she had a good time, to save my feelings, make me feel better about myself. ect.
>I'm sure these kinds of women exist
>But i couldn't picture gadget as that kind of girl
>Multiple times now, i'd intentionally made sure she was the only receiver of my affections

>No other goals
>And you would have to be either completely bored or a serious asshole to lie to a guy who just wants to get you off. Right?

>Gadget wasn't like that
>You can tell in a couple ways
>[spoiler]Women give off some interesting signals when they're close[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Shakes, giggles, moans, urns, delicious umphs and ahhs and convulsions[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Gadget followed these rules to a T, she dotted her I's with little hearts even[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Learn to love when girls do that lonely anons[/spoiler]
>So when i said fuck it
>I'll trust her
>It was under the assumption that i'd already shown her a good time and she wanted more
>All in good intentions
>I had her pressed up, Back first against the smooth pink shower tile
>Softly kissing her, or she was kissing me.
>I never really understood that aspect of kissing, that sometimes you wanted a soft lips only kiss
>Othertimes you wanted the tongue, and sometimes you wanted halfway between
>Today was between
>Embraced smoothly, her fully clothed (panties/tanktop/nightshirt kinda thing), me naked
>It didn't matter to my mind
>I was the one holding her up
>against the wall
>Kissing her
>I was the one she asked
>Important.
>Those were the thoughts flowing through my mind
>That my friends is a charisma boost you never want to lose
>A trinket you never want to unequip
>So as required, i took initiative
>Slid her panties to the side, the crease changing in slack as it moved across her now exposed entrance.
>It's a beautiful thing, as always but i'm not interested in looking right at this very moment
>I curve my arms forward, press my hips up against hers
>My not-so-female accessory knocking at the door
>Tip present. That nestling warmth as you're almost between her legs, but instead just barely resting at her lower lips.
>my eyes might be squealing with joy, or yipping with glee at the moment
>Hers too

>I lock eyes with hers, gaze captured
>Wistfully, emptily into the vast nothingness of colors she's handing me
>So in a less poetic form, i was staring into her eyes and she had a beautiful expression on

>Something truly breathtaking
>It's a unique kind of feeling, looking into a girl's eyes at that "Just before for the first time" moment
>Unmentionable emotions, immeasurable feelings.
>Gadget wasn't just looking back either
>It wasn't an empty stare, she was searching
>scouring my own reflection with questions and a single thought
>Honed into a fine tip and thrust probably into some part of my squishy body that can feel emotional torpedos
>Gadget's eyes told me everything i needed to know
>She trusted me
>And we stayed like that, staring down one another for only a moment.

>Then the end of staring.
>With a soft motion, a forceful press
>A smooth shift in weight i press her up against the tile
>Forcefully
>We take up kissing
>as a hobby, a novice and unprofessional point of fun for the both of us.
>Somewhere along the line hips happen to meet
>Her thighs guiding like a landing strip at an international airport
>Naturally, almost effortlessly
>[spoiler]that's bullshit i took like three pelvic thrusts and missed every time, but she didn't notice so it seemed way better than it was[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You know erotic novels are written by women when the guy is a complete suave perfect fedorable gentleman, because when you're leading you always have to be on top of it all and your thoughts aren't even there[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I had those down though, this was perfect aight?[/spoiler]
>You know
>One thing lead to another and i might have accidentally intentionally put my penis inside of her.

>Just the tip
>A inch, or two at most.
>No more officer i swear!
>But with her back against the wall like this it feels absolutely fantastic
>She's way hotter than me temperature wise
>I never understood how this worked, women just secretly are always warmer than men.
>But it was that important milestone
>I was inside her
>Gadget's smooth chocolate arms
>Her curved smiling lips gasping
>Oh and some not so good things too

>She yelps when i enter her.
>Squeezes my shoulders, digs her fingernails in
>It was a welcoming pain actually, distracted me myself slightly
>Also brought me forward a tad
>With her up against the tiles, that meant my hips came along
>And she got another half an inch
>That got a louder reaction
>A yelp again, a squeeze
>One leg came up and wrapped around my waist, settling her heel nearly entirely on my butt
>The other firmly on the floor
>And lastly her eyes
>They were crying tears

>So i stopped
>The kissing changed to a hug with only the upper half of my body
>I had no intention of forcing anything
>Absolutely anything on her
>But she had other opinions
>That leg around my butt it gives a little pull
>and she asks me why i stopped
>i point out
>You know
>Tears
>she disagrees
>"Its just water"
>"Keep going"
>She's lying
>The eyes are twinkling and sparkling
>She's hurting

>Princess Gadget
>The truth is
>"It doesn't hurt"
>Hah
>You liar!
>There's not much you can do when this kinda thing happens
>Maybe she was too small, maybe i was too big, maybe she wasn't really interested, maybe she was forcing herself and maybe just maybe a million other things
>I ended up waiting
>Hugging her, wet, cuddled against the shower wall
>No more warm water over us
>Just body heat and quickly cooling water, in a shower with no steam
>Me

>I was shivvering
>But i stood my ground and held still for a couple minutes
>Until the tears stopped
>Or they had rolled completely down her cheeks and vanished beneath her chin
>Until she gave me a nod
>Small
>As if she was pretending it wasn't a go ahead
>So i try another inch

>Worse news
>She hisses
>Long, drawn out, a gasp with each forward movement i make
>Flinches the second i move my hips
>and a little kip and a yelp at the end
>Her fingers squeezing tighter the more i enter, until they're clasping so hard i feel she's got about a fifty-fifty chance of shattering bone.
>Yup
>Sadface initiated
>I'm hurting her, and i don't know what to do about it
>And she's pretending i'm not
>But i can read it, face, eyes, everything else
>Gadget's forcing herself, and you know what
>That's a major turn off
>So i pull back
>Withdraw everything
>Followed by gadget
>Squeezes my shoulders tighter as i leave
>A hiss, the entire way out, a "Nooo!" in a whisper.
>A sad sigh as my erection flops out and to my thigh with a slap
>): both the boner and me are frowning
>Her too

>She breaks eye contact
>A sorrowful pout on her face as she looks downward at my not-so-erect anymore boner
>[spoiler]We've been over this, hurting women is now a serious turn off[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You know why):[/spoiler]
>Then she pulls her hands infront of her, between us and shoves me
>Not hard
>But i kinda slide back into the cold water of the shower again
>I guess we turned off the hot somehow
>She however has bent over at the waist to grab something from the corner
>Half distracted by the wet panty clad form of her ass, i almost don't realize in time
>A bottle

>Of shampoo
>She deftly flips it upside down, pops the cap and takes a single finger to pull her panties as far away from her crotch as possible forward
>Obviously intending to splurt a big gob right in
>fucking
>Awful idea
>I stop her, just in time i clasp her wrist and aim the initial splurt away
>ends up on her toes
>She returns this action with a "Glare" and a "I know what i'm doing"
>You don't
>You idiot

>She just gives me a single word in response
>"Slippery?"
>But it's a question
>Like asking me why her idea doesn't work
>She's analytical, an engineer, if the machine doesn't work smoothly you oil it
>Just forgot the chemistry bits, you don't lube up a machine with acid because it eats away the parts
>You also don't lube up humans with bases (shampoo) because guess what?
>IT BURNS
>[spoiler]Trust me fapping anons, don't ever use shampoo in the shower[/spoiler]
>After explaining this i hear cackling from the other room
>Raven
>"Hahahahahaha!"
>Then her wise wise wisdom
>"Use conditioner!"
>Yes!
>Of course!
>Gadget bends over again to rummage through more bottles as i take away the dangerous dangerous highly basic substance out of her hands.
>I don't mind coming close to death once more
>Because i get to watch her butt wiggle around as she does it
>Mesmerizing
>Swish... Swish
>Until she comes back with more shampoo
>"This?"

>I shake my head and join her in the conquest for not painful lubricant
>Shampoo
>Shampoo
>Shampoo&Conditioner (Also bad, stay away)

>Then some of that shower gel with the little tiny silicon beads in it
>[spoiler]Terrified, but curious[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Maybe another time?[/spoiler]
>No conditioner though, there's a bottle but it's completely empty.
>What the fuck
>This is all shit that was either left here, or i assume the lavender shampoo is the one aubrey brought with her.
>Mostly because that's what she smells like
>I point this out loudly
>"No conditioner!" i yell
>Raven yells back
>"Try soap? We had good luck with that a couple times"
>hehe
>Yes we did
>Also this shower's soap dish is completely empty
>Makes sense because gadget was holding onto it and she would have slipped off if there was a bar
>Damn
>I announce this too
>And raven yells "Hold on" and i hear bedsprings off in the distance
>Take the moment to readjust the shower to hot again and move gadget back underneath it
>Mostly because i wanted another hug to inform her raven's going to save the day.

>We hugged like that under the water
>Hot again, water streaming down her hair and forcing it into those little bunched up strands
>The reds mostly, i noticed the highlighted reds on her bangs, the ones she always had hidden under a hood or in a shirt
>They were darker when wet
>Those are the kinds of things i noticed as i silently hugged the soaking huddle of girl i had
>Waiting for raven
>Raven would never
>Ever save the day
>Whatever i was thinking in my head was completely defeated when she yelled out "catch" and threw a bottle over the shower stall
>Neither of us were ready
>Or caught it
>But it ricocheted off a couple walls and skittered to a stop on the floor
>right by my toe
>Didn't even need to squint
>Fuck you raven
>Peppermint

>"NO"

>I yelled that right the fuck away
>Gadget startled
>But didn't let go, just looked upwards instead of downwards at the bottle of peppermint soap
>Mostly at my eyes
>which are glaring
>I turn around in the stall
>I can't see out, but i can hear raven chuckling
>"Shut up" she practically giggles at my yelling across the bathroom
>"You know you'll love it" she exhales in a pouty squeal
>Im not sure i will
>i point out that every time we've used it, we just keep it outside, and she says it HURTS
>Like the opposite of what i wanted
>She clarifies, more giggles
>"It didn't HURT, it burns and chills and feels funny, there's a difference!"
>uhh
>Is there?
>To girls
>Yes
>It's too late for me to argue however, because gadget leans down to pick up and examine the bottle
>And raven, her footsteps prancing away points out that she promises it doesn't hurt, and that gadget wanted something special.
>I'll be honest
>I think this is a trap

>Gadget turns her nose up and stares me in the eyes after examining the bottle
>"None of these words make any sense"
>I try to follow where she's reading
>She points at one
>"Magic Soap"
>Then she asks "How"
>And points at another
>"It says God has a spaceship and bombs and guns"
>She's rolling her finger over the bottle's text
>I can't figure out where it says that
>But it probably does
>[spoiler]The entire bottle is covered with quotes and verses from bibles and other texts, it's crazy[/spoiler]
>She asks "What does that mean on soap?"
>She's looking to me for answers like we just petitioned a wizard for a bottle
>I explain that the entire bottle is just covered in silly writings, and i point out the important parts
>Mostly that it's water and oil
>So, slippery

>I'm about to explain the other parts before she takes a step backward
>Smiling when i say "Slippery"
>With one smooth motion she pulls the underwear forward again, and upturns the bottle
>Slow motion
>Quicktime event as i yell "Noooooooooo!"
>Smash the X button to stop her
>The button prompt was a Square.

>So i failed of course
>Big ERROR noise
>A stream spilled right out of the bottle in a smooth perfect arc
>Splashed onto her crotch and streamed down into who knows where
>With a grin the size of kansas, she let the waistband snap back
>Twirled the bottle in her hand and crouched on her knees to set it on the floor
>Then stood up and stepped backward
>Once
>Twice
>Returning to her warm perch of tile wall
>but this time with her crotch outthrust and a bite of her lip
>Trickles running down her legs of the shiny liquid as her fingers snuck in to mix everything up
>She didn't stop biting her lip
>Not even for a split second
>Just met her eyes with mine and softly traced, smoothed and inched her fingers along, under the cloth
>Her knuckles pressing up against the fabric
>I need sexier words to explain how hot this was

>She didn't last very long before her eyes showed off what she'd just learned
>By getting REALLY
>REALLY
>Wide
>I could see the whites just expand and the pupils contract as she put on the biggest most surprised face i've ever seen her give
>"It's ACTUALLY magic?"
>I shake my head
>Then fuck it
>I nod
>why not
>She didn't technically let me explain that the soap isn't just soap, but whatever
>She's figured it out
>Her fingers never stopped moving
>Swirling and twirling under the cloth, a couple bubbles and a bit of liquid seeping down her

thighs
>But she started telling me what she was feeling
>"It's... tingly, is that bad?"
>I shake my head and answer with a "Does it feel bad?"
>She shakes her head
>Then i watch goosebumps start to form on her forearms and legs
>Yep
>There's part two as she starts to shiver slightly
>"Cold!" she almost chatters out
>Then she looks up at me and bites her lip
>Opens her mouth as if to speak
>Then snaps it shut again
>"N... nevermind" is the answer she gives my curious look in return
>So i prod
>"I.. was going to say something really... uhh... silly"
>I ask her what
>And she grins and tells me not to laugh
>I promise
>Then she beckons me closer and exclaims "Warm me up!?"
>h...
>h....
>Raven laughs for me off in the distance
>Thanks raven.

>I don't deny her the cheesy attempt at romantic oneliners though so i step closer and place my hands nonchalantly around her in another hug
>"Hi!"
>I exclaim into her ear
>She exclaims "Hi" back
>and then a quieter, more sultry "and hi..."
>We're ignoring the fact that the first place her hands went was my no-longer flaccid manhood
>I mean she bubbled that the fuck up
>Soaped it, sudsed it
>The two hands felt like feathers as i pulled slightly back from our embrace and rested my forehead against hers
>My nose touching the bridge of hers
>Looking downward i kinda want to make some kind of joke about how she's got frothy loins wanting for me
>Like that's just hot
>But she wouldn't get it
>But i mean she had bubbles and everything, frothy as they're going to get
>Me too
>This time she guided me

>Wrapped one leg around my back to get the position right again
>Guided my tip against her
>Pressed those soaking wet and warm bubbles of joy on her chest against mine
>Then she held on with dear life, one hand on my shoulder
>The other on the shower knob
>And squeezed her leg back, towards her

>This went a tiny bit differently
>She was tons slipperier
>So i missed of course
>But a quick realign and she guided me in with her hand, and bam i was there
>She hissed still
>But no more yelping
>No more tears
>[spoiler]Johnson's[/spoiler]
>Just her chest against mine, me about a third of the way in, and her goosebumps pressing into my flesh
>I ask the obligatory question
>"Does it hurt now?"
>She shakes her head, once, twice, side to side
>Good
>I start to slide in deeper, ideally i want to make it to the halfwa-
>She frantically nods her head twice the second i start moving, and clasps her nails into my back again
>Fuck
>Of course that wasn't going to work, sorry gadget
>I start to withdraw
>But she stops me
>That leg squeezes and holds me tight and still
>"Don't!"
>then a pause
>a slight gasp, followed by
>"Move..."
>I growl that she better not be forcing herself, and that if it hurts i'm going to stop
>She shakes her head
>Frantically side to side
>"It's good, hurt... i mean"

>I have no clue what that means
>"Good" and "Hurt" are not ever in the same sentence
>Not with me
>Not with anyone i've been with
>She's got her teeth clenched

>She's digging fingernails into my back
>Nothing about this is "Good"
>But she disagrees
>"Cold, hug me more"
>A command, more of a mumble
>But i follow
>and it was a trap
>Because even though my top half and bottom half don't move together, she uses her leg to squeeze me in further
>Another inch
>And a hiss from her
>This time instead of stopping, she clenches her knee
>And shoves me all the way forward
>She yelps, loud into my ear
>Clenches her thigh, Grips my back
>Hisses and then leans forward and bites me
>Clenching her teeth around the base of my neck, where soft flesh meets the shoulder
>A moan, a "uhhgghmmmpff" into the skin
>I don't notice
>It hurts like hell but i just don't notice
>Because i'm all the way inside of her, and she's a fucking velvet cottony soft oven
>It's like i'm having sex with the snuggle bear
>So soft
>So... huggable

>I'll tell you what though
>After we throw her in the washer/dryer and get ready for round two, i realize she's latched onto my neck
>Hard
>A soft moan as she doesn't let go, and settles her hips firmly onto mine
>A squirm and she's down as far as my own bones (and some of hers) are going to let her go
>One hand still grasping whatever it she's holding on the wall for support, the other firmly digging fingernails into my back
>And all of my blood being leeched by her vampiric fangs
>Vampire gadget on the case
>Converting me into an eternal peon and servant
>I don't mind
>I didn't really like the sunlight anyway
>She hasn't moved her hips at all
>I leave them where they are
>Let them settle, let her adjust to the intrusion
>Also i kinda want her to stop biting me
>It takes her a bit, holding her up, squeezing her between myself and the wall before she

lightens her chomp on my skin
>Pulls up, slightly
>I can tell she's tense and on edge because of the way her lower muscles are working
>Ripples every now and then, squeezes telling me she's not relaxed
>Which would make sense as to why it's hurting her.
>I look to my shoulder
>she didn't break skin, but it's very red, and those teeth marks are obvious
>she mumbles "I can do better" and shifts her weight
>Lifts herself up without warning, between my shoulder, her leg on the floor and the shower handle
>Halfway up, and halfway out
>A gasp the entire way up from her
>A groan from me as multitudes of curves massage the tip on the way up
>and then she sinks again
>And hisses once more
>Returning her mouth to my shoulder in another vampiric embrace

>Alright
>I think this is just going to be hot vampire biting sex
>She's not crying, i mean i don't see any tears
>So... maybe i should move then?
>I do
>A short testing thrust
>She nips my neck playfully once more
>Yep
>Vampire, i've bedded a vampire
>Better make the best of it
>I pull out, halfway
>Lean my own head forward and bite her right back on the neck
>Right where shes biting me
>She stops her nibbles on my neck and gasps
>What i was waiting for really
>As i drop her weight back down and plunge all the way once more
>Her gasp catching in her throat
>An exhale interrupted
>I do it three more times for good measure

>It's not just lewd shower times sex
>Gadget and i get hot vampire on vampire tile wall cold biting squeezing cold tingly shiverry goosebump sex
>So just normal shower sex i guess
>I can't shake the feeling that i'm hurting her with some of the ways she reacts
>She keeps making "eyeee" and "eiiii" sounds

>But they're happy sounds
>Along with some unhappy sounds, like yelps, and odd gasps and bites
>A strong moan or two along the way
>I think she's enjoying it, i sure as hell am
>She's like nothing i've ever had before, like a flavor of your favorite brand of drink you never knew existed
>Gadget introduced me to biting places i never knew would feel good being bitten
>Squeezes and fingernails on skin that i never knew felt good squeezed
>Where as every other girl was passion, grunting pleasure to an end
>Gadget made the entire experience memorable
>Every moment was just as good as the last one, everything was new... exotic
>And she had a magical talent, for a girl so usually reserved
>Where as she always sat quietly, listening to music by herself, hood up
>Sometimes sharing in silent solidarity as you payed attention to the tunes
>She was the music in this case
>and she made sure you payed attention
>The right bites in the right places to pull me out of thoughts
>Every so often my eyes would drift into concentration on thrusting
>Or my head would shift away over her shoulder
>And she would take a hand, place it on my chin and lead me back
>Seal it with a short kiss, before linking eyes and silently demanding attention once more
>She made sure she was the center of my view, even if her eyes were rolling upwards
>She made sure i was enjoying the music
>I was

>Our badinerie for the princess continued
>Some parts representing a bolero, and others of a vivace pace
>I assure you none of it was a concertante
>That would just be rude
>Her soprano matched by my timpani
>Sometimes my waltz to match her rallentando pace
>The accelerando, a speeding up was required of course
>Gadget hit her Forte, her rising tune in volume and grasp
>A bite with strength to match a kozertmiester
>A synth and a snare to match, played off my lips in grunts
>We reach the end
>The crescendo
>and we find to our joy a Da Capo.
>Which means of course
>Well, you know what it means.

>She hit her top and i kept going, round two of course
>Start all over from the beginning

>And minutes more grunting sweating wet and sloppy thrusting later, her arms around my back. No longer breaking her blood suckling embrace
>I point out that i'm probably going to cum soon
>She pulls off
>Licks her lips and tells me the most curious thing
>Something women just don't tell you
>Not one
>Not one woman i've ever been with besides this one
>Instead of anything else, she says the one word that simultaneously makes me happy, and terrified at the same time. In more ways than one.
>She tells me one word
>"Good"

>Well with that i suddenly realize i'm probably fucked
>That could mean everything
>And none of it good in my mind
>A little bit of panic sets in and i figure ill just pull back and shoot somewhere else
>That'll alleviate most of the ones that scare the shit out of me.
>Best laid plans however
>Because as i get closer to the end of the race, or my own crescendo, she sees the look on my face
>She knows because she's been paying attention to me the entire time
>forcing me to stare her in the eyes
>And she lifts her arm around my shoulder, hoists her weight up and wraps me with the other leg
>Clinging on to dear life i grab a shower handle too and try to steady myself and escape
>Too late
>Legs locked
>She frowns at me with my escape attempt "STAY!" she barks
>I start to stammer something beta like "but i don't wa-"
>She interrupts
>"You don't trust me?"
>Damnit gadget
>You can't pull that kind of question on me right now
>No i can't answer tha...
>Well actually you know what in gadget's case i do trust her
>She's like, the only girl who hasn't let me down somehow
>I give her another hard thrust
>And another
>Make up my mind
>Alright fine
>I lean forward
>Growl into her ear what i'm thinking

>Might as well make it hot
>"Since you WANT it so badly"
>"I'm going to cum as deep as i can, i won't let you escape!"
>She giggles
>And whispers back
>"I know"
>Fucking nearly blew my load right there

>I did a couple thrusts later
>Pressing against something hard and squishy inside her, probably the cervix pressing back, a wall i was lightly tapping every plunge
>I grunted
>There was something primal
>Satisfying
>an aspect that was just missing with Raven.
>The sensation, mentally of knowing that you've just unloaded load, after load, after spurt after spurt.
>Of extremely virile you-juice into what could very well be a fertile female.
>It's hot
>Its terrifying
>Its fucking satisfying
>And your heartbeat quickens, your pulse speeds up and your blood pressure i'm sure goes into warning levels.
>Oh also
>Fear in my fucking eyes
>Which gadget caught instantly
>She curls her head over my shoulder, and the plethora of bite marks she's left all over my neck
>some if them have broken the skin
>I don't mind, i just listen as she whispers "I told you, it's safe"
>And then i feel her cheek smile as she closes her eyes, swishes her eyelashes along my neck
>"Trust me"
>I do
>Even if i'm going to hell for it, you're trustable in my book gadget
>What's not so trustable is i think she's fallen asleep, still wrapped with her legs around me and myself inside her
>I guess thats cute though
>Test wiggle and another thrust
>I could go for a round thre-
>Her eyes bolt open and her hands snap to my waist to steady me
>"No more... right now"
>She says it with a smile
>But i understand.

>I pull out
>She's still got me gripped like a vice, so as i'm trying to wriggle free we get to hear a squelch
>a sickening plop and a slap as my boner slaps her thigh
>She giggles
>I giggle
>Sex is always funny after its over
>She's also leaking what american burger manufacturers like to call "Pink Slime"
>It's a mixture of what seems to be soap, semen and i might have caused her a tiny bit of bleeding
>All trickling down her thigh
>Nothing much, but it's something i expected
>[spoiler]Women can bleed even if they aren't virgins, could have parts of hymen intact that aren't properly broken, or other such things[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Seeing with how tight she was and how much she said it hurt, i probably stretched or cracked something[/spoiler]
>I back up into the shower spray again
>I'm shivvering, crotch mostly
>She's not providing the warmth to counteract the soap, and she's got goosebumps too
>We both need a wash
>Problem is when i step back into the shower
>Its hot
>TOO HOT
>OH GOD SHE HAD HER HAND ON THE HOT WATER LEVER

>Luckily in terms of dying, i seem to be minorly immune to heat
>fireproof maybe, all that flying around in planes
>[spoiler]Statistically after riding a plane you become by volume 1% more fire retardant than you were before because of FAA fire regulations and what they spray on the seats[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]so you know, it didn't burn or anything[/spoiler]
>I jumped out of the stream with a yelp of my own and quickly change the shower settings
>Leaning at a crooked awkward angle as to not let the water touch anything it shouldn't until its cooler
>Then its good, warm temperature
>and i step back in
>Pull gadget over too, and we stand underneath the streams
>I take my time washing her down
>Mostly the soap, everything's still slippery
>And i figure fuck it
>Undress her the rest of the way so i can clean everything off
>She doesn't resist, just stands with me enjoying the warm, even as i pay rather close attention to her lower folds.
>She stops my hand when i try finger penetration again though

>"Tingly" was her excuse
>Not really an excuse its the soap
>Which she refuses to believe wasn't magic because she's still cold
>So we leave the shower, grab towels and arrive out in the master bedroom
>Raven still lying on her back, staring at the ceiling
>I grin to myself
>"See! I didn't hurt her!" i exclaim
>Obviously proud of myself
>Raven sits up
>Fakes a smile
>"Not her"
>And she flops back down on her back
>Returns to staring at the ceiling

>Thats where i leave off tonight anons. More tomorrow. 8:00 PST

Update #50: September 23rd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13701700

>I was too busy enjoying the afterglow of the experience i'd just had with gadget
>Her silent form accompanying me, towel wrapped loosely around her shoulders and draping down, an arm around my side and her attention still entirely focused on me.
>My mind counting how well i'd done
>Two, i guess.
>Mentally taking stock of my prowess, and her silence and simple warm smile
>Silent accompaniment confirmed i maybe, possibly did her some good.
>Raven on the other hand gave me a twinge
>That fake smile rubbed me wrong and i thought it was almost the real thing
>But it wasn't
>If she wanted to really fake a smile so i couldn't know, she would have
>But she didn't
>So instead of it being a smile, it was a message that she was not happy, she was actually the opposite.
>That's going on nothing
>Just a smile
>But i bet i was right

>I think women are just naturally some of the most emotionally expressive creatures on earth
>Her words
>"Not her"
>Well that meant probably exactly what she wanted it to mean
>It meant "You hurt me"

>Realization of that struck a little too deeply too quickly
>She lead me here
>She argued, she stood there against the door
>She laughed at us
>She gave us advice
>She brought us the fucking soap
>There's literally no fucking point at which she couldn't have just stepped in and gone "Stop!" "I'm not alright with this"
>Yet here we were
>Gadget practically smoking a cigarette (she wasn't don't worry -.-) and both of us wrapped in neon pink towels.
>Right well i've just opened what hellish can of worms that was without realizing it
>Fuck that
>Fuck everything
>She has no right to be jealous, insulted, hurt or sad. God damn atleast i gave her warning
>She just fucked around behind my back
>Fuck her
>I think to myself as i start to speak up
>"You have no right to be 'Hurt'"
>A growl
>One that i instantly regret

>See when you strike out to make someone feel bad
>That's what they do
>Or you've screwed it up
>She didn't feel bad, not in her eyes
>Not on her mouth, not as that fake smile vanished and she replaced it with a scowl
>Sat upwards and growled right back
>"Fuck you, look at YOURSELF"
>Uh oh
>I might have misread the situation
>I look at myself
>Gadget follows suit
>Oh right, she was talking about me
>I'm covered in bite marks
>Two bleeding
>Blondie's previously-given stab wound is also looking pretty bad, but it's scabbed over alright.

>The pink towel is also getting slightly pinker in some places
>One stream of droplets at a time.
>Vital sign monitoring activated
>Vital signs critical
>Automatic Medical system engaged
>Morphine administered
>Have a nice day!

>I'm good, nothing actually that bad as i inspect the damage
>But gadget's gasp and amazed "I did that??!" makes me nearly laugh
>No semblance of worry for my condition, she instantly realized it wasn't life threatening and was just impressed she bit me so hard
>Also fuck
>I've royally misinterpreted the situation and now raven
>Giving us glares
>Is pissed
>She pouts, crosses her arms and asks us rather defiantly "Are you done?"
>I answer Yes
>Gadget shakes her head and says No
>Raven just lets out a dramatic sigh and shoos us both off to get dressed
>Well she shoos gadget
>But not me, who she stops with a subtle tug on my towel as i try to go adventure out into the house to find clothes.
>Fine
>I get the hint, what do you want
>Firstly has me close the door, and "Lock it" as she said
>I expected as much
>She probably wanted me to make it up to her what i'd just done in the shower or something
>I guess i can
>Those thoughts follow me across the room and back
>Then she flops down backwards on the bed
>First she makes a statement
>"You're going to need an excuse for those marks on your neck"
>I think for a moment
>"I'll just tell them we slept together and had one of the best nights we've ever had <3"
>I make the appropriate sounds for a lessthanthree irl
>Big mistake #503

>Never
>Ever
>Ever tell a girl you had "Best" sex with someone that wasn't her
>Knowing how far i was in the hole though, it didn't really matter i bet
>She shrugged it off like it was nothing

>Second statement was a question
>"So i was listening to the entire thing..."
>Yeah
>And you're probably soaking wet turned on right?
>Definitely, can't hide it, i bet she even had her hand in her pants for some of it.
>She continues, softly
>Intently
>Sexily
>"And i heard she never got your second round..."
>ohboy
>Makeupangry sex here we come
>She can't even stop me as i utter "So you want to fight?" and take a step forward
>Her hand flies up though and indeed does stop me in an open palm
>"No"
>Wait
>"I don't want to play YOUR game anymore"
>m... MY game
>Wait
>"It was OUR game, you even started half of them lately"
>She shakes her head
>"Your stupid game, i'm done"
>and she stands up, smooths her shirt and tries to make like a bee towards the door

>Nope
>Literally my future flashes before my eyes
>I realize that i can't just let her keep getting angry at me like this
>I've got to man the fuck up and force her to stop being angry at me.
>Before her heels even leave the hems of the sheets i've got an arm on her shoulder standing behind her
>and she whips around like a fire rampaging out of control, and raises her knee right into what would probably be my crotch
>Unluckily for her, i feel like i've just got a second sense for this kinda thing, and my hand is there
>I stop her
>Catch her upraised knee, and force her into a halfway leg-raised hug
>At first she struggles
>Then stops, maybe realizing my intentions, or realizing the futility of denying fighting
>Probably both
>Instead she changes to silent, and then in a quiet somber voice
>A threat
>"If you do this..."
>I ask what
>"Do what"

>But she doesn't respond
>She's just quiet, and focusing her eyes on something in the distance so i can't admire hers, or read her true feelings.
>I give her a squeeze and lower my head to her shoulder

>Sure the rules said anytime i said we were fighting she couldn't resist and had to just submit
>But you've long since learned i really don't hold very well to that kind of thing
>It wasn't what i was there for anyway
>Passive agressive mostly
>I wasn't very alpha most the time ,but if i dropped my lips to her shoulder, right between where the bones and neck meets
>If i ignored her squeals as my teeth touched her skin, and the odd little sounds she made as i suckled and squeezed my jaws together.
>I could ignore those little things
>Because when i pulled back and left a mouth sized pair of teeth marks, and a blotchy red hickey on her neck, i was good
>So i smiled at her
>The most sincere smile i could muster, and i gave her a "What?" to her confused look
>Im pretty sure she thought i was going to throw her on the bed or something
>Maybe another time, right now i just wanted a good solid excuse for when people ask about mine
>Now she gets to suffer too
>Muahaha

>"You're my vampire now!" I inform her before beelining for the door myself.
>Leaving raven feeling up her shoulder with a "what the fuck" kind of expression, making sure i didn't cause any permanent damage with my fangs
>Adding to my vampire harem i guess, Gadget owns me, i own raven.
>Thats how it works, and none of us even have to sparkle!
>Stepping out into the hallway strutting as well as i can with a towel on, i make my way for the stairs
>Because my clothes are probably downstairs in my bag
>I don't make it far
>Battle music plays, the screen shifts to black.
>Encounter a wild gadget in the tall grass
>Aka the top of the stairs
>She's just standing, one arm on her chest holding the towel and the other points at something when i get close
>"Found your clothes" She tells me

>Huh
>Interesting
>My underwear is at the bottom of the stairs, my shirt is lying kicked aside in the middle, and my

jeans are folded over the top steps
>I have absolutely no clue how they got here, unless they just got up and walked away on their own?
>Or someone took them off me and put them here?
>Or
>Oh
>Actually nevermind, i know exactly how they got there.
>Gadget also figures it out because she giggles, prances to the bottom of the stairs and picks up my underwear before i can even get to picking up my shirt.
>"Trophy?!" She cheers before rushing off into the living room
>Sheesh
>What is with women and stealing my underwear

>"Trophy?" Comes a curious inquiry from the top of the stairs
>Jeeze give me a break why don'tcha, i mumble snapping around.
>It's freckles
>She's got her hands on her hips and is giving me a once over as i clasp my towel to my waist and my jeans and shirt to my chest
>"What was she talking about?" Miss attitude with a redhead asks
>"THESE!" i exclaim
>Waving around my jeans and shirt like an idiot
>"Its take a fucking piece of my clothing and run away day!, what do you want?" I exclaim
>trying my best to worm my way out of this one
>It fails
>In holding up my arms she gasps
>"Wow, nevermind!" she giggles
>"I would have never thought gadget was a biter!" she hiccups with half of a laugh mixed in
>Fuck
>the guard spotted me
>RELOAD LAST SAVE

>i instantly reappear at the next checkpoint
>which due to some trigger issues seems to be downstairs in the living room way ahead of where i actually was
>No arguments here
>Gadget already has pants on (those swish swish ones) and has shamelessly discarded her towel before slipping into a shirt
>Aubrey is still conked out on the couch, one arm over her head as i sneak up next to gadget and give her a pinch
>She makes some kind of "Squeee!" sound before shifting away, and leaving me to get dressed
>I get a new pair of underwear and a shirt on before Aubrey demands my attention from behind us by calling my name

>Also a single word
>A croak
>"Water"
>She's hungover

>I am not a cruel man, so i whisk off to the kitchen and grab her a tall glass, and rummage through three of the cabinets until i find some aspirin and bring her back three.
>Return and grant her the wish she asked of me
>She's sitting upright, blanket on her lap, hair tussled and and whatever odd makeup she had on was smeared and blotchy all over the place
>She also had one leg folded underneath herself, and another bare leg spread out across the couch
>I hand her the aspirin, and contemplate her new appearance
>Still pretty
>Gadget leaning over the other line of the couch now, equipping her ipod and watching me mostly silently
>I rather enjoy the bare leg look though
>She was wearing normal pan...
>Wait what the
>I dart my eyes around
>Pants are on the other part of the couch
>And her underwear is over the arm of the part she's on
>Frilly, expensive looking and absolutely bright red
>My eyes automatically return to Aubrey's crotch as she chugs the water
>Gadget, arriving beside me takes about half as much time to figure out what i'm looking at
>"HEY!"
>She yelps at me
>"She DIDN'T ASK PERMISSION"
>Which is so loud it startles me, and makes Aubrey groan for us to be quieter
>lol
>I'm pretty sure i didn't sleep with her gadget

>I reach over and try to taussel gadget's hair, as kind of an "It's ok" action
>I'm blocked by her hood, which she's obviously put on just for this reason
>Blocking innocent loving hair messying
>But my hand is clever, sneaks under the top and gets her in a hand-to-head nuzzle
>and i pull her close and make it very clear she shouldn't feel cheap with an "Only you"
>That works beautifully
>Badly
>Because she gets a weird look and asks "Only i have to have permission?" with a pout at the end as she realizes what she's just discovered
>damnit english not as first language
>i squeeze her again, aubrey not even paying attention to us

>"No" I correct her
>Dropping my voice to a whisper i quickly establish that gadget's special and i've only made love to her and aubrey just lost her pants, probably the same way i lost my clothes on the stairs
>I get a nod in response
>and a return to a smile, before Aubrey breaks the cute mood between us
>"Someone help me pee"
>One of her hands outstretched, and squinting at us
>Gadget lets go and rushes over to help
>Insists i turn around, for modesty reasons (i do) and leads the poor hungover girl to the bathroom.

>She just leads to the one on the first floor, and i watch as aubrey slides inside, gadget closes the door and leans her back against it and rolls her eyes at me
>Before a muffled "Ouch!" and a thump comes from inside the bathroom
>I can't hear it, but gadget sighs and i watch her chest heave before she opens the door a crack
>Aubrey's sprawled out on the floor, somehow she tripped and fell
>i stifle a laugh as gadget slides inside to help her, closing the door behind her.
>A couple minutes later the door opens a crack, gadget waves me down and demands i bring the pants/underwear
>Ahh yeah alright
>I grab the pants off the floor, then walk over to the other side of the couch.
>stoop over to grab the lacy excuse for underwear
>Of course being a male, i inspect the piece closely
>I don't think words exist for explaining underwear frill types, but it's lacy, it's partially transparent in lots of places, the hem seems to be pretty low cut, and the crotch has what seems to be a crusty spot right in the middle.
>Instantly i feel embarassed for looking
>Doubly so when i realize gadget's still curiously watching me, head peeking out the door
>I scurry over and embarrassedly hand off the clothes.
>Feeling like a pervert.

>Aubrey eventually emerges
>Less of a mess, but still pretty hungover
>Obviously having splashed water on her face, cleaned off the makeup and adorned herself with that pair of underwear i'd just closely inspected.
>Gadget follows, shaking her head
>She makes some hand signals behind aubrey's back as she's walking towards me
>some crosses, a circle and a little thump of her chest
>I have no clue what they mean
>but i'm going to assume she was making a joke about aubrey can't hold her wine.
>I'd believe it
>Aubrey walked kind of raggedy crooked across the room, her head still hurting as she threw her wrist up to her forehead again halfway, before arriving at me.

>Then her eyes dart up to my neck
>"Oooh, did i do that?" she preens in a softspoken lady of esteem accent, like the owner of a large estate.
>Gadget says nothing
>I shake my head
>"Phew!" she continues in the same accent
>"I don't bite anyway" she mumbles as she collapses back on the couch
>butt halfway in the air, probably to go back to sleep
>Freckles comes downstairs (thumping the entire way) and won't let her though
>"Come on, we're going to go to the beach, get your swimsuits on"
>Aubrey moans
>Gadget cheers
>I don't know where my swimsuit is but alright

>The beach isn't as eventful as you would imagine
>Swimsuits get assembled and found from the recesses of the bags they've sunken to
>Everyone gawks at the teeth marks on my neck and i point them towards raven, who shamefully tried to hide hers with a shirt collar
>Doesn't work
>They gossip and bicker and go on and on about how we're "All back together now" and "Everything's fixed"
>Everyone being Glasses/Blondie who seem to be best friends again
>Aubrey gives zero shits, Raven is shooting me funny looks the entire time, Gadget doesn't meet my eye contact and stays listening to music the entire time and freckles just shoots me and gadget knowing glances.
>Everything seems fine until blondie discovers and remembers that
>As she flings her finger at me in a menacing point
>I broke the top of her swimsuit and she can't go swimming anymore
>Oh
>Right
>Raven just offers her suit and says she'll swim in a shirt/shorts, she likes that better anyway
>Blondie gladly accepts
>Until they vanish into the bathroom and try of course

>They both come out sad-faced when they realize that blondie simply isn't going to fit into that suit for lots of size and breast related reasons
>not big surprise
>[spoiler]Raven informs me later that they got her into it, but her chest was spilling out of it like giant pillows and that she wished she had a picture[/spoiler]
>Blondie really likes swimming in the ocean though and she's making a huge deal about ME breaking her suit
>And now she can't swim because if she wears a shirt it'll just show through or something.
>Until i note that i saved her from drowning in the process

>That shuts her up and she mumbles an apology for bitching at me
>dawww
>Cute
>But still doesn't solve her problem
>Glasses is the one who does
>"We wear pretty much the same cup size right? You can have my top" she points out.
>"You don't want to swim?" Blondie and Gadget curiously ask back
>Glasses shrugs, and pulls out a black shirt saying it'll be fine, and she's not going to show through it anyway.
>Bro i tell you
>Knew blondie was too embarrassed to go shirt-swimming only, so she took the hit and is doing it herself
>I'm mentally preparing for glorious cold nipples
>Always enjoyable, specially from glasses, she's got perfect ones.
>The trade's completed with a handshake
>Glasses somehow being super nice to blondie in offering, i don't understand one bit.

>They all vanish into the bathrooms to assemble the suits under normal clothing, and then we're off.
>It's a short walk to the beach, a couple blocks in flip flops and we're at the water right near this giant hotel's obviously sectioned off area.
>We ignore the section and pretend we're hotel guests, taking advantage of the tons of empty chairs and tables.
>Rules of swimming at the beach are usually
>Set up towels
>Make sure shoes and stuff are all in good places, weighing towels down for no wind
>Take off overclothes
>Sunscreen
>I seem to automatically be on sunscreen duty
>Not because i asked, but simply because Raven asked me to do her, and i did. I didn't make it sexy, i didn't make it erotic or tease her at all
>Mostly because fuck that i wana get in the water, and she would do me next.
>This plan backfired terribly
>After everyone had taken suits off to match us, three sets of eyes were on me watching the storybro sunscreen special service
>I swear it was nothing fancy
>Just slather that shit on
>The only thing i did even remotely lewd was applied it to all the edges of her suit, which included her upper thighs and the tops of her chest.
>You can pretend that's perverted, but have you ever been burned right at the edge of your swimsuit?
>It sucks
>Plus raven didn't mind at all.

>When i finally finished, i asked if she would do me, to find Blondie, Gadget and Aubrey staring me down.
>Uh oh
>Freckles was staring at aubrey of course
>The latter who was wearing a rather modest two piece in a lightish pink color.
>Even in modesty it took a conscious level of willpower to not follow her ankles to her thighs, or her hips to her chest.
>Freckles didn't have that willpower, i barely did.
>And glasses was trying to flag raven down, who was ignoring her.
>Halfway into raven doing my sunscreen, i realize everyone's just staring at me because they expect ME to do them too
>God damnit guys can i feel you up later i just want to go swimming right now
>They shake heads invisibly to my silent question
>Damn
>Raven finishes and gadget pounces down into the towel infront of me
>"Me next!?" she exclaims, and i realize this is going to take forever
>I look around for help
>Glasses is pouting, ignoring us all
>Aubrey/Blondie are looking at me
>Freckles is staring at...
>"FRECKLES"
>She jumps
>"Start putting sunscreen on everyone"
>She's still staring at aubrey
>Obviously thinking about her, and she stammers "i... i ca"
>I stand up and take two steps over to her, before whispering in her ear
>"I'm setting you up with aubrey, shut up and do it"
>She doesn't stammer a response, just nods and grabs the bottle of sunscreen, spurting a gob into her hands and aggressively (in a timid voice) asks aubrey to lie down
>She shrugs and obliges
>Doesn't care, just wanted someone to do sunscreen for her i guess
>[spoiler]Seriously when someone else offers, why turn it down?[/spoiler]
>I stifle a laugh as i see freckles shaking before she places her well-sunscreened hands on aubrey's back
>Poor frecks has a ladyboner

>Gadget gets nothing special from me
>I squeeze a little bit
>Cover her in a spurt of sticky white stuff
>Then massage it in
>She's wearing an overshirt and shorts again, so mostly i just end up doing her arms and thighs
>I'm not sure if i should be sticking my hands anywhere inappropriate with blondie watching

though, so i leave the private bits alone and offer gadget the bottle for the rest
>She shoves the bottle back
>"I want what raven got!"
>Always with the wanting what i give to other girls
>I glance around
>Blondie's watching us both, intently
>Aubrey is off in dreamland enjoying freckles, who has her full attention on getting as far up aubrey's leg as she thinks she can without setting off any alarms
>Also a bit of a butt massage here and there
>I don't know if aubrey's remembered she's getting a suntan massage from a lesbian yet
>Raven and Glasses had long left, Glasses did her own lotion and was down by the water dipping in her toes, Raven was probably swimming already
>I shrug, turn back and wink at blondie when i say "Sure, but blondie gets the same"
>Trying to be fair
>Gotta be fair else we'll all be cutting one another into little pieces again
>Plus i knew blondie would probably be fine with it, and was feeling left out
>I finish up gadget
>Mostly includes calmly squirting a bit of sunscreen on my palm, and sliding it under the edges of her shorts. Mostly around the legs
>She purrs when i finish
>IT really wasn't that lewd come to think of it.
>Then i sit up
>Aubrey's done, she gets up and thanklessly just leaves freckles alone
>Doesn't even offer to do her back
>Gadget chases down aubrey on the trip to the water as soon as i'm done. Leaving me, freckles and blondie alone
>I consider doing blondie, but then i just get a better idea
>"Freckles! You do blondie!"
>Our blonde haired princess starts frantically shaking her head as i stand up and start running
>Kicking up sand
>"Make sure you get around the hem of her suit!" and with that i'm gone.

>I can hear blondie yelling something at me in the distance
>And freckles probably getting two ladyboners
>You're welcome freckles, for being the least bitchy these last few days
>I dash past gadget and aubrey at full speed, wind in my hair, salt air in my nostrils and that funny sand between your toes at top speed feeling
>Hit the water running, and keep going.
>I find raven way deeper out, submerging and surfacing under waves
>Riding them back and forth
>She was an excellent swimmer, was on a team for it even. She was pretty fast too, with a body like that she was built for it.
>Not fast enough though, i sneaked up underwater and yanked her leg

>Started up a fifteen minute round of horseplay
>Dunks, races and underwater wrestling until she started beating me consistently
>Then i knew i was tired, and just hugged her and told her she won and was better at watersports
>Hah
>Coincidentally, there's something unexplainably arousing about horsing around with women in water
>Just tends to happen, i was hard as a rock, even though we only had fleeting touches and smooth caresses
>Someone's got to explain that one to me, but i ended off our horsing around with a hug, and my kicking legs both supporting us and pressing my self a little bit into her backside
>She huffed at the realization i was hard
>and shoved me away
>"Don't, i don't want you to touch me"
>w... what
>Instant change of mood
>She frowns
>"Waste it somewhere else" she says with only annoyance in her eyes
>Dives underwater and vanishes
>What the fuck she was just perfectly fine with me up until that very second
>I sigh
>fine!
>ill find someone else to play with.

Thats going to be ending for tonight. Got work tomorrow, pz anons. Next update ideally Thursday at 8:00 PST.

Update #51 : September 25th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13735092

>Everyone had kinda settled at different depths of ocean water
>Raven always liked to go out deep, play in the waves where your feet can't touch the bottom and you have plenty of room to do underwater acrobatics.
>She told me she enjoyed the way the water felt out there, something about being "Completely in control of myself" were the words she always used.
>A solace of sorts, i didn't mind. I was a great swimmer, and i followed her out every time.
>But she was angry so i took a quick sort of breaststroke back to feet-touching distance again.

>Blondie, Freckles, Aubrey and Gadget were closer to the shore, a little higher than waist depth playing that game where two people team up (one on the shoulders of the other) and you try to knock the other team over.
>I think it's called horse, but i completely forget the name
>Whatever it was, the blondie/gadget team was squealing about twice as loud as the aubrey/freckles team, so i think they were losing.
>The other team was bigger, it was a reasonable mismatch
>The one girl i didn't know the location of was glasses, she usually liked to go out rather deep too, but not far enough to lose the ground entirely.
>I'm scanning the waves looking for her
>Then i use my eagle-hawk powers (squinting my eyes) to try to see if she's just back with our clothes or anything
>Nope
>It is pretty hard to find people when just your neck is above the water though,
>Doesn't matter, glasses is magic
>When you're looking for her, she finds you
>"Polo!" she shouts from behind me
>Damnit glasses, that's a POOL game.

>Next thing i get is hugged from behind
>A cheerful voice, much more than usual from Glasses
>"Looking for me!?"
>As she huffs herself slightly out of the water to rest a chin on my shoulder i realize she's not hugging me as much as holding me as a flotation device.
>She's tiptoeing behind me to hold her weight up, that's how far down the sand slopes behind where i am.
>This also means she's sloowly slipping down, so i have to trudge us forward a bit to make sure we don't just slide under.
>I'm not really mad at Glasses anymore, i'm not sure why
>But i'm not
>And she can still fucking read me like a book, even latched onto my back without even seeing my face.
>"Back from the abyss are ya? Piss off raven again?"
>I ignore her
>That's pretty obvious
>So she pokes harder
>"I know she let you take gadget like a mare in heat, but you know she's not pissed about that right?"
>HOW
>THE FUCK

>"GLASSES"
>I try to whip around to stare her in the eyes with incomprehensible mad

>But she's latched on tight, so she just spins with me
>and she giggles as i do it
>"Relax! i kne-
>I don't even let her finish the sentence
>CLOSING ALL DOORS' CAPTAIN, WE'RE TAKIN HER UNDER
>I duck underwater, ill just hold my breath longer and get her off my back
>Trying to beat glasses
>Trying to win at anything with glasses
>I seriously hope i don't do this
>I doubt she could hold her breath longer, but she luls me into a false sense of security by struggling for a moment as we go down
>Then she settled onto my back and nuzzles her chin on my collarbone
>Before tickling the shit out of me
>i can't resist the unsurvivable urge to laugh, thus all my bubbles escape and the sonic drowning music starts.
>I lied i think to myself as i come up for air, her still latched to me as i get another steady footing and push
>I hate her again

>I'm no idiot, i didn't tell anyone, aside from 30 seconds alone in the bathroom gadget hadn't either, and raven just wouldn't
>So i practically yell the question back at her
>"HOW DO YOU KNOW"
>She calmly tells me to shh or everyone's going to hear
>I doubt it over the waves, but we do get a passing glance from blondie who waves from gadget's shoulders before the next round.
>"That was where i was sleeping" she points out.
>uhh...
>What the fuck does that mean
>I'm not interested in her shit, but she still answers my question with more ambiguous answers
>"Well i left my phone in there..."
>She's obviously enjoying this
>I'm not
>"YOU LEFT YOUR PHONE RECORDING?"
>She encourages me to shush again
>Way calmer than i am
>Fuck you glasses
>Seriously that's actually the last straw if that's true

>She chuckles
>"No, i would NEVER do that, i just came back to get it after i let blondie win to make her feel better"
>It comes to mind here that glasses still just instantly confides all of her not-directly-involving me

plans to me
>So she definitely still considers me best friend status, even if i was sitting there going
>"BUT THE DOOR WAS LOCKED"
>Then she just makes me feel like an idiot
>Asks me how she went to the other room in the first place
>Yeah
>I realized it too anons
>[spoiler]The fucking closet[/spoiler]
>I sigh and sink on my knees, letting my nose go underwater and blowing bubbles
>She just watched pretty much the entire thing, and now
>Lets guess
>She's trying to give me advice because she needs me and raven to be friends for her to do one of her plans?
>I stand back up and ask
>Get no response in return
>So that's a yes
>Whatever, i should have just expected it wasn't even going to be a secret.
>But she put up such a great...
>I realize it was all an act downstairs with blondie
>Fucking glasses man

>"Fuck, what, just tell me what you want"
>I sadly resign back to her
>I can't even feel it, but she squeezes tighter so i know she's smiling because she's won
>She starts in a high pitch
>"I want youuu!"
>YOU BETTER FUCKING NOT BE SE-
>She continues
>"To do...."
>Then she stops
>"Actually, let me do it, it'll be more convincing that way"
>Do what
>You better fucking tell me
>She doesn't
>She just hugs me tighter and squeezes her chest into my back
>"Nothing, just pretend i didn't say anything"
>And then almost as an afterthought, she decides to derail my thoughts, knowing it'll work
>"Plus, it's cold out here, i'm not technically wearing anything under this shirt"
>The one she's wearing and pressing chest first firmly into my back
>"Yeah, i can feel your nipples, they're hard as rocks" I chime back
>Trying to embarrass her and make her let go, or something.
>[spoiler]Or just an excuse to bring her breasts into the conversation, since she brought it up[/spoiler]

>It works
>She lets go and swims away a little bit, i turn to see her cheeks just the tiniest tinge of blush
>Before she informs me curtly
>"No you can't" and vanishes beneath the water
>I'm about to just assume she pulled a raven and leave too, before i feel a hand tugging at my shorts.

>Thoughts: Conflicted
>At first i'm thinking
>"Damn it glasses"
>But then she gets the hem of my swim trunks down and i realize she's going to probably give me an underwater blowjob
>I'm confused and aroused at the same time
>Also just plain angry at her
>But she gets a firm grip with both of her hands on my upper thighs and pulls herself in
>So i realize really quickly i better just shut up and enjoy it.
>I'm not super hard, but she manages to get the head in her mouth anyway and i realize this is going to be WAY different.
>For one, its still breathtakingly amazing
>I don't know which instruction manual glasses used to learn blowjobs, but it seriously needs to be printed in pamphlet form and distributed to the masses.
>I could tell what she was doing simply from feeling it
>She sucked enough to make her cheeks go concave, so instead of just the roof of her mouth and tongue, she had two additional contact points.
>A trick far far too many women seem to consistently fuck up
>The difference this time was that there was somehow more friction
>Water, salt water specially makes absolutely AWFUL lubricant
>Washes away all the saliva and made her tongue rough, her cheeks coarse, and it was nearly painful
>Yet tolerable to the extent i would have to list this blow in my top 10. Easily.

>About a minute in however, she just stops
>With a panic i search around
>Trying to find her hair or something else, and there's nothing
>She's just gone
>She doesn't even come up for air or anything, must have resurfaced behind a wave or swam a good ten feet down the coast to one of my blind spots
>I'm whipping my head around, shimmying pathetically with my trunks down to my heels
>frantically trying to find where she went to
>but i've lost her
>i hate you so much glasses.
>Or... that wasn't glasses
>And i just got a blowjob from a mermaid

>*gasp!*
>IT'S just like the gypsy woman said!
>Underwater pant-applying acrobatics ensue
>i put on a pout
>Trudge my way towards the other women, because i now need something to distract me from this awful raging boner.

>I arrive to blondie's battlecry of "IT'S NOT FAIR" as team princess topples over again with a splash
>Aubrey gloating from her perch atop freckles.
>She's absolutely 10/10.
>Long soaking wet hair, perfectly curved breasts in a swimsuit that fits her like a glove.
>Nearly watch her do the bend and flip hair maneuver right there.
>Not helping my boner, so i try to distract myself, stare at freckles instead
>[spoiler]lol[/spoiler]
>I ask em the score
>They weren't keeping count because gadget and blondie haven't won once.
>Even tried to let them win and it didn't work
>I ask the obvious question "Why didn't you switch?"
>Freckles' eyes go from "I'm in heaven" light green to "DONT YOU DARE" dark fire
>She's obviously more than enjoying aubrey's crotch pressed up against her neck
>oops, i back out of it when aubrey's eyes light up with an obvious "Oh what a good idea!" moment
>"I mean let me join that team, you should have just called me over"
>Aubrey likes this idea too
>Freckles nods fervently
>Shush freckles, you're making the ocean warmer

>Blondie and gadget both come up for air at about the same time, it wasn't a very long conversation and they were just getting untangled or something.
>Blondie's first words to me are "JERK" and she matches it with a punch in the ribs
>She's angry i didn't do her sunscreen after she waited patiently (so cute)
>Also probably annoyed she keeps losing.
>It's an underwater punch though so it hurts about a 1 on the pain scale
>I just laugh
>"Try not to hurt your new teammate already" i point out, and she instantly chirps up happier at the thought of winning for once.
>Or the thought of teaming up with me
>Gadget's floating around, pretty much doing exactly what she was doing in the bathtub at the hotel, everything submerged but her eyes and ears.
>Her eyes look pretty, also happy.
>So i guess she accepts me as a teammate she doesn't seem in much of a hurry to clamber onto my shoulders though, i think she was tired from carrying blondie so many times.

>So i get blondie to plop her crotch on my neck and wrap my arms around her ankles and we should be good to go
>Should be
>We take up fighting positions and it seems to maybe be an even match this time
>I'm completely wrong
>Blondie can't fight at all
>Zero fighting
>Aubrey gets all the perfect shoves, pushes and nudges to have blondie nearly spinning like a top on my shoulders, and i'm only keeping us standing by pure force of will
>No wonder she lost so many times
>She gives weak shoves ,doesn't push properly and wont even use her elbows
>What kind of battle is this?
>Two minutes in, i realize we're just going to lose again too.
>(probably because every time she shoves anyone they almost die, i guess that would do it).
>I realize if we want to win, i'm going to have to get involved
>So i do, i unlock one of my arms underwater and reach out towards freckles, grabbing the first thing i feel
>I think her ribs
>She shrieks and topples over with aubrey crashing into a nearby wave
>Blondie screaming bloody victory

>They come back up eventually, and freckles is FURIOUS
>"YOU TOUCHED ME, that's CHEATING"
>I deny it to high hell
>"No no! It was probably blondie's foot or something"
>Which proceeds to get blondie to nearly give me an all too obvious funny look of no i didn't, until i pinch her secretly
>Let her know "Yeah i did, shush" in pinching form
>Blondie takes her queue and initiates a strongman pose, pretending she did all the work
>Aubrey laughs it off with a "Finally!"
>Freckles glares me down with a "SO THAT'S HOW WE'RE PLAYING HUH"
>Fuck
>They want round two
>We all get back into position and ready ourselves
>Almost out of the gate this time Aubrey is fighting way harder than she was before, i nearly slip and lose it right away, but i manage to hold on
>Until i feel a hand give me an underwater wedgie, and i yelp and topple over
>Freckles...
>NOW it's war

>It's quite entertaining actually

>Blondie and aubrey are doing the equivalent of catfights on our shoulders, lots of slapping shoving and hissing and squealing, but no real results.
>The real war is down here, underwater
>Freckles loses round three with my leg hooked around her knee
>Round four she punches me in the stomach, pinches with her fingers and twists it to give me an awful non-nipple purple nurple.
>Round five, the tiebreaker
>Starts out normally
>She gets me with another underwater punch and tries for the pinch again, i dodge
>Blondie nearly falls off with a "Weee!"
>I get freckles back with a stomp on her toes
>We're on sand so it doesn't hurt that much, but she uses the opening to grab the waistband of my shorts firmly and yank upwards
>EEP
>PANIC, WEDGIE, SOFT BITS SQUEEZED IN WRONG PLACES
>I reach out and grab the first thing i can get in retaliation
>Ends up it was her right breast
>I squeeze like a motherfucker
>She lets go, sinks beneath the waves instantly
>Straight down
>No topple, aubrey just salutes and goes down with her ship
>One eye and everything, she does a pirate salute
>"Yarr she be tired, time to switch ships"
>Before she sinks beneath the waves too
>Blondie and i can't help but sink into fits of giggles ourselves, toppling over from sheer laughter.

>We swap sails
>Aubrey takes bottom, freckles (Bright red) takes top, and i swap out my fighting unit from blondie to gadget.
>The new team reddishheads takes on a british accent. Or aubrey does
>"Let's show these chaps a good round of fistacuffs"
>Freckles joins in with a "Givem a good roughin up, buncha cunts"
>She says that staring directly at me
>Obviously going to kick me or something, i'll be ready for it
>I don't correct her and point out she just did aussie slang with a british accent though. Atleast she tried.
>This means most of the underwater fighting ends, because gadget is a fucking lion
>Battleroars and everything
>She topples freckles three times, almost out of the gate without even a hint of effort
>I'd be dishonest if i didn't say freckles was distracted
>Really distracted
>She's bright red by round two.

>I can see her shifting around slightly every time they get up for another round
>Repositioning her hips
>I know the clues, i'm not stupid, even if aubrey is clueless
>Freckles is totally getting off on this
>Lewd
>We win round four and five the same ways.

>After that, aubrey comes up sputtering from a rather hard fall
>Spitting hair out of her mouth, she gasps "Yeah i think we can do something else now"
>Freckles starts to disagree, but i point out they're not going to win again
>Gadget lifts her legs and slides her short and shirt clad front down my back with grace.
>Slides into a hug from behind reminicent of glasses
>Although for her i can turn slightly and see her cheeks and eyes
>She's blushing too
>"You have a really... uhh... firm... neck" she whispers
>oh my!
>I didn't realize gadget was doing it too!
>Boner reactivated
>But before i can reciprocate, she slides away and vanishes underwater
>FUCK
>THREE TIMES
>I need to date women that don't know how to hold their breath
>Blondie where the hell did you get to

>I get aubrey instead, she paddles over and thanks me for letting blondie win a couple times.
>I wave it off and pretend blondie did all the work, but she just knowingly smirks and says she could see half of what we were doing underwater.
>Of course, well
>I just shrug
>What of it, she thanked me i guess.
>She gets to her point though
>"You know umm.. i just came over here to tell you that..."
>Oh boy, you're starting a lesbian cult with freckles huh
>Knew it
>Go ahead, you have my blessing my daughter, I allow and accept your proposal.
>"Gadget was... kinda grinding on your neck, she was bright red i don't know if you noticed"
>She says that last part with a "ohmygodjuicygossip" serious tone
>So all whispery and looking every which way like it's a super big secret when in reality she just wants to bring it up to see my reaction and share that she saw it.
>I just straight face it
>"O... oh you already knew and you yelled at her for it, that's why she swam awa-"
>I shake my head before she can get any farther
>Nope nope fucking conclusions don't do it

>I just stare her down again
>She's silent staring back
>"uhh... oh um... right i ju"
>I stop her, she's completely embarrassed now, i unsettled her and she's trying to back out of it.
>"You know freckles was doing the same thing to you right?"
>POW
>RIGHT IN THE KISSER
>Her eyes just go wide
>"n... no she wasn't!"
>Clueless

>I swear someone told aubrey that freckles was a lez already
>I guess we were technically drinking wine though so she might have forgotten
>Oops
>I do her the favor of telling her
>"Yeah freckles is a lesbian, and she's got the total hots for you"
>I make sure i give it the perfect "Just say so" manner
>Matching her gossip tone from earlier, like its nothing
>"She's got the total hots for you, i bet she was dripping onto your neck"
>Aubrey just standing there, mouth open, staring at me
>Speechless
>I've just fucked over freckles' chances of getting with this girl ever
>Oops
>Aubrey just stands there for a while
>One wave
>Two waves
>"eww!" she exclaims
>"Someone's going to have to tell her i'm not interested! I wont go near her anymore i didn't kno-
>i hold up my hands and shake my hands "No! No! don't, you'll crush her"
>She just gives me an incredulous look back
>"But she's a GIRL, i'm not interested in...
>I interrupt her, seeing a chance
>Start lying out my ass
>"Relax she's a lovely girl when you get to know her.. and the THINGS she can do with her tongue, all we get is stories about how amazing she is"
>"Hell! We hear she even ate a girl out to four orgasms like it was nothing!"
>I may be secretly bragging
>I add "Just ask glasses, she'll tell you all about it" to the end
>Also fuck i'm going to need glasses help with this one
>she owes me like
>A million so that's fine i guess
>Aubrey stops her eww face with a "Four?" and a contemplative straight face

>maybe possibly encouraged girl to try being bi
>Maybe

>I finish it with a grin
>Mostly self satisfied i even got her to contemplate it
>"She likes you better anyway, i bet she could do six or seven"
>That makes aubrey break into laughter and an "Oh no that's way too much!"
>Hahahaha
>Women and sex are just as easy as men sometimes i swear
>She changes the topic completely, to me instead
>"So, what's with you though, you seem distracted..."
>"By THEESEEE!" she exclaims lifting her breasts with both hands, a cheery playful voice.
>Fuck you aubrey, your usual joke about me staring at your tits
>"I'm not" i explain
>"I'm staring at the water right in front of you and trying to imagine freckles eating you out"
>This gets a "HEY, THAT'S OFF LIMIT THOUGHTS MISTER"
>And a more subtle "Plus that probably won't happen" with a contemplative tone and a turn backwards to stare around for freckles
>Who was holding some kind of conversation with blondie.
>Im not paying attention, yeah it probably wont happen
>Specially since freckles has no idea how to lick another girl
>I'm pretty sure i'm an awful lesbian, so now i need to go find a good one
>Not raven, that's just embarrassing
>Glasses maybe
>She might not end up owing me much after this i'm thinking
>aubrey swims away with a promise to "Not hurt freckles' feelings, and let her down softly if she's not interested"
>I don't get to think for long before some kind of fish takes a giant chomp out of my leg
>aiiiyeee ow ow ow ow

>I give the fish a strong reactive kick
>Completely out of my control, my leg just does it.
>I hit ribs, which means it's either a shark or
>Or gadget
>The shark comes up sputtering and gasping for air, coughing up water and gasping
>Then it pouts
>Adorably
>and says in its sharky voice "you kicked meeeeee!"
>i'm sorry!
>"Sorry sorry sorry, i didn't mean to! you bit me!"
>She sputters out more water and tries to ask how i didn't know it was her
>I don't know
>Honestly i guessed it about instantly my leg just kicked, don't bite people!

>She pouts when i tell her that
>"You didn't mind earlier" she mumbles, and then she puts her arms up in the air and sends me adorable-sharky-dog eyes
>"i'm full of water now, can't swim. Carry me"
>...
>We're in like, chest deep water, you can walk
>But i don't tell her that, i just step closer and she wraps those arms around my shoulders and gets hefted up
>"I was holding my breath that entire time" she says as i start carrying her to shore
>Bullshit
>That was like 5 minutes, you went up for air somewhere.
>She pouts when i call BS
>"Look!" She points at her throat
>"Fish Lungs!"
>She means gills
>"I'll give you gills you silly fish" i growl and lean in to bite her
>She squeaks and topples out of my arms and into the water again, but not before i get the lightest of nips
>damnit gadget <3

>I end up carrying her not only to the beach, but halfway up the beach to the towels too
>After that though my arms burn like hell and i point out she's got to use her "Fish legs" and walk the rest of the way
>Those legs seem to work fine as she dashes the rest of the way up the beach
>Sharks that can walk
>it's like a cheesy sy-fy movie.
>She plops herself down on the towel and demands i join her for "Nap time"
>Yeah sure why not, i'm white as shit, i could use some sun.
>I plop down next to her and lie back
>Ahhh sun
>So warm
>It's something amazing when you're just content and lying down in the sun like that
>Gadget mewls like a big lion and stretches out for a cat-nap
>Even better when gadget scoots over and puts her still-wet head on my stomach.
>Purring
>Less better when i remember that's going to give me ridiculous tan lines and have to scoot her off with a hiss.
>Better though when i fall asleep.

>I get nudged awake by Glasses' foot
>Staring and squinting straight upwards, i realize her shirt is flowing and open
>I can see underboobs
>They're shiny silver

>...
>SHIT
>SHE'S A ROBOT
>I'm too busy panicking at robot boobs to realize she's telling me i need to flip myself and gadget over or we'll burn
>T... thanks Cylon Glasses
>Frack, i better not let her catch onto me knowing.
>I roll over and nudge gadget until she's mumbling in her naptime
>just roll her over onto her stomach manually, use the clutch and everything.
>Awesome dark skinned back and butt available for viewing pleasure
>I turn around to thank the robot glasses again, but she's vanished into thin air
>AGAIN
>Fine! I go back to sleep on my stomach
>This time raven's foot nudges me awake

>I'd recognize that foot anywhere
>i clutch it firmly, darting my hand out to grab it
>She leaves it still, doesn't yank it away or anything
>I just declare "Mine" and attempt to use it as a pillow, but she shakes me awake again
>"Get up! I need you for a rematch vs Freckles and Glasses!"
>Finnneee
>I haul gadget up too, making sure she doesn't burn
>She's crispier and not really much darker
>But i guess she's got a nice light pinkish tint everywhere
>Raven elbows me for staring
>I flip around and haul the unsuspecting black haired girl over my shoulder and tromp her squealing and kicking back to the water.
>Glasses beats us every time
>We proceed to play other sexually charged yet not really lewd games such as "Who can hold their breath for the longest" and "Swim through my legs and i'll swim through yours"
>Hours later we are beached the fuck out
>Time for cleanup duty, and food
>It's infinitely interesting what women do at beaches
>Glasses keeps her wet shirt on, just squeezes out all the wetness (Still wearing it) and puts on some pants over the bottom of the bikini
>Throws on her neatly stacked flipflops
>Gadget changes into a dry set of clothes , revealing her bikinied form for just a minute redressing.
>Takes three minutes trying to find the other flipflop after she just tossed them willy nilly when she took them off
>(blondie found it buried in the sand)
>Raven has us make her a towel wall while she puts on a fresh set of tank top, panties and skirt completely

>She brought sneakers, tossed wildly along with socks.
>Aubrey just towels off and throws on a long t-shirt, no pants
>Claims "The restaurants wont care"
>Slippers, neatly stacked.
>Blondie changes into pants+panties (more towel wall) but leaves her top on, throws on a nearly transparent t-shirt and blushes when she realizes. But decides its fine.
>Puts on those loud as shit flip flops made of wood.

>With blondie clacking along infront of us, we end up scouting resturuants near the beachfront, and settle on a cute looking one
>Rather cute brownish motif, alright it was kinda dark and not that pretty. Some kind of seafood cafe.
>Mostly we took it because everything before it was a Bar and good luck getting into one of those.
>Who knows what we ordered, seriously do i look like some kind of magical guy that can remember every single thing we ate on that trip?
>[spoiler]Blondie/gadget ordered some plate of fried seafood, glasses got a burger, raven and aubrey got this kind of pasta plate and i honestly don't remember what i got.[/spoiler]
>It was mediocre food, don't go there.
>It was filling however, or... not really because everyone picked at the food besides gadget/blondie who got this awesome plate everyone kinda ate off of because it was the best thing.
>Yeah it sucked
>We ducked nextdoor and got icecream to top off the meal before walking some more. Examining the kind of stuff we had in walking range before the sunlight completely died.
>Shops, food, a couple clubs, a ton of bars
>We'd have to try the other direction tomorrow we decided as we walked back
>Not bad for a first day where we slept in a ton.

>Piling into the door after being at the beach has ONE thing on everyone's mind
>SHOWERS
>Seven people though, and 3 bathrooms.
>So either double up or you don't get a shower and have to wait
>Gadget/Blondie, Freckles and Raven kidnap solo bathrooms.
>Raven does it without me even realizing or getting a chance to ask to join her.
>Damn
>Leaves myself, Glasses and Aubrey sitting on the living room couch waiting
>Silently
>Glasses has her arms crossed over her shirt. Aubrey is shifting in her seat complaining about the bottom of her suit being "New" and Chafing
>I would love to get these trunks off too, but we have to wait
>Freckles finishes first in one of the upstairs bathrooms

>trots downstairs
>Aubrey speeds past her on the steps
>I wont lie
>Freckles turned around and so did i
>And glasses
>We watched that bikini clad ass vanish around the corner
>Then we just all shifted our heads back and stared at one another
>Shared that look
>"Id tap that"

>Raven pops out of the bottom bathroom next, before freckles can even sit down
>She's got a towel wrapped around herself and a towel over her hair up in a bun
>I meet glasses' gaze
>Its a race
>I'm up first, sprinting around the side of the couch
>Glasses has other plans
>She vaults over the back of the couch, takes a flying leap
>Lands on all fours and practically bounds twice forward, then uses the momentum to get to her feet and turbos the rest of the way
>She gets inside before me, but i'm about to dive under the unreasonably slow-dropping ceiling.
>She slams the door in my face
>FUCK
>Fine
>I lean against the wall near the bathroom and just shout at her to hurry up
>Raven vanishes into another room, freckles slides into the kitchen on her newly-aquired socks
>Then the bathroom door opens
>Glasses peeks out, still fully clothed
>"Storybro...?"
>She's looking around for me
>I wave
>She's got a straight face on
>"I... i uhh... need your help"
>w... what
>Before i can argue she drags me inside and closes the door.

>I do argue when i get inside though
>"Listen glasses if you're going to do something like you pulled at the bea-
>She interrupts me
>"No, seriously this isn't a trick, i really need your help, it's really hurting"
>I straight face her for a moment
>...
>...
>...

>Alright fine, go ahead and fuck me over like you usually do
>She pouts, and reaches down to the hem of the black shirt she was wearing in the water
>KNEW IT
>ABORT
>She starts lifting up the shirt
>First to her stomach, then past her bellybutton, then the curve of her brea-
>I turn around
>"We're not! i'm going to leave right now if you pull that shit again"
>She starts to argue, and i put my hands in my ears and start humming
>London bridge is falling down! Falling Down, Falling down!
>She intterupts me with a hand on my shoulder
>Not forceful
>Just a light soft touch... pleading
>-.-
>"Please, everyone else will just laugh..."
>Fine
>I turn around
>She's right
>I'm not going to laugh
>Her breasts are metallic, shiny and silver.
>I'm terrified, she REALLY IS A ROBOT
>That or she duct taped her nipples so they wouldn't show through the shirt

Cliffhanger for tonight anons. More Sunday at 8:00.

Update #52 : September 28th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13789324

>So i'm just staring
>I mean a good ten seconds she just holds that shirt underneath her chin and i stare.
>You know kinda at Glasses boobs, which she's just revealed to me are supplemented with some form of titanium alloy for support.
>I mean i refuse to believe she covered the fronts of them with duct tape.
>Presumably so that her nipples wouldn't show through the shirt
>I mean that works, but....
>That's a terrible idea

>Seriously. Cleverest, smartest, idiot i know.
>Alright, i'll bite
>"You're an idiot"
>I just calmly announce as i step closer
>to inspect the damage she's probably done.
>It's not a ton or anything, it's three or four strips crisscrossing one another per breast. The entire areola area is just neatly pressed flat into the rest of the chest.
>The corner of one of the strips is neatly pulled up and hanging off slightly, but from the red skin underneath and the hint of more sensitive skin it's obviously where she realized that was hurting like hell.

>Alright, time for serious questions
>"Why didn't you just use pads or something"
>Seriously like that would have been way easier
>"We didn't have any..." is the canned excuse i get back
>So not true
>I point out raven pads her bras all the time
>"Yeah but water would ruin those"
>Then she puffs up her chest to give me some clever retort back, and interrupts herself wincing
>The tape's obviously causing her serious discomfort.
>*sigh*
>"Why is this my job"
>I mumble outloud trying to decide how to approach this
>She curtly informs me it's because "I won't laugh" and "I'm her friend"
>then adds in "And you're supposedly the expert"

>ONE TIME
>THAT WAS ONE TIME.
>Fucking women i swear
>Duct tape is like the solution to every problem they have with clothes. Ever.
>You ever see a girl with breasts overflowing her top and you just can't physically understand how they don't pop out when they move?
>Duct Tape
>You ever see girls that readjust those tube tops every ten minutes on the minute all day, and then the next time they wear them they don't readjust once?
>Duct Tape
>All the stars on the red carpet with those ridiculous dresses?
>Duct Tape
>All the women in the fashion industry?
>Duct Tape
>You ever need boobs to fit out a fancy dress for an important event when you don't have any?
>I've done that one before, with guess who.

>Some charity Gala her stepfather was throwing, and he needed his daughter to show up and i think his words were "Light up the room".
>Plus like it's some big important fancy thing to be able to point and say "That's my daughter over there" and have her be beautifully stunning.
>Makes the old guys donate more to your cause, or something.
>[spoiler]Rich people politics is awful[/spoiler]
>I just shrugged and told her she was plenty pretty. But NO.
>Two hours, three sets of pads, and half a fresh roll of tape later and we granted Raven a bosom fit for a goddess.
>Some new dress she'd never worn (and would never wear again). Somewhat ballroom style, but with a less flowers/flaunty bottom, and sleeker curves.
>Handful more strips of that magical double sided sticky stuff got her to fit in perfectly.
>We even used some trick we found online to press her existing breasts upward and use them as the top half of your cleavage for the top of the dress.
>Boy would those old coots donate if they knew her nipples were literally taped down centimeters under the hem of the dress.
>I mean just knowing personally what kind of frankenstein's monster it was underneath that cloth made me cringe. But hey she looked AMAZING.
>Wasn't even the same girl, she spent the extra hour or so curling her hair into locks so that they framed her face, did her makeup, had on a subtle hint of rose colored lipstick
[spoiler]that she had to borrow because she didn't own any, lol[/spoiler]
>Prettiest girl in the room

>And i'm obligated to say that sure, but she also was.
>Even if i was terrified she was going to explode any moment and leave the dress in a million tatters around her ankles with how we packed it.
>She made all the women in the room jealous, all the old men turned heads and her dad was a big success for the night.
>See the reason you want a beautiful daughter for one of these events, specially a seemingly "Un-taken" one.
>I was there, i just was secretly in the shadows with my not-very-expensive dress shirt and a roll of emergency duct tape hooked on my belt.
>Watching, slightly with envy because no less than four filthy rich mid-20s men demanded a dance with her. All fumbling over one another to get out daddy's pocketbooks.
>It was fantastic to watch, even if i may have been slightly jealous. They had no clue she would just be back to wearing a raggety t-shirt and jeans later tonight.
>Then a fact that i later learned on a "Guys Only" bonding Fishing trip with my dad and her stepdad after they'd had a couple beers.
>Something that made us blush up a god damn storm, in one of those awkward "You're a good enough guy for my daughter Anon" moments.
>[spoiler]You really shouldn't be surprised Raven was there too[/spoiler]

>Her stepdad admitted two of the older guys tried to get him to set raven up with their sons, and one even proposed an arranged marriage into a very, very, very, rich family.
>But he politely turned them down after the fact.
>Raven turned up her nose at this news, currently wearing a wifebeater, some sports bra and a pair of ripped-to-hell jean shorts with boxers showing through.
>Her "Fishing" Outfit.
>Rich tastes indeed.
>I melted into an embarrassed puddle of gel on the bottom of the boat. My heart brimming with appreciation towards the stepdad admitting he accepted me
>That's like the biggest fear i think i had until that point, so of course i was pulling another alex mack on the guy.
>My dad just clapped me on the back with some snippet of wisdom he always spouted.
>BUT seriously that's so tangential where am i going
>Point is
>We paid for that outfit in blood, tears, crying, some screams and at least two layers of skin later that night.
>Not all of it hers.

>So back to current reality i try to decide what we have that'll even begin to work on tackling this problem
>Probably ice
>That seemed to be the trick we ended up using, so inform glasses i'll BRB and i exit the bathroom and head towards the kitchen.
>Leave her there with a sad look on her face like i'm abanoning her
>Thought came to mind, sure, but i wasn't feeling too heartless at the moment
>Freckles was sprawled out on the couch, half-dressed, i paid her no attention as she did to me
>Blondie and Gadget were chatting up a storm about something at the top of the stairs on the way down. Both wearing towels
>Cute
>they watched me zip past to the kitchen. Where i found Raven
>Fully dressed, pouring herself a Glass of Orange juice we just picked up from the store.
>She turns to face me, says nothing but just sips her orange juice
>Jeeze
>This is going to be awkward

>I search through three cabinets to find an empty glass because i had no clue where they were
>I turn around to a smirk on miss green eyes' face, obviously amused watching me look for a glass.
>I'm trying to hold a straight face
>Walk over to the fridge, press the cup up against the dispenser and get 30 seconds of ice cubes.
>Her eyes follow me the entire time

>Probably guessing what i was going to drink
>Boy
>She's not going to like this at all
>I turn around, about to just leave with my cup of ice
>Don't even meet her eyes, avoid contact
>Then i realize that we didn't just use ice that time. Seeing raven completely reminded me.
>Flashbacks of the mess and slippery bathroom we left trying to get that tape off.
>Baby oil...
>But i really doubt this house has any, i glance around the kitchen wondering what i could use instead
>There's a bottle of Olive oil sitting on the counter
>"Extra Virgin"
>lol
>Grabbing the bottle just completely wipes the smirk off Raven's face
>Now she's just confused
>A look of "what the fuck" as i meet her eyes
>Pure deviance in mine
>Mostly because i know it would make her really wonder what the fuck.
>She just stares as i turn around and leave
>I hear footsteps
>Can feel the stares
>Blondie/Gadget at the bottom of the stairs now, standing wrapped in towels
>Freckles sitting on the couch just glaring at me
>Raven at my back, watching quietly
>As i vanish into the same bathroom Glasses is in, with a cup of ice and a bottle of olive oil in my arms.
>I feel like telling them "It's not what you THINK!" would just make it worse.

>Glasses is standing there with her shirt back on as i close the door behind me with my heel, set down the glass/bottle with two clinks
>Then do a half spin, lock the door, do another and start making demands
>"Shirt, Off"
>She hefts it over her head in one smooth motion, breasts with the slightest tempting jiggle as they drop from the hem.
>Which would be amazingly hotter if she didn't help out with the change in position of the tape.
>Then i demand she holds out her hands
>She does, palms outstretched, and i grab the bottle of olive oil, seconds away from pouring some in her palms.
>Then i think about it
>How about uhh, we don't get olive oil all over the bathroom and your clothes.
>I point her towards the shower, and ask her to take off her pants too
>Somewhat of an awkward questioning look back, but eventually she does it and stands in the middle of the stall.

>Bikini bottoms and both jellyfish fields covered in tape.
>Lovely
>Now she holds out her hands, and i give her a healthy sampling of olive oil, with the instructions to "Rub it under the edges"
>She just gives me a "You're fucking with me" look
>Says it too

>I don't say anything in return, no need to reply to her snide comments.
>Just set the bottle down on the floor and go back to grab ice
>Glasses gives up her pretense and i turn around to an exclamation of "If you wanted me to rub oil all over my tits you could have just asked"
>I can't help but laugh
>She is indeed just smearing olive oil over the front half of her chest, wincing slightly every time she tried to pry up the tape and get the liquid underneath.
>I feel like this should be a fetish, Duct tape ice and olive oil
>Too absurd for me to get a boner though, just giggles as i come at her with ice cubes
>She Squeals as i get closer
>"Waitwaitwait!"
>"What's in that cup?"
>What do you mean what
>I explain they're ice cubes
>Mirrored by another squeal
>"Can we not?"
>How did you not see they were ice cubes
>They clink like icecubes, the glass is transparent, are you bl...
>Oh she's not wearing contacts right now because you can't swim with them.
>Blind as a bat
>I just explain that they make the adhesive stop working
>She points out they'll make her nipples hard and really hurt
>Guess we have to be quick then?

>Glasses concedes with a "Just... be careful alright?"
>What follows is probably something that's been filmed in japan already.
>A girl wincing and covering her chest in olive oil, as i stand there with slowly melting ice cubes, cooling down and lifting the edges of duct tape, one line at a time
>Painstaking and slow, i rub it around the surface of the tape, peel up one of the eight sides of the stars she's made
>Then it looks like it's time to oil up
>her turn to pour and rub oil underneath the edge
>Then we can peel it more, pour more oil, and finally we reach the rather wide circle covering the areola, and we start on the next side of the star.
>Two icecubes in (they keep melting and my hands are freezing) , she's got boob goosebumps
>Thousands of little tiny bumps, and a shiver every time i accidentally drip icy water on her

chest.
>I try not to let it distract me, work first, boobs later
>Even if your work technically requires you to stare at them
>Two and a half icecubes and her chest is sufficiently shiny and covered in little tiny bumps and the duct tape star on her left breast is down to the circle part in the middle where all the tape overlaps.
>She's scared of pulling that part up any more, i'm not
>I take the oil, and proceed to seriously lubricate the hell out of that breast.
>We're talking full on boob grope with oil, but without any groping intent behind it
>Slather the fuck out of that star, and use my other hand to hold ice directly over the center
>Definitely where the nipple is
>Half a minute of that and she's making little whimpering sounds
>"eeh" and "mmph", biting her lip and quivvering, the rest of her body shivvering slightly
>"S... stop it's cold and numb, just d... do it"
>I take her word and pull

>It comes up smoothly.
>Well to me atleast, it just peels right off
>Glasses however lets out a low "Owowow" and a gasp as i peel the last sticky bit off
>Leave a very very very shiny and red nipple behind
>Hard as a rock of course
>Well
>What could it hurt
>I drop the duct tape, raise my hands up and tweak the nipple with a bit of the oil on my fingers
>She's instant
>Hand teleports to mine with a gasp and "youfuckingtouchitagainillcutitoffthere'sosore"
>Freezes me solid before i can even roll the nipple around or anything
>Slides my hand off with an "Ow... ow... damnit ow" without even anything but the slightest contact
>"S... sorry"
>She glares at me
>Unfocused, but still a glare. Amber eyes piercing my soul
>Kill me in my sleep for that, i can hear her thoughts now
>Sorry glasses, i thought it would feel good, honest.
>She points at the other one
>Right, gotcha, and i get back to work.

>Two more icecubes and we're at the same point again
>I'm way more careful this time
>Slow, steady hands, but i realize from the little sounds she's making that she's going to yelp again as soon as i do it.
>Contemplate my options
>Pinch her to make her not feel it

>Romantically kiss her to make her distracted
>Do it really quickly and make her not notice as bad?
>I don't really feel like any of those
>I would come up with something clever but i don't really feel like kissing pinching or hurting her, just getting the duct tape off.
>So i just shrug and do it the same way again
>She yelps
>She gasps
>A tiny little moan
>And then that's it
>Duct tape removed, no scars, skin loss, no blood. Just probably some of the finer hairs on her skin missing and nothing else too bad.
>Far far less painful than anything else we could have done i bet.
>I let her tentatively rub her chest to make sure it's all in one piece as i set down the ice and oil outside the bathroom
>Her chest is glistening, it's got red marks where the tape was, and it's slightly reflecting the moonlight aka luminescent bathroom lighting of dubious origin.
>So you know
>Shiny titties
>I stare of course
>Glasses has great breasts, we've been over this. C cup, pert, jiggly, bright red nipples. Attractive as fuck.
>They were also jiggling on their own
>which confused me for a second before i realized she was shivering again, ahh... yeah.
>Fine
>I toss off my shirt and strip to my swim trunks, and tell her to start the shower.

>When i've finally un-donned all my clothing, she's still standing there
>Not even looking at me, just staring down, playing with her chest
>Not in some kind of "Sexy" way
>Although it kinda was, specially with the oil.
>I'm sure they were fun to play with all oiled up, but she was definitely testing how sore they were.
>Light touches, glances, and "owws" and "that's the last time i do that for blondie..." muttered under her breath.
>I step into the shower and try to brush past her
>Unluckily, the shower is actually very small
>It's just a tiny downstairs bathroom we're in, no master grand thing.
>So by brush past her, it means upper forearm brushes past her chest
>Something that would be completely fine in any other situation than this one
>Rough skin + hypersensitive blood engorged girly bit =
>Glasses screams bloody murder and jumps backward
>Loud

>Something along the line of three curses in a row
>oops
>Then she slips on the oil
>Double oops

>Well i watch one foot seriously slip completely on the oil on the ground that we'd spilled over the course of the exercise
>Completely loses her footing.
>If she was ANYONE else
>She would probably be upside down and i would be down with her, because the second i saw it i grabbed the nearest solid object (the railing of a shampoo holder) and grabbed her arm
>Only reason i could grab her arm though was because she was still standing
>Only reason she was still standing was because she was glasses
>Caught her footing, was perfectly fine
>Still cursing up a storm though
>She calls me a cocksucker twice, yells about the floor being cold and slippery, curses the heavens for inventing olives and then points at me
>"TURN THE FUCKING SHOWER ON ALREADY"
>Welp
>She's got a mouth worse than a dwarf in the rare events she's in pain, or angry.
>Also her eyes are on fire
>Scary, terrifying, don't argue, just do.
>Yes Master
>Right away master
>I scurry over and turn on the hot water, flooding the bathroom with steam and washing away that dastardly olive juice.

>Turning around she's smiling again
>A huge, fake, beaming, smile.
>Cheek to cheek.
>"Thanks!"
>Fake eyes shut tightly
>Oh dear.
>She's going to kill me.
>I try to backtrack
>"h... hey you... you asked ME ok!"
>She needs to be in a better mood, this was not what i planned
>I was going to just help her out, see how it went and maybe
>[spoiler]Maybe get her to finish what she keeps doing and stopping /pls[/spoiler]
>She just smiles again
>A real smile this time
>"I'll have to make you pay you know..."
>Hey

>Fucking fuck what i helped you
>I point this out
>She's quick on the retort
>"Shut up, you were going to ask me for a reward weren't you"
>I...
>"I... NO!"
>She grins wider
>Points at the shower
>"Get in, if you wash my back i'll think about it"
>"And don't touch my chest!" She adds as an afterthought
>Fuck

>I don't even have the slightest clue how she just went from "Please help me Obi wan, you're my only hope" to
>"I've seen a security hologram of him... KILLING younglings" status with our queen.
>If women don't make any sense, Glasses is double female.
>I start to step towards the shower and just get in, whatever i'll listen to her
>Then...
>I think about it
>Wait a second she was listening to me bellowing commands earlier
>I could have told her to do anything and she would have, and now i apologize for hurting her and she's... suddenly.
>WAIT A SECOND
>Gears in my head clicking
>Power dynamic confirmed
>Whenever i'm dominant with Glasses, she's submissive
>She follows my requests to the letter. But every single time.i fuck up
>Do anything wrong and apologize
>She snaps and takes control just like that
>Holy fucking shit
>This has been happening THE whole trip.
>[spoiler]I bet clever anons came to this conclusion long ago[/spoiler]

>I decide i might as well try standing my ground
>Bellow out a response
>"No. Not this time."
>Calm, collected, smoothly. I inform the very surprised expression on the girl in the corner what's going to happen.
>"One, we're both going to wash this salt out of our hair"
>She's startled
>Just staring, blindly, trying to size me up
>I've never counteracted her orders before, or one of her alpha moments with my own

>Maybe its a contest, i just have to be more alpha and i'll win.
>That's got to work
>So i tack on the second demand
>"Then, you're going to blow me until i can't get hard anymore. As a 'Thank you'"
>She just stares
>Blankly
>Blinks twice
>And i point at the shower and tell her to get in first
>She nods, and then does
>i may or may not have been jumping for glee internally
>muahahaha
>It's over
>I know your weakness, glasses is now under MY control.
>Victory at last.
>She hits the shower stream chest on, and instantly winces again and turns around
>Offering her... back to me
>Alright fine -.-, ill afford you that one.

>I wash her back
>In the most alpha-i-swear-i'm-not-conceding-anything way possible
>She creens, purrs slightly and makes littles oohs when i accidentally realize i've lost track of my hands and they're massaging not washing
>I stop
>Audible "Pout" from the girl i'm standing behind
>Audible "Pout" from the boner in my pants too
>I grab shampoo and slather her hair the hell up
>Salty briny sticky clumped hair quickly cleaned into luxurious long silky smooth conditioned hair
>The secret is you let the conditioner sit.
>I feel like the numbers of humans in the world that have read the bottle's instructions on conditioner and shampoo are countable on one hand.
>[spoiler]And also you know how on the back of the bottle, it says "Lather, Rinse and Repeat?"
>[spoiler]I repeat[/spoiler]
>Unlike my previous shower today, this bathroom retained steam like a train's boiler
>Chuga chuga, i couldn't see more than five feet away.
>That's fine because i guess glasses couldn't see either, just normally.
>And i needed the cover of steam so i could ambush her correctly and retain my alpha postures
>Turning her around for example, and requesting....
>...Err i change it to a demand halfway, for her to do my hair and back

>She doesn't give my back as much attention as i gave hers, but those fingers feel amazing in my scalp

>Something about girls and long fingernails and scratching the roots of your scalp
>11/10 experience
>Then conditioner, and she lets it sit while i turn her around and wash hers out
>Then she washes mine
>Then i make eye contact
>Smile my brightest
>She knows what's coming
>Fear in her eyes
>(not really she's just staring kinda blankly at me)
>And i place my hand on her hair
>Start to apply force, downwards
>Bring her to her knees
>I watch with satisfaction as she starts to sink, lower on her legs, it's woorrrkkinnngggg
>*Evil Laughter*
>Then she stops
>Stands up straight
>"Let me go on the other side, i want to stay in the shower since i'm cold"
>I... uhhh
>Wait, that was a request and not a demand
>I turn around, lead her over so she's standing between me and the stream of yummy steamy water
>Then hand on her head again
>I don't need to, she was kneeling already, but i kinda enjoy the force as i settle her down to her knees, head at perfect blowjob level.
>Then i tell her to remove my swim trunks
>Her hands flutter up to my waist
>YES
>Total control

>Waistband down
>I just kick off the trunks and let her go to town
>Already hard and everything
>Suction, Go
>Friction, Check, Tongue, Activated, Perfect blowjob is ready for takeoff.
>I actually have to lean backwards and grab the shampoo rail for support again it's so good
>Breathtakingly good
>Can't open my eyes good
>Perfect everything good as she bobs up and down on my dick
>Exactly what i needed after a long day of swimming and being teased by everyone
>I realize that i'm not actually even looking at any kind of impressive time, i'm just going to get off in the next twenty seconds
>Every bob brings me closer
>10 seconds

>I warn her, and she quickens the pace
>Internal orgasm boiling, balls squeezing, ready... to...
>I see her lean back slightly, arch her shoulder....
>And then all of a sudden she stops
>Pulls off, and i hear "Squeak Squeak"
>suddenly the shower is ICE COLD
>I yelp and try to get out of the stream, but there's no escape in this shower stall
>Cold! Cold!
>I yelp a bunch of times and force the door open to escape, shivering.

>My turn to curse to high hell
>"Fuck fuck, FUCK YOU"
>Squeak Squeak goes the shower again
>Then the water's off, and she comes out giggling
>To meet fire in my fucking eyes
>"BITCH" I growl as i grab her arm and force her to her knees again
>"Finish your FUCKING JOB"
>No time for games
>I can feel it
>It's still there, i'm so close
>She laughs, when i try to push her down
>"That's not the deal silly!"
>What THE FUCK are you talking about
>She points
>"You're not hard anymore, i did my job"
>And i stare down
>She's right
>I'm flaccid from the cold
>But... but i'm like
>If you just sucked it i would...
>Before i can even argue in my head about how bullshit this is and come up with some kind of action to grab her and force her down and do something
>She's past me, grabbed a towel and opening the door
>I turn around furious as it's fully open, grab a towel myself and start to chase her as she's wrapping it, i wrap it around my waist
>"ILL FUCKING RAPE YOU IN YOUR SLEEP GLASSES" i shout after her as i barge into the main room
>She's already halfway up the stairs
>Holding her clothes bag
>"She sticks out her tongue
>"That's my plan, you can't steal it!"
>I can only see red
>Well, until i see everyone else.

>Blondie, Gadget, Freckles, Aubrey sitting on the couch
>All staring at me
>Raven standing in front of the bathroom door
>Hands on hips

>I stare around
>Towel loosely wrapped around my hips
>Obvious wet chest and hair
>I've just yelled something absurd and every girl in the house heard it and knew i was in the shower with her
>Excuse
>Need an excuse
>Any way to talk my... way... out...
>Naw fuck it
>I point at the staircase where glasses had been moments before
>Every girl in the room still staring at me
>"THAT BITCH, KEEPS GIVING ME BLOWJOBS"
>Nobody changes expressions at all
>Raven's silent, Blondie gasps, gadget goes "oooh!" , freckles stays quiet and aubrey says something that sounds oddly like "please"
>I realize that actually sounds like a good thing from my point
>I correct it with a "And she always gets me close and just LEAVES, this time she turned the shower to FULL cold"
>This gets more sympathy from the crowd
>Even freckles gives me an "Ohh you poor thing" sarcastic look.
>Raven's just glaring at me
>She doesn't need to say it
>But she does anyway
>"I asked you... one request..."
>A quiet, serious tone
>"I don't trust her, and you shouldn't either."
>She's loud enough that everyone in the room can hear her
>Hear that little tidbit of distrust
>Ohh politics, my favorite.
>I tell her to rightfully fuck off
>"The only time she even gets close to me is when you're in a bitchfit mood anyway Raven" i snap at her.
>Instantly regretting it.

>I watch her face and i'm desperately trying to think up things to say to make it all better.
>Then i realize there's really nothing i WANT to say
>I mean it
>Literally 9/10 times i end up doing anything with glasses it's because raven tells me to fuck off

and glasses takes...
>Advantage...
>FUCK
>ITS ANOTHER ONE OF HER STUPID PLANS
>Raven starts to speak again, probably some speech about how we're breaking up and she can't stand me anymore
>I knew all that already
>I just hold up a finger, and look upstairs to make sure glasses isn't peeking down
>Step closer
>To what probably is seconds away from punching me in the face with the color of those eyes
>I'll take it, as long as i can get my message across
>"She's doing it to make us fight"
>just a whisper
>Nobody else can hear it
>I see a hint of recognition, eyes lighten, frown sharpen at the edges
>And she shoves me away
>"STORYBRO"
>She yells my full name throughout the house
>"THAT'S IT, WE'RE FINISHED, WE'RE OFFICIALLY FIGHTING AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN"
>and with a flip of her hair, a turn and what i could swear was a wink, she stomped away
>Leaving me standing there
>Speechless
>But not sure that was a bad thing.

>I stand there for a moment
>Freckles starts laughing "JOIN THE CLUB"
>Blondie and gadget gasp
>Aubrey says she knows some cute girls she could hook me up with, ones with breasts
>Blunt as always aubrey
>Thanks though
>I decide to follow raven who stomped off into the kitchen/back of the house area.
>I know she winked
>And the words she used
>"Fighting"
>She wouldn't have said that unless
>Yup
>I find the door to the laundry room ajar
>I peek in, see nothing, it's just dark. So i open it and slide inside, trying to close the door behind me silen-
>THUMP
>Without even a second to react, someone's punched me and i'm on the floor clasping my

stomach

>Then the door's closed, the laundry room is pitch black
>And someone light, and soft is sitting on my stomach as i moan an "oowwwww"
>"You deserved it" she mutters back.
>But she's not angry, just... annoyed at most
>Thank you based emotional gods
>She continues
>"I figured she would try something like this, did she do something at the beach too when i told you i wanted to swim alone?"
>I nod
>She can't see it
>I realize this and affirm it verbally
>Raven Sighs
>"Alright, well, let her think we've broken up"
>While she was saying this, i realize she's removed my towel
>And her pants

>In one smooth movement she's on my lap again, i'm inside of her, and she's still giving me a pep talk
>"I didn't really want to fuck you today you-know" she adds
>"I'm still annoyed at you for earlier, but..."
>I know that sound
>she's biting her lip.
>"I'm sorry" she mumbles
>I'm about to ask for what
>But i know better, she'll tell me in 3
>2
>1
>"I've been angry at you for...
>A long pause
>She's still grinding away, heaving her hips up and down, two hands pressed onto my chest for leverage.
>"I don't want to talk about it... just get me off...we only have a couple minutes"
>A quiet request
>She never asks me for things with a soft meaningful voice, so i know it's important to her somehow.
>So i put my back into it, stomach too, grab her hips and force her down every thrust, wrap an arm around her waist and pull her closer. Punctuate a couple humps with a kiss each time.
>I wasn't far from what happened in the bathroom, so maybe two or three minutes into the entire surreal experience i heard her heave and give a sigh
>Signifying she just got off, something small.
>But probably all we had time for.

>So i grip her hips and plunged in five more times, hard, forcefully and with the entire intent of extending that orgasm for her and getting one myself
>When i start to ejaculate she does the oddest thing
>Leans her head downward, places her lips on my neck, and bites me
>softly
>Right where all the other bite marks are
>But this one is hers.

>Pulling back, she whispers instructions
>"Pretend we're no longer together, that you don't love me anymore"
>I nod
>she can't see it, but she continues
>"Go fuck someone, maybe someone desperate like freckles, make it seem like you're really trying to get over me"
>No time for afterglow, she shifts her weight and gets off me, stands up and starts to put on her clothes again
>I ask what she's going to do
>And i could swear i hear her grin
>"Well, she's trying to get me to break up with you and come crying back to her isn't she?"
>I nod
>Once again she can't see it
>"Well, that's what ill do then."
>I...
>WHAT
>Too late for thoughts
>She starts bellowing
>"WHAT PART OF FINISHED DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND, I'M DONE WITH YOU ASSHOLE"
>Wait
>Really
>I stand up and wrap my towel around myself
>Put on my best depressed face, and step over to the door.
>Raven opens it first, and stomps away
>I follow
>Head hung
>I'm not sure how she's going to beat glasses at her own plan. But good fucking luck.

Thats uhh, ending for tonight i think.

More tomorrow(monday) at 6:00 PST (if i have time to do an earlier update yall have been asking so nicely for) Otherwise 8:00 it is.

Update #53: September 29th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13806267

>Raven does a glorious job of stomping out into the living room, making a huge scene, yelling something about how she never wants to talk to me again and rushing off upstairs.
>I rate her performance maybe a 6 or a 7.
>Didn't really matter, i had to hold up the performance if we wanted this to work
>Whatever it is we were trying to get to work
>[spoiler]Good luck Raven...[/spoiler]
>So i trudge out
>Feet shuffling, towel around my waist, wet hair plastered to my forehead, staring at the floor
>They ate it up
>I trudged, carpet rustling against my toes until i was formally standing in front of my crowd
>Freckles, Gadget, Blondie and Aubrey on the couch.
>Then i crook my neck
>Stare upwards, slowly
>Make eye contact with all of them. My best impression of fake tears
>A crack in my voice, a somber tone as i say
>"This time... i think it's for good."
>as i ended my sentence with a sob.
>They ATE IT UP

>I wasn't even doing that great a job of acting, but the fake tears and the sob did it.
>My hair a disheveled mess, they didn't have to know it was because i was just on my back on the floor.
>The towel loosely wrapped around my waist, my right arm holding it lightly, the other limply at my side.
>My appearance i think made the best impression, i was exposed
>Weak, a mess
>[spoiler]Little did they know[/spoiler]
>Blondie gasped first
>Not just an "Oh my god!" kind of thing
>She gave a breath out, and a sob too.
>Aubrey, who was reclining lazily sat up straighter and leaned forward
>Freckles stayed reclining, and gadget sat silently staring.
>So i continued
>"I... i don't kno..."
>I just paused
>Went back to staring at the floor

>"I'm going to... go be alone for a while" i muttered
>Intentionally strangling my voice at the end to make it sound like it had cracked
>FLAWLESS PERFORMANCE
>It does exactly what i assumed it would do
>Made ALL the girls on the couch suddenly start exclaiming otherwise.

>Aubrey spoke up first
>"NO. That's the LAST thing you need right now."
>Then freckles, forever on my side chimed in
>"Well, he was fucking around with glasses, i would probably dump him"
>This got her an incredulous stare from Blondie
>Just a blind "WTF" stare, followed by a
>"You're a BITCH freckles" out of our Blonde haired blue-eyed usually-much nicer girl's mouth.
>Freckles changes from a relaxed demeanor to an angry one in a bolt of movement.
>"I'm the bitch?"
>There's no loudness in her voice, no rage, no anger.
>Just calm, questioning complexity. Boring into blondie's stare.
>Her eyes aren't even burning, which means...
>Blondie was losing
>Trying to glance away, break eye contact, unwilling to start a conflict and back up her previous statement.
>And i admit freckles was a little scary,
>But having tensions flare and fights break out was NOT what i needed right now.
>So correct her
>"FRECKLES"
>I yell
>Completely a different tone than i'd had before, intended to snap her out of her secretly building urge to probably punch blondie in the throat.
>It works
>Freckles, startled, jumps half an inch and turns to face me
>This time actually angry
>"WHAT"
>She yells back
>I return to meek, depressed and downward staring for my next statement
>Try to inject as much emotion as if it was a request to make me feel better.
>"I... just don't want you guys fighting, it's not..."
>Then i drone off
>Hopefully they fill in the right blanks

>Freckles once again first to speak
>"'Whatever..."
>She drones off herself, lost in thought almost, before reminding me she was just coming up with a dickish way to insult me

>"At Least put on some fucking pants, i don't need to be reminded how pathetic you are three times in the same day"
>...Ouch
>Was that a small penis joke
>I think it was
>She's probably right though, i hang my head again and leave to the piles of bags in the front hall.
>Find boxers and a shirt and duck into a nearby room to change.
>Aubrey demands i come back after i've dressed though, saying i "shouldn't be alone"
>everythingaccordingtoplan.jewhands
>I don't put on pants
>Mostly i just don't want to, but secondly because i feel like it makes me look pathetic to still be partially depressed.
>Like it's a weakness, that entire image i'm trying to portray.
>I return to the living room trudging, shuffling feet, never lifting my heels from the floor as i return to the couch.
>Hair still a mess, i don't bother neatening it.
>Girl seating order is Gadget, Aubrey, Blondie, Freckles, all sitting on the side facing the TV head on.
>I avoid them, sit on the part of the L as far away from everyone else as i can (it was a big couch)
> and i grab the divuet/blanket that's draped over the back
>Wrap it around myself, and nuzzle my forehead into some of the pillows.
>Mostly in an attempt to look like i don't want to deal with anyone
>The pillows smell like perfume, roses and a hint of lavender.
>Aubrey slept on these.

>They're all watching something on TV. Discovery channel or similar. Mythbusters i think.
>Or they were until i curled up and tried to look pathetic
>Then i could feel they were all staring
>Even freckles
>Like a trainwreck i was lying there staring off into the distance, trying to peer through the giant glass doors to the backyard, watch the boats go by in the harbor.
>Admire the rocking of the boat moored off to the left.
>Blondie surprisingly made the first move
>She stood up, her long skirt falling from her lap and rustling as she stretched her legs.
>Took three steps to where my legs were, picked up the Divuet and scooted under it
>Draping her legs, dangling them over mine, and placing her back against the normal couch pillows.
>As if it was a normal everyday thing to do, and the entire underside of her thighs weren't contacting my skin in some fashion.
>Then with a sigh she lowered her shoulder behind my back and wrapped one of her arms around me, in a kind of odd hug.

>She sighed into my shoulder and wrapped the blanket over both of us, quietly whispering "She'll come back to you". Loud enough so i knew she meant it, but too quiet for anyone else to hear.
>She would be spooning me if her legs weren't dangled over mine, but instead like this it was completely non-sexual, just
>Warm, comforting physical contact
>+1 points to blondie
>-1 points for causing a chain reaction on the couch.

>See the problem was that when she stood up, she left Aubrey and Freckles sitting next to one another.
>I was watching, even if out of the corner of my eye, as Aubrey realized
>And then freckles realized
>and scooted closer
>Idiot
>Even as i was internally-smiling with blondie curling up behind me, i was watching Aubrey drop her straight face into a pout.
>Even while freckles was trying to hide her secret satisfaction.
>Gadget was staring straightforward, ignoring everyone. Watching the TV intently.
>(She loved mythbusters, the older seasons mostly)
>She did seem oddly unaffected by the entire ordeal however, not something i could analyze, because Aubrey abruptly stood up blocking my view
>"I'm getting a drink" she noted, staring specifically at me.
>... what do you want me to say?
>Then a forced smile turning around, "Anyone want anything?" she questioned back to the two girls behind her.
>They shook heads
>Then turned to me again, and she asked my name specifically a calm collected french accent
>"Monsieur, care to sample a glass with me?" she continues.
>[spoiler]Hint: She wasn't thirsty [/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You're welcome not-so-good-at-context-clues-anons[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Nor was she "THAT" kind of thirsty either[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You're welcome perverted anons[/spoiler]
>I play my silence, stare straight ahead at her legs
>Legs in shorts, nice legs, grade A legs.
>Aubrey realizes she's not going to get a response and vanishes into the kitchen
>I kinda hope she isn't going to start drinking already, it's not that late yet. Maybe 7:30ish.
>Sunset is kinda still out there on the horizon letting me watch the boats, so it's not that dark.
>We all kinda sit there in silence
>Freckles lost her grin because her crush left
>She probably doesn't realize her crush left because she scooted over, but she'll soon learn

>Blondie's all cuddly and warm behind me for a little bit
>And then she starts struggling
>Probably suffocating or something back there, so i scoot forward and give her room to sit up
>"arm... numb" she mumbles as she sits up and starts rubbing it.
>I turn my head to watch her.
>She was scared of wrapping her other arm around me, so she just had it awkwardly lying underneath her
>silly girl, she tries it again
>Double silly girl
>I stop her
>"Blondie" i whisper as i prop myself up
>"Put your arm underneath and around me"
>Before i even finish offering her the chance to *gasp* DUAL ARM HUG ME, she's bright orange a...
>Orange!
>wait a minute as i stare around trying to figure out why blondie is suddenly an oompa loompa.
>Oh it's the light in the room, she's just blushing and didn't sample anything labeled "Do not touch" in willy wonka's factory.
>But she obliges, wraps the arm underneath my shoulder and ends up more-spooning me than she was before
>Mostly still not because her legs are propped up awkwardly.
>That position lasts about a minute more, before she starts struggling again
>Nothing's worse than trying to cuddle and not being able to get comfortable.

>I think i put up with two more minutes of her repositioning and positioning herself before i snap at her right as aubrey comes back
>Not really a snap as much as an annoyed
>"If it's not comfortable, you don't have to hug me blondie"
>She sits up straight again, feet dangling over the edge again
>"Sorry!" she mumbles, along with "I just can't get my arm comfortable, i just wanted to-
>Aubrey interrupts with an "ahem"
>She's standing in front of us with two wine glasses of you've guessed it
>Orange juice
>Then two words
>"Blondie, Scoot"
>The princess trying to cuddle me sits even more upright with a shock
>Starts to timidly mumble a response, something like "n.. no i was here fi-
>Aubrey interrupts with a sultry "I'm just going to show you how it's done dearie"
>and blondie shuts up and scoots over, sitting on my toes instead of my legs
>She's pouting though
>poor thing just got cuddleblocked

>First thing aubrey does is demands i sit up too

>I mumble something like "I don't wanna"
>so she nudges me with her knee and politely informs me that one of the glasses is mine and she doesn't want to spill it
>Oh, damnit
>I didn't want orange juice
>"Too Bad" she informs me, a deeper voice than her usual
>Yuck, fine, i sit up and take a glass from her.
>The resulting motion makes me have to pull my toes out from underneath blondie's butt (she gives off a quiet "yeep" when i wiggle them on the way out
>and scoot closer to blonde in the process, so she's not entirely left out.
>Aubrey takes up the side with the pillows i was just leaning on (my right). Pulls back the blanket entirely, sits down beside me and instead of just leaving her legs out infront of herself, she places one and only one over my lap, and dangles it down between both of my legs
>This leg she wraps her ankle around my left, and then uses her right leg to wrap around my right.
>So she ends up kind of sitting diagonally, legs intertwined around mine, holding two glasses (one of which she hands to me) and somehow a miraculously huge amount of bare skin contact for simply sitting next to one another.
>Remember she had shorts, i had boxers
>I was enjoying what must have been the smoothest legs in the room wrapped around my own, the softness, the warm sensation as we each moved slightly and her skin slid against mine.
>Well, i was enjoying it
>She was probably enjoying the least smooth legs in the room she had her own wrapped around

>But she didn't shift or anything, she just took a sip of her orange juice, scrunched up her nose and leaned forward
>Talking to blondie in an almost schoolteacher tone, as if i wasn't there and she was giving a lecture about me.
>"See blondie, the most important part is both of you being comfortable, where you have enough physical contact to feel 'Special' but in such a way that leaving, or doing anything else would ruin it"
>She turns to smile at me instead of looking over towards blondie and takes another sip of her orange juice
>"You see" She starts again, looking straight into my eyes
>Her lovely dark brown piercing
>"I could relax like this all night, and if he so much as makes a move he'll completely ruin it for both of us... making HIM at fault"
>I...
>Wait a second, IT WAS A TRAP?
>An exotic, slightly teasing, smooth skin on smooth skin and enticing leg-cuddles trap, but a trap nothenless.

>Blondie's staring at us with wide eyes
>Taking in everything, nodding fervently when aubrey gives her hints or tips to cuddling with men and making yourself comfortable first, and using that to get what you want.
>I try to ignore them, also ignore the semi i'm sporting for like the fourth time.
>Instead Freckles catches my eye
>Sending me covert death glares
>Each of them saying something different
>"I'll grind your bones into flour for my bread"
>"Make a suit from your freshly peeled skin"
>"Squeeze the jelly from your eyes..."
>Yeaah shes jealous
>I ignore her, she does this kinda thing all the time
>Instead my attention goes back to gadget, who's still just ignoring us all
>She's got her hood up, earbuds in, ipod in her lap with a finger idly rubbing the smooth silver case.
>Staring straightforward at the TV
>Which would make sense if it wasn't on commercial break.
>Halfway through one speech or another, aubrey nudges my attention away from gadget again
>with an elbow
>"Drink your juice, the sugar will make you stop thinking about her" she notes
>Probably thought i was thinking about raven
>I nod, playing along, pretending i was actually staring off into the distance with a depressed look instead of trying to figure out why gadget was being so quiet.
>I pull the juice up to my lips and take a sip right as the smell hits me
>Barely keeping a straight face.
>There's vodka in here
>"Sugar" Distracting me for sure.
>Aubrey smiles when i take a gulp, just for her.

>A third of my orange juice later and i realize i really hate the taste of this drink
>Seriously this is not my kinda thing
>Aubrey on the other hand just polishes hers off
>Alcoholic already, she nudges me again and tells me to "Drink Up" while she tosses the heavy blanket back over our laps, everything from our stomachs down just completely covered.
>Then she sets her glass down on the arm of the couch, and holds out her hand
>"Blondie, watch, see these fingers? Here's another trick"
>She picks up the wine glass, with the same hand, brings it to my empty hand and forces my fingers around it
>Then she tells me to "Pour" half of mine into it
>Uhh, sure, i hate this drink anyway i'm thinking as i do it
>But she doesn't take the second glass back

>Just leaves me holding both of them with nowhere to move and nowhere to put them down.
>Then aubrey sits up straight again
>Wiggles her fingers so blondie can see
>"Now watch this" she purrs as she slides her hand under the blanket, to my lap
>Two seconds and she's got her hand ruffling the blanket
>Obvious movement that blondie's watching with bright blue wide eyes now
>Then i start squirming
>And Blondie snaps
>Starts shaking her head quietly
>"Nonononono" she mumbles, and then leaps forward and grabs the point of movement in the blanket, like a cat chasing a mouse toy.
>Blondie obviously wasn't watching my face, because she would have seen my near-giggles at aubrey tickling me under the blanket and being unable to stop her, replaced with sheer terror as blondie puts all of her weight on two hands into my crotch.

>I'm told my reaction was priceless
>"Absolutely amazing" at the time, from the point of view of freckles, who claims it was the "Funniest" Part of the trip.
>She explains my look of utmost concentration, no expression on my face as i inform blondie calmly word for word that she's "Crushing my Balls"
>Blondie jumps upwards
>Surprise and Apologies the entire way
>I just keep a straight face
>Freckles says she was outright trying her hardest not to giggle as i simply handed one glass of orange juice to aubrey, and the other to blondie.
>Calmly, Quietly, no expression
>Before untangling myself
>Not a word or sound otherwise, and then throwing both of my hands into my lap and falling forward off the couch in pain.
>A silent scream of agony
>Vocal cords long since stopped functioning
>Freckles then took six minutes to explain to me exactly how hard she laughed, and how it was the funniest god damn thing she's ever seen since, and exactly how funny it was, doing a replay of everything down to the exact expression on my face herself, mocking me in a silent scream on the ground.
>Thank god she remembers
>I just remember the part where i was on the ground about to vomit up vodka and orange juice all over a rather nice carpet.

>Aubrey kneeling at my side with her hand on my stomach is the next part i remember.
>She gives me a rather quick tummy rub and some quiet "cooing" and "Relax, it's not that bad
>Doesn't help at all
>It's definitely that bad

>Can't relax, can't feel my legs
>Pretty sure blondie popped one this time
>I don't even want to know
>Don't want to count
>I just curl up into a ball
>Aubrey stands up, probably glaring at freckles who was laughing her ass off the couch
>About to be on the floor beside me rolling around
>Or blondie, because she says
>"And one of the big rules, is NEVER do THAT."
>Then she leaves to the kitchen to presumably get another drink for herself
>Shouting over the counter "Blondie! Drink the rest of the orange juice he gave you. NOW, and bring both Glasses"
>I come to my senses and sit up right in time to see blondie polish off the last of the glass she had, and the "Wow that was twice as disgusting as i thought it was going to be" face she had on afterwards
>I missed the surprise at the alcohol in it):, that woulda been cute
>But still wouldn't have made up for WHAT I ASSUMED WAS NOW A MISSING TESTICLE
>Seriously on a scale of pain it was as if my gut had a slowly twisting butcher's knife
>As blondie kneels down to make sure i'm alright, i stand up
>Rush off to the bathroom i shared with glasses earlier, and vomit up all of the orange juice and vodka into the toilet
>I'm sure they all heard
>But honestly i think the drink did that, not the balls.

>I finally empty my stomach
>Stand up and spend the next three minutes sloshing water into my mouth and spitting
>Feeling disgustingly awful
>My crotch hurting like hell, i walk out of the bathroom with one hand in my boxers and six eyes watching me trying to fondle my junk and count
>"One..."
>"ONE...."
>fuck
>I give up, it's too tender to squeeze anything and Aubrey/Blondie/Freckles are staring at me
>The first two holding two glasses of white wine each
>One to freckles, one for gadget (who doesn't even accept it so they just set it down in front of her).
>One for blondie, and one for aubrey.
>I shout at blondie
>"BLONDIE!"
>She jumps and nearly spills her own wine at my voice
>I point
>"COME HERE, NOW"
>She just stares, and starts to walk, before i demand she puts her drink down first

>She does
>Shuffles over to me, downcast expression, slightest fear in her eyes
>She knows she's fucked up, but she has absolutely no clue how badly this time.
>Me personally
>I'm done
>That was the last straw
>I point out our previous terms
>"Blondie, what did we agree would happen if you hurt me THIS BADLY again?"
>She went wide eyed, startled
>Looked up to me with pleading and shook her head and told me "Y... you wouldn't, you said you would..."
>She breaks down into stuttering and doesn't finish
>I just shrug, well, deals a deal.
>"Lift your shirt" I demand
>My tone is only serious, nothing else.
>She stands in front of me for a moment, doesn't move
>And then complies
>Lifts the hem to her bellybutton
>I step forward
>She flinches
>I pause
>I place my hands on hers and raise the hem further, little higher than her bellybutton
>And i draw a circle with my finger
>"Right here" I note, she looks at me and nods
>Fear in her eyes
>Alright well... i shrug
>And punch her right in the gut, top of the uterus

>At first nothing happens
>I'm staring at her stomach after all
>Little ripples from the force of the blow, and then as if it reached her lungs, she gasps
>A loud, outward breath, i look upwards to her face
>Lips parted, Eyes wide in surprise
>Definitely my favorite blue eyes
>Then her lips move, as if to say something, her hands shoot down and clasp her stomach, and her legs give out
>A thump as she hits the carpet, i don't catch her.\
>Gasping silently, eyes still wide open like a fish out of water.
>I feel awful, hitting a girl and all that.
>But honestly agreements are agreements.
>[spoiler]I hear quite a bit of discussions on which hurts more, a punch to the ovaries or a knee to the balls.[/spoiler]

>[spoiler]Some say its ten times worse, some say its not nearly as painful for women as it is for men[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I don't think there's really anyone qualified to compare, so i bet they feel probably about the same[/spoiler]
>Her reaction seemed to match mine anyway
>Freckles yells for her
>"WHAT THE FUCK"
>She's halfway over the couch
>"YOU DON'T PUNCH A FUCKING GI-"
>She's stopped by aubrey, who's wrapped both arms up and over freckles' shoulders, holding her solid.

>Aubrey interrupts her screaming furious rage with a simple note
>"Shhhhhh"
>More of a hum than a tune real shush
>"You might now have known them for very long..." She continues, softly
>Freckles instantly silent the moment she realized it was aubrey holding her, and not gadget
>"But blondie definitely deserved that one" she adds
>I can hear them because until she finishes that sentence, Blondie was still gasping silently on the floor
>Only replaced by quiet sobs and heaves after a couple moments
>Aubrey is whispering more things to freckles, none of which i can hear
>Also i've kind of broken my heart and now feeling absolutely terrible, complete sympathy
>I mean not too much
>But i kneel down and place my hand on Blondie's stomach, sliding it right underneath hers and applying a light pressure where i'd punched
>She gasps when i do, and curls her upper body around my arm, wrapping her arms around mine too.
>Then coughs, once
>Twice
>And manages a "I... i've been doing... THAT... to you?"
>I nod
>And she sobs again, and curls back into a ball.
>s...sorry blondie
>It had to be done
>I had to extinguish your killing spree, your assassin powers once and for all.
>I'll tell your family you loved them, when i get to the part of the future you were born in.

>She stays that way
>Curled up around my arm for a good while
>I pat her head, softly. Im so sorry.
>Until the life floods out of her eyes, and she lies there cold
>The announcer states "Storybro has ENDED Blondie's 403 player GODLIKE killing spree"

>Her corpse despawns and i stand up
>Freckles screams NOOOOOOOO
>And i slowly walk away
>Hunched over and holding onto my balls
>Seriously
>Still hurt
>Blondie respawns and cluches one of her hands onto my shoulder, and hobbles after me holding her stomach with the other
>A futile effort
>But we make like an old couple and inch, step by step to the couch, before collapsing onto it
>Groans from both of us
>"OWWWWWWWW" from me, and a "OUGGHHHH" from her
>Justice. Served.

>We're back where we started, but this time blondie's curled up far more naturally, head on my shoulder
>Wincing every time she or i moved.
>I feel like this worked
>Just a little bit of male bonding brought to the table
>You hit me, i hit you.
>Aubrey lets go of freckles, who just stands there loosely
>Bends over, picks up our glasses of wine and comes to hand them to us
>Unanimously, Blondie and i chug half, right off the bat.
>IT was really sweet, and rather yummy.
>Without a word between us, we down an entire glass of wine each, and then hold out the glasses
>Like a scene from a movie
>Aubrey laughs, a rich long belly laugh before grabbing them and vanishing off to the kitchen to get more
>My balls still hurt like hell
>I'm sure Blondie's stomach hurts too
>I still never made a full inventory to make sure everything's alright
>too scared to check
>Maybe i'll have someone else do it.

>Blondie staring off into the distance
>She's hugging me, which is nice, soft, and i complete it by shifting (OW) and grabbing the blanket
>She winces as i set it down on top of her and press it into our lap
>I nudge her though
>Whisper "Did something happen to gadget" and she startles herself looking up at our silent hooded friend
>Gadget was still sitting there quietly

>Staring at the TV
>I decide to try to get a response
>"Gadget"
>I say her name calmly
>No reaction
>I say it louder
>"Gadget!"
>Nothing
>I yell it
>"GADGET!"
>She jumps
>Turns to face me, her face white as a sheet as if she'd just seen a ghost
>I'm about to ask her what's wrong when she answers before i get a chance
>Wide eyed, fear, and sadness on her face
>"IT'S MY FAULT!"
>Then before i can react, she's standing and leaving the room
>"WAIT" I yell after her
>"i broke you two up, i did it! I'm horrible!" She shouts
>Tears streaming down her face as she rushes out of the room, right past aubrey as she comes back with more wine.

>Lovely
>Gadget was blaming herself for Raven breaking up with me
>Probably some mixture of guilt for having sex with me when we were technically in a relationship, feeling like she somehow broke up us two getting along by doing it, and being all attention grabby.
>She didn't do any such thing
>But she didn't know that.
>Now i get to choose to either sit here and cuddle with blondie, or stand up and rush after gadget to inform her she had no part in fake breaking up raven and myself
>Yuck
>Well that's not even a choice, i just start to get up
>to the winces and pleas from blondie
>Aubrey stops me, holding up her hand infront of my face, with a glass of wine in it of course
>"Stop, take this and sit, i'll go talk to her"
>...
>There's like no way you can explain to gadget she didn't just ruin my relationship of two years+friendship of like 8
>But of course i can't tell her this, or why she can't
>So she waves me off and says she'll do it. A free hand on my shoulder forcing me down after she hands blondie more wine.
>I glare at my glass
>Gulp down two sips right away

>"Good luck" I mumble
>My balls hurt way too much to get up anyway

>Aubrey handed us more wine and vanished
>Freckles was halfway done with her glass, and decided the current channel was boring, and started swapping it randomly
>Ended up on a romantic movie on one of the movie channels
>This one did not have jack black in it, and thus i was severely uninterested, instead staring off into the distance and contemplating life
>IT was well past dark outside, so i couldn't really watch the boats in the harbor unless they had lights on.
>Blondie had squirmed up and was slowly rubbing my chest with her hand
>She was happily wined/alcohol lubricated, and in general that always made her exceptionally handsy
>Freckles returned from refilling everyone's glasses and sat down again with a pout and a sigh
>I slap the couch next to blondie and myself
>"Freckles!"
>She turns to stare at us
>Obviously saddened at having to sit on her half of the couch without any cute girls to cuddle with
>Blondie gets the idea and finishes my request
>"Come sit with us!"
>Freckles glares at me, and then blondie
>I offer to let her feel up blondie if she wants
>Miss redhead's eyes glint with something
>Blondie squeals something that sure sounds like a "Noo!" and squirms around in my arms
>I just cuddle her harder and hold her still
>Freckles shrugs, and stands up
>Comes to sit next to blondie and then changes her mind
>Sits next to me and leans in
>A quiet, seductive and teasing voice she never seems to use around me,
>A whisper
>"I want to see you play with her"
>I nod
>Sounds like a good idea with the level of alcohol i have in my body
>Great idea even

>I take a couple more sips of wine and then hold blondie down
>Kiss her
>She squirms, squealing and letting out little squeaks and gasps before she closes her lips around mine and accepts it.
>Only for a moment before i stop and pull back again
>I poke her on the nose lightly

>Giggling as i do because my hand almost doesn't go where i want it to go
>I realize rather quickly
>Too quickly actually that i'm way way past where i thought i was drinkwise
>Seriously, Two glasses and i'm actually having problems with motor skills, what the fuck
>I push blondie lightly off, and she whines something about more kissing
>Then i force myself to stand up and wobble my way to the kitchen.
>Inspect the bottle
>It looks like wine
>IT smells like wine
>It says it's a "Port" which if i remember correctly means it's fortified wine
>So double, or triple the alcohol content of normal wine
>Right, and this second glass is just hitting me now
>I return to the living room and end up on the couch again
>Still between the two girls, who giggle when i land with an "ommph" and an oww
>I think blondie doesn't giggle and owws along with me
>but freckles giggles
>I then explain that we're more drunk than we think we are
>Freckles disagrees and tells me she wouldn't do this if she was drunk
>Hugs me
>Then pulls back and smiles
>And then frowns
>Claps her hand over her mouth and realizes "Ohmygod"
>I raise my eyebrows at her
>Probably
>Blondie mumbles something about "Meaning what i kissed her about earlier"
>Come on, we can't be THAT drunk.
>Damnit aubrey

>I still return to what i was poking blondie about
>"You!"
>I exclaim
>"You're going to HURT me if i even kiss you funny"
>See
>Even when i'm drunk i know better than to fool around with blondie
>Freckles doesn't
>Blondie squeals "Nooo! I won't, just one more kiss!"
>Obviously pleading for me to give her more attention
>I shake my head
>Nope
>I know better
>Thank you brain
>Freckles offers to hold her legs down
>Huh

>Actually that could work
>Freckles is all for it, Specially after i take three minutes instructing her on how to sit on blondie's legs so she can't kick either of us in the balls.
>She gets it down, Everything below the knees immobile, and then Freckles wraps her arms around the knees themselves and holds on, looking forward
>Watching me as i straddle blondie's waist, using my knees to hold her arms down
>Immobilizing the poor blue-eyed death machine so she could harm us no longer.
>I arch my back downwards
>She arches hers up, and we kiss once more.

>This time far more intense, she squirms, squeals, giggles and laughs into my mouth, as i tickle her ribs and chase her tongue around in circles
>Bite her softly on the bottom lip, rolling it through my own
>She mumbles an "Oww" when i do, and a gasp of a "Stop!"
>Which i do, until she jumps her own mouth upwards to chase mine again, and we continue.
>This continues, an absurd game of red light greenlight as she tells me to stop at the oddest momements, before continuing on her own once again
>Then finally when she bites my tongue, i retaliate
>Lightly bite hers, and she squeals
>Starts squirming violently
>Struggling to get loose
>"OWW!"
>"STOP!"
>w... what!?
>I back off, stop kissing her, but she keeps repeating it
>Trying to throw me off
>"Stop!" "Stop!" "Too many!"
>Wh...
>I try to explain that i'm not doing anything, and she squeals again
>Obviously in pain, saying something about "Fingers"
>Freckles....
>I snap my head around

>She's got poor blondie's skirt flipped upwards
>Underwear pulled to the side
>And she's trying to finger the squirming girl
>But because she's sitting on her legs, and i've got her upper body, freckles has no clue she's doing it completely wrong, because blondie can't squirm down here.
>And for a lesbian, and even seriously a girl
>I'm pretty sure freckles has fucking zero clue how a vagina works
>She's trying with three fingers, from an upward angle on a girl lying on her back flat
>Plus from the seconds i see, she's just trying to awkwardly jab them in there, poking and prodding more than any kind of actual progress

>Idiot, is the first thought that comes to my mind
>Slapping is the second thought, but technically the first action
>I slap the shit out of freckles
>One long clean thwack across her cheek
>I watch her rise up, off of her holding position, her neck twist around and her redhead tumble sideways off the couch
>"IDIOT" i bark at her
>"YOU WERE HURTING HER" i follow it with.
>A muffled "Sorry!"
>"I didn't know, i'm sorry!"
>Aubrey catches my eye, just returning
>Staring at the scene with curiosity.
>Freckles obviously has her face munching the carpet in shame
>Probably where she belongs
>But not right now.

That's cliffhanger for tonight anons.
Updates Planned: 8:00 PST
Tuesday: No Update
Wednesday: Update (No Prewrite, Fresh off work.)
Thursday: Update (Prewrite, means faster posts usually)
Friday: No Update
Saturday : Update (No Prewrite)

Update #54: October 1st

>FRESH OFF WORK EDITION
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13844245

>Freckles grovelling on the floor after i slapped her shit
>Aubrey staring on in awe
>Blondie squirming and crying beneath my knees
>Myself on my throne, pinning the poor girl down and glaring with the eyes of a demon at our redheaded selfish friend.
>Did i mention we were all drunk?
>That's the way a story should be told
>Aubrey rushes forward to stop me, probably from taking another hit out on freckles
>I don't really know why i struck her, just that i connected lots of little ideas in my head real quick, all at once.

>Blondie in my mind was important, friend wise and probably more.
>And seeing freckles hurt her, even if she was trying to "Help" with her fingers. Yeah that pissed me the fuck off.

>It frankly was unfuckingbelievable that freckles did not know how to finger another girl
>Like it just didn't even occur to me that she could be THAT inexperienced
>She was a self proclaimed lesbian, come on like
>Read about it
>Or something
>She obviously hadn't, because she had just seriously fucked everything up.
>Honestly, if she had been tactful, gone in for some smooth caresses and fondles, blondie would be moaning into my mouth right now along with my kisses.
>But no
>She's crying
>Fuck you Freckles

>Aubrey arrives in time to stop my drunken rage
>IF you could call it that.
>She sets her glass down, strides across the room and does probably the best thing for the situation, you know to pull my grieving "FUCK YOU FRECKLES" emotional wreck together
>She slaps me
>Not that it was much of a slap or anything, just enough to bring me not-to-my-senses
>She offered up a wise piece of advice
>An Ancient chinese pronoun if you'd believe, announced in all caps in her normal (oddly enough) voice.
>"DON'T HIT GIRLS"
>I respond with an ancient pronoun of my own, one that towers over her puny sun-tzu tier quote.
>"It doesn't count! She's not a girl!"

>Aubrey nods in agreement, then drops to her knees and wraps her arms around blondie's upper torso in a hug
>Completely avoiding me sitting there pinning her down.
>Wait... what? She agreed?
>In her hug, she starts trying to comfort blondie with a soft voice, the voice of a mother rocking a child to sleep from a nightmare
>"Shh, He didn't mean to hurt you, he meant well, just relax"
>...
>Blondie starts quieting down
>But i don't
>"I... I DI... I DIDN'T" i stammer
>i vehemently point at freckles "SHE tried three fucking fingers, don't blame ME"

>Aubrey snaps around when she hears this ; Adopts a gossiping school child's voice to chide it

home.
>"what? I thought you were a lesbian?"
>Our resident carpet muncher (That wasn't me) sobs, then sits up
>Starts to make up some bullshit about "Just wanting to help" and "Make blondie feel good"
>I interrupt with"How the hell do you not know how to finger someone"
>Catch freckles staring at me dumbstruck with her mouth open
>Gaping like a fish
>A muffled yell from underneath aubrey, but i couldn't understand a word
>Aubrey moves, and Blondie yells again.
>"Leave her alone! I forgive her!"

>My turn to snap around
>It wasn't really a shout as much as a cry, tears dripping down her cheeks and eyes shimmering with that emotion that can only be described as "oww you jerk!"
>I open my mouth to speak
>mostly to Inform her she's an idiot, too forgiving and that freckles probably deserves the death penalty for ruining lewd times
>Blondie tells me to shut the fuck up before i get a word out
>"I'M FINE OK, DROP IT"
>I close my mouth
>Blondie continues
>"Now GET off me!"
>awee....):

>I roll off, missing the couch entirely
>Land on the floor because that seems to be where i was heading, you know, gravity and all
>Someone on the floor was waiting for me
>Solemn pale green eyes, watching me like a cat
>A fist, waiting for me like an angrier cat
>Claws too, i guess also cat related
>With a swift roll, i find Freckles tackling, straddling and pinning me down. Her hips clutching my chest, nearly resting her butt on my diaphragm.
>A fist held up, a quiet threat, along with a loud one
>"TAKE IT BACK, I'M JU-
>Who cares though, i turned off the sound here.

>Blah blah blah
>I just watch freckles' and her mouth open and close, open and close
>Drunk Thoughts:
>She needs to shut the fuck up
>Seriously ill put my dick in her mouth or something and she'll stop
>Actually brain, that's not a bad idea
>I reach down for my pants

>Find freckles in the way, Oh right
>Instead i reach around, trying to get around the angry lecturing female on my chest. Grabbing the first handhold my hands can find.
>Which happens to be two globes of jean-clad lesbian ass.
>[spoiler]Probably not 40 pounds[/spoiler]

>That mouth stops moving
>A perfect little "o" of surprise
>Also a tempting dick target i think
>Two squeezes later and i'm enjoying how the size of the "o" changes from big to small when i seemingly pinch her buttcheeks
>She still hasn't said a word
>I'm not actually enjoying this but i guess it's kinda funny, and i have a terrible boner (As is tradition)
>Blondie's scooted up and off where she was lying down
>Wiping off tears as she slides to the edge of the couch
>Providing me a perfect upskirt shot of ruffled panties (Still pulled slightly to the side) and the cutest damn pair of female equipment i've had the pleasure of intimately knowing.
>I inform her of this loudly, missing entirely the reason freckles had stopped talking was she was staring too.

>Freckles awkwardly tries to start a conversation with me about this
>My hands still on her ass kneading and squeezing probably on their own accord
>Her fist still in the air ready to punch me, probably on it's own accord
>Her voice, completely serious.
>"Dude... have you seen her vagina? It's SOOO cute!"
>I can only agree
>Blondie however "Hrumphs" at us schoolboys staring blindly with erections, and fixes her underwear/crosses her legs
>And aubrey informs us all that we've had too much to drink
>No shit sherlock
>"You didn't tell us it was PORT" i manage to spit at her.", she informs us it was just "Normal" Wine
>Yeah right.

>I stop squeezing the butt of the girl sitting on me.
>Mostly because blondie demands i stop, which... is the weirdest request now that i think about it.
>"Distracting" was the word she used as she sat up, grabbed her glass and continued drinking her wine
>Or somebody's wine, i think it might have been whatever was left of mine
>I'd love to argue that she's probably had enough
>That i've had enough

>But freckles grabs the other glass and starts drinking too
>WHERE'S MINE?
>Jerks
>Somehow freckles still has her arm raised to punch me, i've stopped flinching in expectation at this point. This is just getting silly
>Specially when Aubrey demands freckles gets off me, and that she's going to take me and blondie somewhere "cool"

>Just a completely random out-of-the-blue "Lets go do this!"
>Alcohol is awesome like that sometimes.
>I stand up
>Blondie stands up
>Freckles stands up
>Then she sits down again, claiming something about "liking the TV show" and sipping her wine
>We achieve marching band formation, single file.
>HUP, TWO , THREE, FOUR
>We follow Aubrey, our band leader as she clashes the tamborines and we beat our drums.
>Myself second, Blondie third.
>March into the kitchen, where aubrey grabs another bottle of wine, who cares what flavor, and had assembled our three glasses once more.
>Then the march again, not really a march as much as a tromp this time
>Who knows where we were going, we just followed aubrey
>a lazy circle around various rooms of the house, through hallways and doorways and dark and light areas, before stopping us at a door.
>The glass door to the backyard, which she opens with a sliding grind.
>Waves her hand forward, as if saying "You first!"

>I tromp out first, blondie second
>And then we just both turn around and ask "what?"
>Aubrey points off at the dark distance
>Towards the water
>I stare
>Blondie stares
>NOPE
>i AM NOT GOING SWIMMING IN THE HARBOR
>Aubrey ignores the fact that blondie and i pretty much said this in unison, and starts strutting off into the darkness
>A little wobbly, but she seemed to know where she was going
>I follow her
>Hesitantly
>But because i'm a sadistic awful bastard, i make sure i grasp blondie's hand and tug her along too
>OR she's the one doing the following and tugging

>Or maybe both of us were, who knows, at-least one of us is sadistic though.
>Following aubrey into the darkness is terrifying though
>There's nothing out here, just grass, and then a chasm of doom
>I would rather not go into the chasm of doom though
>[spoiler]But if we are, blondie's firm grip on my hand means she's taking me with her[/spoiler]

>We cross the sea of grass barefoot and reach the chasm
>It's endless, dark and goes on for absolutely forever
>Well forever until it reaches the other side, and then the lights of the city comes back in glittering little stars of every color.
>Even though i realize it's just water, mostly from the lapping of the against the dock.
>It's still scary as fuck
>Something about deep dark pools of water you can't see the bottom of, they unsettle me to my core
>Make me imagine the most dangerous things are swimming around in them, just out of sight, invisible below the murk and darkness
>I back away from the edge, uncomfortable even looking pulling blondie along with me.
>Or blondie backs away from the edge and pulls me along with her.
>Aubrey isn't near the edge, she's literally dancing along the dock, down twenty feet to the left
>to a...
>Oh
>To the boat that's been parked out here this entire time.
>Some big sailboat thing, not like a yacht or anything, just a pretty big sized boat.
>Blondie realizes it the same time i do, and mutters "Cool!" yanking my hand alongside hers as she runs towards it

>The dock is actually quite rough underneath our feet
>That kind of splintery wood that makes you wonder if you're going to be picking them out of your toes after you're done walking on it.
>But you never have to
>Aubrey reaches the moored vessel first, invites us aboard with some kind of spanish sea captain accent
>We oblige
>It's tied up pretty close, so there's no threat of falling into cold dark abyss or anything, but i have absolutely no idea what i'm stepping onto
>Nor does blondie, she just huddles close on the super dark deck
>Aubrey leaps aboard (Seriously) and slides over to some stairs or something
>Steps down them quickly, sets down the wine and glasses and fumbles with the door, before pressing it open and vanishing below deck
>Into what could only be considered a pit DARKER than the water around us
>A chiming "Come on down!" echoing up as her hands snag out to grab the wine again

>Blondie fearlessly goes first
>Tugs me down the stairs after her, we end up in a small little room and when the door slams behind us (SPOOKY!) we're left in complete darkness pressed close to one another because we can't figure out what we're pressing up against
>aubrey fixes it, with a flip of a switch a small engine starts somewhere, and another switch a light turns on
>Oh
>It's like a cute little bedroom/kitchen with a table in the middle, literally all crammed into an area smaller than an average bathroom.
>Aubrey plops herself down on a little stool, resting both elbows, the wine glass and our glasses on the table
>Pats the bed, encouraging us to shuffle through the cramped space and sit on it.
>She giggles as we have to duck and squeeze to get onto the bed, crammed in side by side to sit at the table too
>Pops the cork on the wine bottle and pours us each another glass, sipping at hers before giggling again
>"Isn't this COZY? She exclaims, out of the blue almost"
>I nod
>Blondie nods
>It's cozy
>Almost
>too cozy.

>Blondie , Myself and Aubrey get to chattering
>Lots of interesting things
>Blondie points out gadget couldn't keep her eyes off me all day, following me around no matter where i was swimming at the beach.
>I didn't notice
>I point out freckles did the same thing to aubrey
>She noticed
>Blondie confesses her true undying love for me
>Or it might have been black forest double chocolate cake, one or the other.
>But i think she compares me to the cake a couple times
>Good list maybe?
>Who knows what we talk about for an hour.
>All i know is that i get another glass and a half of wine in me before blondie literally loses control of her hands
>I'm just sitting there trying to keep a straight face and listen aubrey bitch about past relationships, and blondie's got her hands roaming everywhere
>My chest, my face, my shoulders, my stomach, and most definitely the not-so-subtle cup of my crotch
>But it just wasn't arousing because i was giggling up a storm
>she would randomly bring hands to my cheeks, squeeze them into funny faces, stretch my lips

and curl them into smiles or frowns, all with little prying fingers
>And the look of extreme concentration on her face, her eyes as if the lives of millions depended on manipulating my cheeks into the right kind of smile.

>Aubrey tried to keep a straight face, keep the conversations going, but she failed miserably.
>She broke into chuckles when blondie tried to pull my tongue out with two fingers and had no luck at all
>I broke into giggles when she pouted like a chipmunk and puffed up her cheeks with fiery blue eyes realizing she couldn't get at my tongue
>I stopped when she tried to use her teeth
>Not even a kiss, just a gnashing attempt on the life of my tongue
>I'd seen things she couldn't let me tell anyone
>Things that the future needed to never know, and i couldn't be trusted
>I woke up to the light in the cabin of the boat dimming slowly, the quiet hum of electricity barely flowing through a lamp
>The engine that was recharging the batteries was off, someone must have flipped that switch earlier, and i try to sit up.
>One arm
>Two arms
>Pinned
>Blondie's curled up into me, head on my chest, right arm pinned rightfully below herself, blanket half-twisted across her torso.
>Both of us fully clothed
>Aubrey, who had my other arm however, was not
>She had skin to arm contact going on, was lying face down into some huddle of pillows or clothes, and i'm pretty sure my arm was acting as an impromptu bra.
>I honestly have no clue how that happened
>I was happy, content, perfectly willing to be used as pillows/makeshift clothing by these two women for the rest of the night.
>However, Rule #1 of waking up after drinking far too much
>Is you really, really have to pee

>I attempt my escape
>Aubrey was the easiest, she wasn't really even holding on to me, i just had to slide my arm under what i could feel were very lovely breasts, down to her stomach, across the waistband of her panties (Which i guess she was still wearing) and i was only half pinned down
>Blondie however was impossible
>she was latched onto me like someone crazy glued her there
>I have to do somersaults and extreme yoga to escape, finally untangling myself from the mess and sitting up
>A hand grabs me, the back of my shirt
>Aubrey
>"You promised" she muttered sleepily

>no accent
>"Blondie... said she got four"
>Then i hear aubrey shift in the bed a little bit, closer mostly because there was no room
>Almost a whisper
>"you owe me anyway, Rain check..."
>...
>I have no clue what she's talking about
>But suddenly i don't have to pee nearly as bad

>Her fingers wrap tighter around my shirt when i try to escape, and i finally turn around
>And in that dim light.
>She's just lying there, arm outstretched on her back
>Head cocked against a pillow, a sly smile, eyes half closed
>a very inviting pair of breasts nearly sliding off to either side of her ribcage like puddles of jello
>The same hand that had my back slides across my shirt to my front
>To my neck, slithering up and to my tousled hair
>A handful, her pretty trimmed nails scraping my scalp as she got a better grip
>And dragged my head downwards
>Not that i resisted, but it was definitely forced
>To where my nose is nearly touching her bellybutton
>Fuzzily i kind of realize what she was talking about
>I guess she wants me to eat her out.
>Far too high for what she wants i assume
>But i give her navel a lick anyway
>Her skin tastes like rose hip tea, a bitter sweetness that isn't sugar.
>Probably her lotion
>It's not bad

>She wasn't musky, not like i thought she would be as i traced my nose lower
>Found the hem of something and sat upwards
>Or tried
>Her hand still trying to force me downwards, slowly but surely by the tug of tufts of my very-grabbable hair.
>Fine!
>I grab the hem of her panties with both hands and tug
>Hard as hell
>The slide right down, get caught at her knees and i forget about them
>Drop my chin to where it was again, follow her incessent tugging and pressing to go lower
>Trace my nose across her skin
>Lower
>Lower

>And then somewhat rough terrain
>She had stubble, little pokey hairs everywhere as i got lower
>They poked me, prickled me and tickled my chin and nose as i went down.
>She usually shaved
>She hadn't recently
>JUST FOR ME, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
>Not like i could comment anyway, because Aubrey gripped my hair and just shoved, my mouth downwards
>And like a good puppy i licked
>She coohed, ahhed, groaned and mumbled incoherent but meaningful nothings as i went for my old trick of spelling the alphabet
>A, for the "Ahhs" she was nearly whispering

>B for the Beautiful sight i was enjoying, the flowery petals my lips were tickling
>C for the cozy curves i was running my hands along, hips, the crease in thighs, the smooth arch of a toned stomach.
>D for what i wanted to give her
>E for every breath she took, gasping, vibrating or humming along with my own movements
>For every time i completed a letter, she arched her heels slightly
>Gradually i found a leg wrapped around my neck, pulling me closer
>Having latched my head into a suffocating embrace
>I didn't really taste much of anything along with aubrey, not like some of the other girls
>Just hints of sweetness, but not a sweetness that was actually sugar, just an empty sweet
>I was too drunk to get a good taste, shamefully.
>Nose all stuffed up anyway.
>Knowing her tastes in lotion, it might be that.
>Lavender, and hints of rose the entire way. I couldn't remember what she'd smelled like when she was younger
>Maybe roses then too
>Not long now i thought, for her clawing to turn into mewling, her shivvers into spasms,
>Oh right, i need to
>Pee

>I squirm my way out of her legs, leaving smears of who knows what across her thighs, my chin, my upper lip and my nose
>She lost her grip on my hair ages ago
>Fruitlessly gasping at the air where i had once been, trying to keep me from leaving
>When she realizes i'm gone, aubrey gasps out a "Nooohhh" and limply lays her head down, eyes closed
>Drops her knees from raised positions and lies flat
>I quickly explain that i need to pee
>She mumbles back

>"Come back... after"
>And closes her eyes again
>I nod
>Fully clothed i escape up the staircase of the boat
>Looking around for a bathroom along the way, i can't seem to find one
>I reach the deck
>Look around
>No bathrooms in sight
>Somehow ignoring the fact that i could have just peed in the water
>I jump off the boat to the dock

>No sounds, just silent barefoot footsteps back across the backyard lawn
>The cool night wind in my hair as i head back to the house to find a bathroom
>Ignoring the fact that i could have just peed on the grass too
>I'm pretty sure i had a fair amount of alcohol in my system still
>This was confirmed quickly by my inability to open the sliding glass door properly
>Instead of using the handle, i flat palmed the entire thing and tried to push
>Seventeen attempts later, i was inside
>It was pitch black
>Except for a blueish white light over in the corner of the room
>The staircase
>It wasn't a light as much as it was a person, illuminated by a glow
>The glow of a PSP screen, playing some game quietly, a girl with dark hair, a hood and beautiful dark skin.
>The bottle of port at her side, obviously upturned and empty, no wineglass in sight
>She doesn't say look at me as i get closer.
>Just fixates her eyes on her game
>Some buttonmashing RPG, fingers clicking rapidly until i'm within five feet of her
>And then
>Without looking up, she tells me in rather slurred english
>"I couldn't sleep"
>And a pause, silence in everything but the game sounds and button clicks as the screen jiggles the glow across her face
>Then a sad mumble
>"I couldn't find you"

That's where we end for tonight anons.

Update #55 : October 2nd

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S13860511

>Generally when you find yourself in this kind of situation
>Walking into a house, to find your previous-best friend, now complicated friend with benefits who may or may not have a serious infatuation with you.
>Sitting there, quietly on the dark house steps, playing videogames at i'm-too-drunk-to-read-a-clock AM.
>Then that same friend of yours informs you she was "Looking" for you, and couldn't sleep because you were missing.
>Well that's a trap
>Turn back now
>Those are emotions you're still too full of wine to navigate. Fields full of landmines you're too drunk not to step on.
>And that maybe she was too
>Considering the glazed look in her eyes, and the empty bottle at her side
>There's really only one thing you can do in this kind of situation
>It's not "Stand there like an idiot with your mouth open"
>Ignore her
>And continue on to the bathroom.

>Shuffling into the bathroom, i use my shoulder to hit the light switch
>Mostly because it's an easier way to make the room light enough to see
>I swear i can hear quiet footsteps behind me, but there's nothing when i turn around
>Turning back, Some wobbly steps towards the toilet
>One hand on the counter
>Staring at the toilet bowl, seat still down i make a couple quick drunken calculations
>No matter how i adjust for gravity, supplement my kinetic stabilization methods or use alternate trajectory visualization models.
>The math always comes out the same
>I'm going to miss
>I must have stared at that toilet bowl for two minutes before i decided fuck it
>I'd pee in the shower
>It's a wise decision i realize, because after pulling open the shower door and unleashing the torpedoes, i can't keep a straight line for shit
>Zig zags, wobbles and what i could swear were a couple of loop de-loops were what my stream of urine did in it's quest to avoid hitting the shower drain directly.
>It probably didn't help that i was making machine gun sounds and holding my dick with both

hands too

>I mean why not, it's not like anybody was lo-
>I stop my mental self from making that statement as i finish up and give a couple shakes
>See, i reason to myself, "If i complete that, then someone will actually be watching and it'll be awkward"
>I lean over and turn on the shower for a moment, washing away the urine on the shower floor, before turning it off and turning around
>There's nobody at the door
>"See!" my mental self exclaimed as i hobbled over to the bathroom sink
>"If you don't say it! It wont happen!" mental self me rationalized
>I couldn't help but agree as i washed my hands and splashed water on my face
>Trying to ready up for the encounter on the stairs, and then later back in the boat
>High hopes for both, i shuffle to the door, turn off the lights and walk through the open doorframe into the dark hallway.
>Then i realize i'm being a complete slob and forgot to flush.
>Returning, turn back on the lights and start to walk back to the toilet
>Oh wait
>I'm an idiot
>I used the shower, not the toilet!
>Unluckily, this was not before realizing gadget's been sitting on the toilet the entire time.
>Legs crossed, eyes still glued to her game.
>Either level 100 sneaking skill, or
>Would you blame me if i turned off the light to try to make her disappear again?

>She didn't
>Still sitting there, white-blue glow of the screen bouncing off her cheeks.
>I blush, bright red
>Not that she can see it, but i'm beyond embarrassed.
>She saw me making machine gun sounds, ultimate form of male private moment
>Can't ever look her in the eyes again
>Need to run away, cut all ties and burn all bridges
>Turn to leave, probably to cry in some corner somewhere at my shame and degeneracy
>Her words "Stop"
>I can tell she hasn't looked up from the screen once, but they sound as if she's begging
>Pleading me to stay
>I don't
>Twenty unstable steps and i'm in the living room again
>The faint light of the moon outside shining through the glass doors is the only way i can see anything.
>The couch is empty, we still left a couple wineglasses on the table, and it seems i left the backdoor open too.
>Right, i'll clean that up later, i start making my way towards the backyard again.

>My mission clear as day in my mind
>To my dismay, HQ radios in with a complication.
>A dark figure darts out of the shadows and appears ahead, stands between myself and the door
>She lifts the screen again, never losing eye contact with the game she's playing
>Yet questions me, intently
>Seriously, a flat tone, an angry note injected into each word
>Almost as if it was an interrogation
>"Where were you?"

>I'm about to just tell her we were all in the neat boat outside and that it's really cool and she should come along.
>She would love it, i reason.
>But i hold myself again
>Mental me throws up a stopsign, counts how many sides and tells me it's an octagon
>[spoiler]It's 8 anons[/spoiler]
>Something about the way she said it
>the way she didn't even look at me, questioned me without a passing glance, and the anger in her voice
>It set me off
>SHE was TRYING to guilt me into something.
>So instead i snap at her, with the good ol'fashioned phrase you use when you want to show someone that you can accuse them and make them hurt too.
>"It's none of your buisness" i slurr
>Mostly just more "S"es everywhere, then i pause
>Realize i didn't clarify what kind of relationship we had, give her a clear reason to understand playing around with me like this wasn't something i wanted her to do.
>I didn't want her mothering me, and she wasn't...
>"And you're not my girlfriend!" i add at the end
>She doesn't react
>Her eyes don't flutter away from the screen, her fingers don't even hesitate in pressing the next button
>She's not even quiet for very long
>Just shoots off another question in response to my answer
>Her smooth liquid voice nearly startling me out of my skin, leaving me without any logical response
>"Why Not?"

>I stare
>Her eyes never leave the screen, but i could swear she flitted them up just slightly to spy on me
>Watch my reaction
>I don't have one

>Nows the time i just stand there dumbly with my mouth wide open
>Mind you i always love to boast that when i'm drunk, i'm just as intelligent as i am when i'm not
>I think this is probably false
>A delusion brought on by the fact that my mind knows exactly what my body needs to do, but my body just can't do it properly. Including words, speeches and mostly hand movements.
>I know my brain went into overtime
>Piecing together all the hints the other girls had been giving me
>She was staring at me all day
>Thinks i broke up with raven over her
>Searched the whole house for me because she couldn't sleep
>Got drunk and dove into video games when she couldn't find me.
>Openly applies to be my girlfriend
>Shit
>I thought i was helping gadget out, giving her a positive experience she could look back and smile upon
>But i've done it completely wrong
>I think she loves me

>I've told tiddlybits of everything about gadget, from her super sekrit past to her favorite music, to just about everything else.
>But considering it's pretty reasonable to expect we won't be finding her bleeding out on a bathroom floor
>Nows as good as any to tell you how we met
>[spoiler]Can't do that twice anyway[/spoiler]
>I've never really told anyone this story.
>The story of how i became such great friends with a girl, who up until she came to the united states, didn't speak a single word of english.
>As a character, i can't really do her much credit
>You can't hear her voice through text, i can't really type out things with her accent.
>The smooth tones and rolls of her tongue as she pronounced out american words.
>How she would sometimes pause on syllables or vowels before pronouncing the next part of the word, the subtleties of speech that i just can't explain. But were ultimately important in knowing the girl herself.
>I met gadget at our school, a couple months into the winter semester all of a sudden we had a foreign student.
>She was in one of my morning classes, and besides the teacher shooting her funny looks for not removing her jacket, he calmly explained that she was from south america and would be joining the school.
>Not that anyone in our school seemed to care.
>Everyone turned around at first, stared at her for a couple moments (and when the teacher asked if she wanted to introduce herself and she didn't respond) they all turned back.
>Just another shy student we all figured.
>Next time i saw her was at that silly snack break

>[spoiler]That one that everyone stopped calling recess even though it was, just because they wanted to feel more mature[/spoiler]

>They were missing, for whatever reason
>Probably all hanging out with other groups themselves
>Damn
>In that case i had nothing to do but worm my way back into gossip gossip girls that hate me group for the day, or walk around aimlessly
>I choose #2
>I didn't mind walking around aimlessly, i had time to think, could stretch my legs before next class, and sometimes found other friends of mine i didn't talk to very frequently
>My walking adventure took me to the school gardens, a fenced in area that wasn't locked half the time even though it had absolutely zero supervision.
>It was unlocked today, so why not
>The gardens were massive, only used by the gardening electives and had a serious overgrowth problem in one of the corners that nobody felt like weeding out.
>Plus they were awesome
>I found they were actually occupied however, Foreign girl was there, sitting on the ground, head down, back against a fence.
>I argue with myself on if i should bug her or not
>She's in my classes, she seemed lonely and shy, so maybe i could introduce her to the school or something.
>Stupid thoughts
>But we've all had them before

>I walk up until i think i'm within earshot, and introduce myself
>She doesn't move
>I walk closer, this time just saying "Hey! You're a new student here right?"
>Still no reaction, except she pulls her legs into a cross legged pose a couple seconds after i finish.
>I'm kind of disconcerted
>Like when you try to talk to women on the bus and they don't respond, and then you feel all embarrassed because literally EVERYONE just watched you do it
>and they're all snickering secretly
>But pretending not to
>Well there was no crowd of people here, just us, and i still felt like the plants were snickering
>SHUT UP TOMATOES
>I give it one last try, assuming maybe she didn't hear me or something
>Get my sneakers close enough that she can see them from under her hood
>I don't even get a word out before she jumps, literally two feet in the air
>Me too
>Two feet back

>She's standing all of a sudden, from cross legged to upright
>Glaring at me
>For just a moment, before she shifts her eyes and hood downwards again to stare at the ground
>Her hands rising up under her hood, almost to clasp her ears in annoyance
>Uh oh
>I've fucked up

>Didn't make it more than a foot before i heard a hurried "No" from behind me
>This time it wasn't flat
>So i turned on my heels again confused
>No to.. talking again another time? i questioned, feeling a little hurt
>She shook her head
>Oh, jeeze, alright fine
>I guess she doesn't like me i reason to myself
>But she's still shaking her head, and she brings her face up so i can see her eyes again
>They're trying to size me up, judge my true worth, before she bluntly says another "No"
>Fumbles around her lips for a moment
>Trying to form words, trying to decide what it is she wants to say
>Her cheeks scrunched into concentration, before she stops
>And bursts into nearly a firecracker of a language i don't understand
>Hand movements, animated facial expressions, emotions, highs and lows, she blabs to me for three full minutes, only stopping to catch her breath every couple of lines.
>I just stare at her when she finishes
>Realizing she probably doesn't know english at ALL
>I have no clue what she said, but i think it was spanish
>So i dip into my street-spanish level knowledge (From living in LA) and try explaining
>"No comprende"
>She just looks at me like i'm an idiot

>Then she dips into a couple lines of spanish i can kind of understand.
>Most of which i completely miss the meaning of, but i knew some of the words, and i could pick out her last line of "No tengo amigos que me entienden", which she seems to express with a twinge of regret at the end for saying.
>Probably expecting me to not understand her just as well as i didn't understand the first burst of speech
>Ironically
>I don't understand the last bit, which i maybe looked up later
>But i did understand the first part
>"I don't have any friends"
>Pretty much heartbreaking to ever hear someone who's just come to your country, is sitting alone at lunch at your school and trying to communicate say this
>So i did the only thing my conscience would let me do

>I tried to say "I'll be your friend" but i'm pretty sure i just said "Mi tu Amigo"
>Whatever i said, it worked
>And she laughed and told me "Mal Espanol"
>Which i took as a good thing, forgetting that Mal meant "Bad" and not "Good"

>So i smiled and offered in english to be her friend
>Until she returned to english
>"No... want... frien" she sounded out
>Which killed my smile into a frown
>Movie tier bonding meeting moment killed
>She hates me already as i hang my head
>Obviously though i telegraphed my emotions into a language she understood though, because she interrupts my instant depression with "Si! Want fren!"
>I... have no clue what she means by that
>Not until she says it again and i realize she's mixing "Yes" in spanish.
>So she's completely confused as to where to use and how to use Yes/No
>That makes sense actually, and i cheer up again
>Make my best effort to explain it's "Yes want Friend" in as few words as possible until she nods in understanding and repeats it.
>Then we just stand there
>Staring at one another since, well.. now what?
>Gadget holds out her hand, seemingly for me to take it...
>Uhh
>This kinda got wierd-
>She uses up another one of her paltry few english words
>"Music"
>And she's holding earbuds

>So i may have appropriately spent my first lunch getting to know gadget, sitting in the middle of an overgrown garden, speaking nearly nothing to one another aside from little quips from her in even-what-i-could-tell was awful spanish
>Listening to awesome music
>No better way to meet people.
>Bell rings eventually however, and we have to stand up
>She scrunches up her nose in concentration again, and asks me a four word question
>"After, want, play, rockets?"
>Blank stare initiated
>Not sure what the hell she meant engaged
>Sounds perverted as hell enabled
>I figure it can't be that bad, and i agree
>To which she points at the ground we were standing on and said "Here, after" and leaned forward
>Gave me a quick kiss on each cheek, and ran off

>Sneakers squeaking on the pavement with her speed
>I'm twenty times as confused as i was before
>How the fuck was i going to explain the foreign student that doesn't understand english has already kissed me to Raven?

>Raven was in my next two classes
>So i kinda left all that kissing bit out, and explained the new girl didn't know english at all, and i nearly thought she hated me multiple times when i spoke to her
>Raven ate it up, said she'd like to meet her, BUT
>She was busy after school with some project
>So i was going alone to play "Rockets"
>Yeah raven raised her eyebrows at that too, but laughed it off
>After class, i beelined to the garden
>Locked
>):
>But while i was shaking the gate, Gadget arrived behind me and tapped me on the shoulder, making me spin around like an idiot
>She was wearing a huge smile, her trademarked at this point hood, and earbuds
>I hoped it was because she was happy she'd made a friend
>We walk off together, down one sidewalk, up another and seven blocks later it seems we're at her house
>Not anything too fancy, but it still had a "SOLD" sign parked out front, and a nice green lawn.
>She makes me wait on the lawn
>Awkwardly
>As she runs inside, she yelled at me "Now!" and a shake of her head when i tried to follow her.
>I had no clue what she meant
>But the body language made sense, so i waited for a couple minutes
>She came back out without her backpack on, carrying a medium sized plastic Bin.
>I couldn't see what was in it, but i was curious as hell
>She obviously thought i knew though, because she just tromped off down the sidewalk again, and i followed her.

>Not really talking much, i mean i say a few things and ask a few questions, but she either doesn't respond, or responds with english so awful i can't be sure what she meant.
>We ended up at some huge park
>One i didn't go to very frequently, but kinda knew was here.
>A good expanse of grass surrounded by trees
>follow her to the VERY middle.
>Then Gadget just plops down the box and turns around with another smile.
>"Rockets!"
>I'm lost
>I'm definitely missing something
>South american students confirmed for insane

>She's definitely expecting me to have a happier expression on my face because she frowns when i'm not smiling
>So i fake a smile again because fuck i followed her, might as well pretend i'm having a good time
>She stays frowning, turns around and opens the box
>Then points
>I cautiously peer into the depths
>Toy rockets
>A roll of toilet paper
>What seems to be 20$ in pennies all rolled up into stacks covered in that brown paper.
>Another square that's covered in lengths of wire and seems to have a giant red button on it.
>Then like three little toy soldiers with parachutes
>Yep
>She's insane
>What have i got myself into

>She ignores my blank stare and gets to work assembling things
>First some plastic stand with giant legs and a big metal stick that's facing straight up
>Little round metal plate at the bottom.
>She hands it to me, and points, informing me non verbally i should put it down somewhere
>I set it down in the grass, nearly poking myself in the eye with the stupid metal thing
>She's already got one of the cardboard rockets, looks handpainted with a plastic top
>She pulls it open, revealing a parachute, and i watch as she assembles the damn thing
>Toilet paper seems to be wadded behind the parachute for some reason
>Then she takes one of the rolls of pennies (which i dont think is full of pennies) and shoves it up the back of the rocket near the tailfins
>Then some plastic plug, and a little fuse cord with two metal wires coming off of it.
>Pretty sure she's a terrorist at this point
>Like this is the kind of thing people on the news are constantly talking about
>She's assembling this like a professional would a bomb
>But i just shut up
>Let her do it, until she hands me the rocket
>implying i want to be an accomplice in this
>implying i want to be arrested
>Gadget points to the little straw tubes that are glued to the rocket, and points to the metal rod
>Oh
>The rocket sits on that Launch apparatus
>That's only half as scary as what i was thinking we were going to do.

>I fumble around and finally get it set up straight at the sky
>Reminds me of a nasa shuttle launch, like, our own personal rocket
>Shit this might be cooler than i thought.

>She follows me with that box full of wires, attaches two to the little fuse at the bottom, and retreats the full two yards of cord she has, then sets it down
>Insists i sit down next to her
>Uhh
>Alright, but if s-
>She turns a key on the little box
>And the button lights up red
>OH NO
>HAPPENING.JPEG
>Specially when she seems to want me to press the button
>I look at it
>then the rocket
>Alright, fine
>I jab my finger down and pull it up quick
>Nothing happens
>Confused
>She shakes her head, and motions for me to do it again, and i press my finger down
>This time she holds my finger down with her own.
>CAN'T ESCAPE
>SUDDENLY EVERYTHING STARTS EXPLODING JESUS CHRIST

>That or with a fizzle the rocket launches off the pad and sails away
>HOLYSHITTHATWASCOOL
>I watch it trail up into the sky, and then with a little puff it just stops, and i see the parachute open
>Then it just floats back down to earth
>And gadget points out i have to "Get" it
>I aint arguing
>I'm already running
>We fire rockets for a couple hours
>It's the coolest damn thing, she shows me how it all works, how to pack it, how some of the engines (not rolls of pennies) go farther or shorter.
>All without words
>The entire experience just kinda transcended language
>And when it was over, i walked her home
>She gave me a kiss on either cheek on her front lawn, and sent me off to make my way back to my house in time to meet up with raven for dinner.
>And absolutely BRAG about how awesome this girl was
>So raven agrees to come with next time.
>We meet up at lunch, raven gets along just about as awkwardly well, and gadget genuinely looked happy to be making friends
>She offered in broken english "Planes" for the after school activity for that day
>She had a longer name for it in portuguese, and didn't seem to know it in spanish. But we

accepted the explanation.
>Same protocol at house
>Both raven and i waited outside, awkwardly. When she came out finally with a toy helicopter
>Sweet!

>She ends up showing us how to pilot it all around the neighborhood, and Raven even attaches the cheap digital camera i bought her last christmas onto the darn thing.
>Turned it to record video mode ,and got five minutes of flying footage of her neighborhood
>Practically invented drones back in 2007
>Who needs the military?
>Needless to say Gadget passed Raven's friendship test with flying colors
>Seriously, we have the video to-this day.
>When it was time for us to leave, gadget ran over to me, as was quickly becoming normal
>Gave me a hug, and a kiss on either cheek
>Leaving me awkwardly blushing in front of raven's wide eyed stare
>I expect she would have said something too, if gadget hadn't run over to raven
>Hugged her, and kissed both cheeks as well
>Left her just as big a blushing mess as i was, doubly so when Gadget called us "Friens" and ran inside.
>Took her two months to get that "d" right.

>The rest is mostly filler.
>We tagged her along into our own group, and she got along great
>She had an english tutor, multiple days a week and she improved in leaps and bounds, doubly so because she would quietly listen to us talk about all manners of things and interject frequently for clarification.
>In our group of friends, we had at-least one ally for her in every class she was currently in, so through some careful pleading with the teachers we were able to sit next to her and help her out in places her english lacked.
>Worked perfectly
>I still was in the most classes with her (three) and i got along with her the best and eventually we confided all those best-friendy type secrets and information and that just kinda happened.
>Come to think of it, i could probably make that into some kind of movie.
>But i just wanted to make it very clear, just how much history gadget and i had.
>I was pretty much her first friend in this country,
>Reached out to her and made her feel safe and comfortable in an unfamiliar place where nobody understood you.
>so the kind of stuff that i was realizing now wasn't completely unexpected
>I was just ignoring it.
>Ignoring the chance that she could actually like me more than a friend.

That's all for tonight anons. Work tomorrow.

Friday: No Update
Saturday : Update (No Prewrite)
Sunday : Update
Monday : Update

8:00 PST as usual.

Update #56 : October 4th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13892998

>As is the case with this
>I kinda just stood there
>Blankly
>My brain running a million calculations every second.
>I wasn't completely sure how to handle this anyway
>I mean what do i do?
>Tell her that Raven and I didn't really break up and that it wasn't about her and she was in no way at fault?
>WHAT would i do if she loved me huh?
>Just came to terms with her feelings for me, and i rip it away like that?
>Even drunk
>Even completely drunk as shit, i knew better
>So what? Play along? Pretend she's girlfriend material?
>AKA pull exactly what i did two years ago with blondie?
>Lead a girl on and rip her heart out?
>Well, no
>I knew better
>I KNEW better
>There was only one choice.

>Well actually there were tons of choices
>I could for instance just throw my hands up in the air and run around like some kind of wacky waving inflatable arm flailing tubeman with legs.
>Screaming bloody murder until the entire house woke up and solved the problem for me.

>That's not too hard, an easy fix maybe
>I could also just ignore her
>Hurt her feelings to high hell sure, but probably better than anything else
>I could feign death maybe, that might work as long as she didn't get too scared. Pretend to pass out from the wine would work too.
>Or i could just choose the option that came to my head first
>Blow her off
>"Lissen Gadget..." I start to force out in a slur
>Not that i even understood myself
>Or could assure myself she understood me, her unblinking gaze at the PSP screen she was still mindlessly playing.
>"I... think you. are nice"
>"But"
>I watch the motion flickering across her cheeks stop
>the colors pause, slow to a steady blue shade, slightly darker.
>Her fingers stopping entirely
>"I..."
>She interrupts me with one hand reaching into her own pocket
>No eye contact still
>Face still glued to the screen

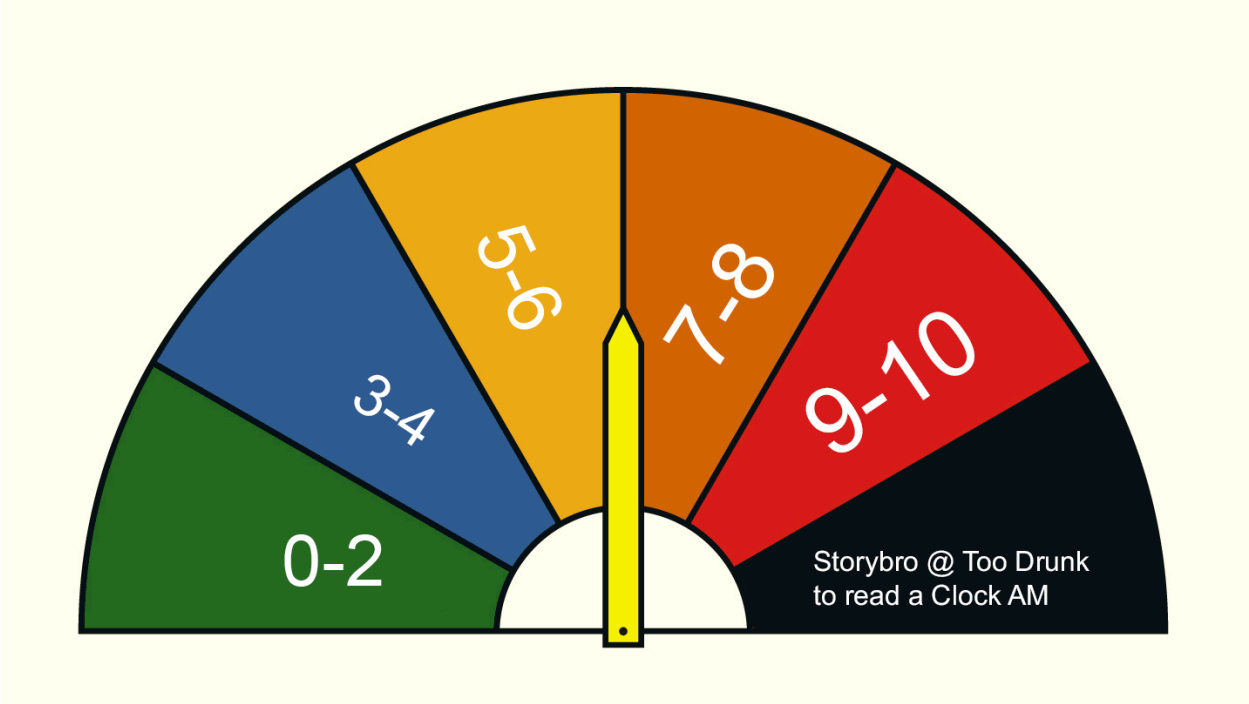
>Well if she's going to stab me, might as well do it now i figure
>I won't remember it in the morning anyway.
>Or if i do it'll only because i'm missing all the blood or something.
>She found what she was digging for
>A shiny object, slender, and held with a firm grasp of her hand.
>Long, sharp, and she flicks it open with a flick of her wrist
>Probably a switchblade
>Glinting against the chilled blue light of the game she had paused
>Sounds long having stopped
>Then her wrist curves, elongates and she raises her arm
>Steadily, swiftly and directly towards my chest
>Drunken reflexes kick in, and i try to stop my impending stabbing
>Throw up my hands
>Try to block the attack
>I must miss, or she somehow flips the metallic blade over in her hand to face me more readily
>Her arm stops
>My hands having long missed in grabbing attempts
>It glints, hovering below my chin, just out of focus
>And her eyes look up from the screen
>Not just glinting all three colors as they usually did

>But sparkling every reflected color of the screen too, a chilling, haunting, empty gaze of every color.

>I flick my eyes downward, trying to see my impending doom
>Than upward at her again
>Arm unwavering
>Motionless, extended towards my throat
>Then with another dramatic flick of the wrist she turns the object over
>Revealing a keypad... and a dimly glowing screen
>Yggdrasil be damned, Thor fucking odinson.
>It was her god damn flip phone
>I nearly pass out in the suspended terror i release through my veins
>Just holding it in
>She shakes her hand, a little nod of the wrist that lets me know i should take it
>Shaky right arm extended, somehow drunkeness not impacting my accuracy, i take it
>Let her get impatiently back to her game
>Even if i can barely read the screen because of how jittery my own hands were being
>I had to bring both up, hold it steady as she unpaused and returned her flitting eyes to the game she was playing.
>It was her text message page, and my thread was open
>Starting from earlier tonight, right after she had run upstairs
>9:30: "Was what aubrey said true?"
>9:32: "I do not want that."
>9:40: "can we talk?"

>Two hands don't seem to do justice to holding the screen steadily as i slowly scroll down
>So i hold it closer to my nose
>Squinting to read it properly
>9:45: "please"
>10:30: "Come and talk to me"
>11:00: "I can not sleep""
>11:15: "Where are you?"
>11:20: "Where are you?"
>11:22: "Did you leave?"
>11:25 "I thought i understood"
>11:25 "I will not sleep, let me find you"
>11:30 "If you hurt yourself i will never forgive you"
>I didn't get to see however many other messages she left, because the phone took its queue to dim itself into blackness once more
>Leaving me staring at my dark hands
>I don't want to read the rest

>So i don't spur it to life again
>I just stare
>Then upwards, at the girl in front of me.
>Still playing her game as if she hadn't been worried sick i was going to hurt myself over the breakup
>If you happen to have a scale of being an idiot lying around, check out the number past 10, there's a little tiny notch labeled specially for me.



>I don't have any words for what i've just read
>I wasn't thinking about the impression i made before i vanished into thin air tonight
>About what other women might possibly be thinking about me suddenly not being in the house.
>I wasn't thinking about it at all
>Her thoughts or feelings besides possibly being in love with me.
>What gadget said next is burned into my memory
>[spoiler]You may be lucky enough to have a friend like this one day[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Someone calm, collected, an experienced in enough facets of life to know exactly where to shine a light, or prod your conscience in the right direction[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Give you just enough inspiration to remind you of the path you really want to take, while subtly pressing forward the fact that they're a goal you should be aiming for[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Fixing. Them[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]You'll have one someday anons, don't you worry[/spoiler]
>Gadget told me, without flicking her eyes up from the screen
>In a smooth, emotionless voice
>"I did not think i would see you again"

>I don't know how, i would have been crying like a baby if i ever had to speak those words to someone else
>Bawling at the next, a threat, too calmly toned to not be serious
>"I follow, if you hurt yourself, i will too"
>Even in oddly broken english, her unnatural lack of contractions.
>I understood

>So i did the only thing i could think of
>I told her quietly
>"Save your game"
>I meant it
>Even if she just paused and stared at me
>Eyes still reflecting the myriad of colors from the screen
>A silent "What?" In her expression
>I repeat myself
>and her eyes flit down, colors change and some keypresses later and the glow changes completely in color, and then the screen flips off with a click.
>I took the PSP out of her hand
>Bent my knees, set it on the ground, and stood back up
>I could barely see her, just a shadow of a girl in the darkness
>But i tackled the shit out of that in a hug
>This would be the part of the anime where i just constantly yelled "BAKA! BAKA ONI-CHAN!"
>I am however from the glorious republic of monkeys on typewriters however (california) thus i stayed silent and used hugs to communicate my efforts at calling her an idiot
>Which she was
>And i was
>And so was the floor that we ended up on
>Tears probably streaming down my face like some little girl
>Implying i'm not a little girl

>i don't stop hugging her
>Squeezing
>Hugging the silent girl in my arms, who didn't even squeeze or hug back
>She was silently held, like some kind of porcelain painted doll.
>Who knows how long
>I don't
>Not until she gave a squirm, and a shove
>Pushed me away
>):
>):
>);
>Then sat up on her own accord
>Staring silently off into the distance as i lay there on the floor

>Watching the shadow of a girl sitting there, who had been worrying about me ceaselessly, until she stood up, and walked away
>Silently vanishing into the living room
>Then a humm
>A crackling whrr as the TV lit up
>Illuminated the girl sitting on the couch, staring... at me

>"I can't sleep"
>Three words from her
>With an oddity, if you can spot it.
>But it was an invitation
>So i stood up, walked the five paces to the couch and sat down next to her
>I assumed she wanted company, and i had long since forgotten any prior engagements
>Pulled over the comforter, and started to wrap ourselves in it before she stopped me.
>She took a moment
>Reached into pockets, retrieved electronics, phones and deposited them on the glass table in front of us.
>Then scooped her jacket up and over her head, throwing it on the floor
>Leaving herself in only a nightshirt
>A flimsy shallow tank top,
>Quickly followed by her pants, Leaving her in an oddly familiar pair of boxers
>An action with importance transcending only the meanings you could imagine.
>One that wasn't lost on me.
>Gadget wore clothes for safety, to feel comfortable and secure.
>Analyze that anons

>She gave me a nudge
>A quiet "You too" and i took the hint
>Lost my shirt
>Catapulted my pants, and sat there boxers only before continuing to wrap the comforter around us
>A warm, sideways sitting embrace, one of my arms around her waist
>There was nothing on
>So i sat there for twenty minutes watching whatever she flipped to
>Religious gospel, infomercials, that channel where they keep pretending it's a live show but it's obviously not
>Then gadget stumbles on HBO
>Which at 3:00 AM
>Well
>Males anons know this one.
>I had my eyes closed, and was inches away from sleeping peacefully on her shoulder when she nudged me
>I mean my sounds were all muffled and everything, i was there in sleepyland

>But i woke up quick to
>You guessed it

>Softcore porn
>I mean that's all that's on the movie channels late night
>who knows why, but it's always some D-tier movie knockoff where everyone's dying and the only cure is sex
>This one was spiderman themed
>Just starting, and it was setting up the plot
>[spoiler]Implying it had a plot[/spoiler]
>This asshole had one of the shittiest spiderman outfits i've ever seen
>We're talking worse than 10 year old during halloween
>Didn't even break off pieces of sunglasses to use as the eyes
>Dirty casual costume budget
>They were doing normal softcoreporn things
>Tits, no dick, no visible pentration
>Plus spiderman kept "Webbing" all these women for "Justice"
>It wasawful
>But gadget was staring wide-eyed, i don't think she'd been exposed to much, if any actual pornographic material
>I even saw a hint of red in her cheeks, which i may have imagined because of the lighting. But maybe not
>Embarrassed to be seeing such a thing maybe
>I had my idea
>MY master plan
>I sit up straighter and ask her calmly "Want to copy what they're doing"
>Expecting you know, some interesting lewd or something
>She shakes her head, vigorously, and appends a "No!" to the end
>I...
>Awe
>Oh well then
>That worked nothing as well as my chinese cartoons.

>I kinda had a boner.
>Not really from the actual porno, i mean the entire thing was just busty blonde women in fake pigtails who were in late 30s pretending they were young and blowing a guy with a penis only three viagra can keep hard.
>Not to mention the fake expressions, the lack of giving a shit for the partner, just the ultra-bright fluorescent lighting was a turn off.
>Mainstream porn is the most boring fucking thing
>But the idea of any fun with gadget was what had me
>So snuck my hand over, tried to atleast encourage a bit more physical contact.

>She caught me, hand on my wrist, and a firm squeeze
>A real stop
>I wasn't going to press her for anything, i knew her boundries and i could live without some lewd anyway
>So i curled up and snuggled into her shoulder again, and focused on the porno
>Boring
>As
>Shit
>Boner gone, super sleepy.
>I fell asleep like a third of the way in. Gadget still puppy-eyed staring at the TV with intense interest

>I woke up somewhere else
>Somewhere soft, comfortable, not covered in couch pillows
>Still dark, but the light shadow of dawn encroaching through the windows
>I also wasn't alone
>REALLY wasn't alone
>I was missing my boxers
>Hard as a rock
>and whoever was straddling me most definitely had my penis inside of them
>Hopefully a female (That would really suck if it wasn't)
>As to which part of inside of them, that was up for me to guess
>But assuming that circular bit with the long flowing hair was the head
>I'm pretty sure it wasn't a blowjob
>Nearly impossible to make out body proportions in the dark, but i ruled out Blondie right away
>And Raven, simply by weight alone.
>Freckles came next, the girl was facing me, had her hands pressed into my bare chest and was heaving herself slowly up, and down
>Gasping
>Something i just couldn't see freckles ever, ever doing.
>My spirit told me she just wasn't the type for eye contact during sex.
>So that left Gadget, Aubrey... or Glasses
>The girl who threatened to rape me in my sleep
>FUCK

>I announce my being-awake with a groan
>The slowly rising and falling girl, along with the wonderful sensations i awoke to, pause.
>Staring intently, in what i could only imagine is my direction
>Silent however
>No words from her, just a slide
>A grind forward, pelvis meeting mine, and a lean
>A relaxed collapse into my chest
>Her head beside my own, nearly pressing her ear covered in hair against my own ear.

>A gasp as she accidentally lets me sink deeper inside of her
>And the faintest "mmm" as she comes to a stop
>I can't see her face
>I can't see anything but her hair, and the shadowy darkness of her shoulder, only backlit by the faintest dawn on the wall in the distance
>I can't tell her skin color, can't discern from her position who she is
>But i can smell her
>That faint allure of a female, that aroma that follows every girl, unique completely to the personality they have. The rituals and favorite foods, lotions, shampoos and conditioners they use.
>Then the mingled scent of one that's most certainly in heat
>The mildest aroma of sweetness, of a fruit unexplainable and unknown to me
>Sweet, like a flower just blooming in the dawn, and emptily shallow, like a field of daisies overpowered by a strong wind.
>A chime of cut grass, and an unripened fruit opened for the first time.
>I'll give you a hint anons
>I'd never smelled this girl before

THAT'S CLIFFHANGER ANONS

Schedule (pacific standard time)
Sunday: Update Canceled (Unexpected Life)
Monday: Update & 8:00
Tuesday: No Update
Wednesday : Update & 8:00
Thursday: Update & 8:00

Distracting Gadget Themed music as apology for no update. Something different for everyone.

Liquid Drum and Bass
Holly Drummond - Out Of My Mind (Rameses B Remix) - YouTube

Ambient Breaks
Boy 8-bit Baltic Pine

Nu-Disco
Uppermost - Dreamworld - YouTube
Lemaitre - Blue Shift - YouTube

Electro House
Savant - Gunslinger Jones - YouTube
Adam Szabo - Arcade (Willem de Roo Remix)

Progressive Trance
Blend - Drizzle - YouTube

Progressive Breaks
OMN - Between Us Now - YouTube

Then some Crazy Genres
Trancestep
Rebirth the Edge -Taishi

Japanese Electro
Shoes - Let's Tap

Atmospheric Jungle
Amon Tobin - At the End of the Day
and oddly enough you may recognize this one
▸ Amon Tobin - Easy Muffin - YouTube

Update #57 : October 6th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13931977
http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S13933537

>"Never" Might be the wrong word
>Because my brain kinda clicked
>Went "Ok, wait a second"
>Even if i didn't technically wait, the dark figure resting her head softly against my cheek, no longer moving.
>Just waiting, or resting.
>Soft breathing
>Her arms not exactly wrapped around me, just folded up, against her chest, between our chests.
>I conveniently wasn't wearing a shirt too, so that was as comforting, encompassing, hot... as you think it was.

>I honestly didn't mind waking up this way
>Sure i guess it was probably some kind of rape, but there's something completely surreal about the entire thing.
>Like your body said yes while you were sleeping and someone decided it would be a great way to wake you up.
>It was!
>But i was more preoccupied with trying to decide who had decided to wake me up rather than if i was happy or not about being woken up.
>I guess who woke me up probably changed how much that mattered too.
>A puzzle i was quickly solving
>Because i knew what the smell was
>Or more exactly what i'd smelled before that matched it
>No humans, not that i could imagine. But a food actually.
>Lightly roasted coffee beans in the summer.

>That's ambiguous as hell sure
>Why only the summer?
>But i loved coffee and i had the dimmest concept of why it was only the summer beans at the time.
>Why usually only the summer ones smelled like soft fruit, along with that strong acid aroma they get from roasting
>Because that's when the beans ship out, all dried and ready for processing.
>Happily to our american stores, where they're all bottled up and we completely forget they're from another country.
>From.
>Take a Guess
>South America!
>So she smelled like lightly roasted south american coffee beans.
>I must say i was impressed with my mind for deciding this and calculating it all in the heat of the moment.
>It obviously could only be one girl
>"Gadge-
>I don't even start to say it
>I catch myself
>WAIT
>what if it's just shampoo and sweat!?
>Calling out other girl's names during sex is a surefire way to piss everyone off
>I'll play it safe
>I bring my arms up and start to wrap them around the girl lying atop me
>Startling the absolute shit out of her

>She nearly jumps off of me entirely, a violent shake when my fingers touch her skin
>Then stillness

>And nothing
>She's completely still as i wrap my arms the other half of the way and give a squeeze
>Then i squeeze a bit harder
>And harder again, until she finally gasps a low "unnghh"
>Followed by a quiet, nearly whispered in my ear
>"You...are not angry?"
>A questioning phrase, that i understand instantly
>Not for the question itself
>But it tells me who the girl is. Her voice, her phrasing.
>I just wasn't expecting it was all
>A bit of a shock, the other two sure they might do it
>But not her
>I was with the girl i'd always been with when she was clean
>Or wet, soaking in a tub
>Shampoo, suds and bubbles, maybe salt water and ocean spray.
>Her clothes smelling like smoking, or the alcohol we'd just consumed drunkenly on a bathroom floor
>Never one scent.

>So i skipped directly to pointing out
>"You didn't ask first. Silly"
>I can feel her physically shrug
>"You wanted to..."
>She mumbles in response
>Yes
>But principles man, gotta have my principles
>She makes it all better with a followup
>"i asked when the... uh... movie... was over"
>Well
>I guess if you asked
>Musing out "Did i say yes though?"
>Gets me an answer i didn't expect
>Gadget points out i was mumbling her name in my sleep
>Cute
>Or creepy
>Our Amazonian princess decides its the first one, and grinds her hips forward
>Reminding me that oh yeah
>I'm having sex with the queen of Themyscira

>As much as i'd love to pretend it was breathtaking life-changing sex of absolute highest quality
>It wasn't
>She told me quite honestly right away that the only reason she was "Using me" if that was even what was happening

>Was because she couldn't sleep
>And lots of other little romantic tiddlybits i can't remember how to word properly
>Things like
>"I want to make sure you are here"
>And
>"Make up for ruining everything"
>and the oddest, almost a request
>"Wanted to try top"
>I didn't mind
>Not at first, but i quickly came to realize some character traits i must have missed previously
>Or already knew were there
>Gadget rolled her hips against mine, back and forth a myriad of times until she slid up once, and down once more
>An absolute exquisite sensation, a slow rolling boil of pleasure.
>Shuddering to a stop, and a little-tiny-yelp announcing she'd just got off
>I hadn't
>But my selfish lover curled right into my chest once more, completely stopped moving her hips and informed me quite promptly that she was "Tired now".

>I was tired too bitch
>But you just got me here so you better finish me off.
>[spoiler]Lies, gadget is never a bitch[/spoiler]
>She was however fast asleep
>Just out like a light, i guess she hadn't slept since yesterday so it made perfect sense.
>Plus an entire bottle of wine.
>So in a moment of pure IRL, she got drunk, watched a porno, used me to get off and fell asleep before i got anywhere.
>Uh oh, i'm starting to feel like a woman.
>I'm oddly fine with that
>She's already making soft little breathing noises on my chest
>Snoozing like a big brown teddybear
>I figure i might as well finish myself off with my hand or something, let her sleep
>So i try to slide my hips backwards, escape the warmth and maybe roll her over beside me or something
>I don't get far
>Her arms lock
>Her legs lock
>and she grips me super polygrip tight, we're talking one application and no food gets in tight.
>She was either not asleep, or it was a reaction
>Accompanied by a "No!" and "Leave it!"
>i uhh...
>So she wants me to finish off inside her? Without a condom?
>Again?

>Bad idea man, no way.

>I of course voice my sleepy disinterest in getting her pregnant again
>Something she mumbles softly into my shoulder when i repeat twice
>I can't make it out entirely.
>Nudge her and she repeats it louder
>"Safe, show you in the morning, want everyone to see"
>what the hell does that mean
>Or supposed to mean
>Or doesn't mean
>Her ankles are wrapped around mine so it's not like i have a choice
>Well i do, but the other part of the choice is actually physically forcing her off and i wasn't too interested in that.
>Plus she was cuddled up all cute
>Can't ruin that can i?
>Fine, just for you gadget i'll make use of your warm-wet-good-for-penis-enjoyment utilities
>I say this to myself as if i'm making concessions
>Some big sacrifice
>I'm not, she did plenty of work, i guess i can shove my hips a bit
>My lower brain is yelling at me calmly informing me i really really should get myself off
>I do
>Once, i get one total pelvic thrust
>Then she yelps again, "Oww! No! Stay still!"
>Oh god damnit gadget

The thread 404ed
What

>So she doesn't want me to leave and finish up
>And she doesn't want me to continue sexing her up in the normal way
>She just wants me to lie here and cuddle with my dick inside of her.
>Not happening
>I mean there's some medical reasons you're not supposed to do that
>But i didn't know those too well
>I just knew that i had an insatiable urge to give my hips a little bit of a
>THRUST
>Oops
>She squeaks
>See it happened again
>I poke gadget and explain
>Not to calmly, more desperate, that i pretty much either needed to get off, or would leave
>No response
>Just quiet snoozing again

>Whatever, fuck it
>I move my hips a couple more times
>Noises of protest/complaint from gadget again
>But quiet ones
>So more like "I don't want you to but go ahead"
>I take mercy on her and think about baseball to make it go quicker.
>[spoiler]Nude baseball[/spoiler]
>Then i conk out again after wrapping us halfway both with the comforter
>Guess we were still on the couch after all, it was just beneath me too now
>I wake up to a shriek however.

>Not mine
>So That's good, no sleep shrieking
>Not gadget either
>She's asleep in my arms, wrapped fully by the blanket/comforter, so that's not it
>We're both not technically having sex anymore, unless all that sticky stuff that we managed to fall asleep in that was gluing various pieces of skin together counted.
>Also it's not a very close shriek
>Upstairs somewhere maybe
>It's quickly accompanied by someone dropping some pots and pans in the kitchen
>Clattering of metal, clinking of bowls and probably a frying pan sized dent in the floor from what it sounds like.
>I peer over the divider from the living room to the kitchen
>Blonde hair, leaning over to pick things up
>F....
>She wasn't the one shrieking, but she had to have walked past us to get back inside
>So, she was pretty much the only girl who didn't know, guess the secret is out
>Hey everyone! I'm fucking gadget!
>Blondie hears my mental scream, and also accidentally makes eye contact with me from over the counter
>Eep!
>She knows i'm awake!
>Prepare for trouble and make it double.
>Without even a hesitation, she just fires off a question
>Blue eyes meeting mine
>I know i'm doomed
>She asked me if i wanted waffles.

>Seriously
>Think about it
>Who wouldn't want waffles

>Plus it's blondie, and i helped her pick out ingredients at the store yesterday
>(shopping trips are boring and nothing interesting happened, deal with it)
>So i mean blondie's patented Banana Nut Waffles
>Also registered, trademarked and each and every one is labeled with her name.
>It's not a question, she just used it to announce she knew i was awake
>Fuck it
>I answer back "Yeah, of course"
>Trying to play it off like it wasn't obvious i had a naked female that wasn't blondie lying on top of me
>She's mad though
>Even if passive agressive at the moment
>Her response of
>"Good. I'm making plenty... for everyone."
>Followed by a very light vindictive stare in my direction, well that told me all i needed to know
>She was jealous

>No actual physical way to escape from this prison however
>Not without rolling gadget over
>And i didn't feel like it, it's all sticky and everything.
>Plus i had the oddest feeling i was forgetting something.
>Blondie assists in her own little passive aggressive way.
>"So, is that where you went last night?"
>I... uhh
>"Yes...?"
>Then her followup
>"Oh, well you two always did get along pretty well"
>...
>Wait
>Is that passive aggressiveness or is she sincerely happy for me and what must look...
>Like my new girlfriend
>I might have just reinforced that with gadget too
>Shit
>Shit shit shittity shit
>Oh and i came inside her again, which
>You know fuck it
>Gonna close my eyes
>Pretend its all a dream
>Let someone else deal with it
>That someone else happens to be Aubrey, announcing her presence with a "Cheerio!" towards blondie
>And then a "Ello Storybr-... i see you slept well"
>Dropping her british fancy accent halfway and losing her tone.

>OH
>FUCK
>THAT'S WHAT I FORGOT ABOUT

>Well maybe not fuck
>I actually realized that on a scale of giving a shit i cared nothing for aubrey
>That was neat
>A little moment of clarity right as she realized i didn't sleep with her
>She was hot i guess
>[spoiler]REALLY HOT[/spoiler]
>But i didn't really care at all for the girl
>Then of course aubrey confused the fuck out of me
>Feigning, or real-ing? Surprise and an oddly excited voice
>"Wow! On the rebound already huh?"
>Her attention diverted upwards towards the stairs (they're open railing kind of things against the wall of the room)
>I follow her eyes
>Completely confused as to how she was fine with me being with gadget, moreso than blondie
>Unless
>Aubrey didn't remember she'd asked me to cash in her two-year-old raincheck
>Literally...
>She was more surprised and alerted to the two figures on the stairs, who peering upwards i caught a glance of
>Well, considering our position, i was actually looking up through the railings at them, and it was a pair of vaginas
>One with a messy turf of jet black hair, trimmed neatly around the edges
>The other with the barest fringes of red stubble.
>They were also arguing with one another

>The girls attached weren't hard to determine
>Not that i could see anything but the pairs of legs
>Raven's skinny and lightly toned, freckles with a tad more meat, but without the swimming muscles of the opposite
>"WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO WITH MY CLOTHES FRECKLES"
>That was probably the loudest i'd ever heard raven yell.
>She was furious
>Freckles echoed back an "I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WITH THEM" and an oddly out of place
>"It wasn't that bad! You're single anyway!"
>I pretended to be asleep
>Gadget was awake and staring
>If i just close my eyes hard enough someone ELSE will come along and fix this
>GLASSES

>PLEASE
>She doesn't
>Raven calls freckles a whore
>As is tradition
>Then "I thought you were someone else!"
>Oh jeeze
>Raven you didn't pretty much kinda almost do the same thing i just did, did you?
>Considering the shoving, and raven's race to run downstairs naked, i assume yes.

>Freckles shouts after her "Come on! You're into girls, i don't even know how i got up there!"
>A plea of desperation and confusion
>Raven almost yells back "Sure you know, you took our clo-"
>Then stops
>Paused on the stairs looking down at the couch
>I don't wave
>PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP
>PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP
>I hear an exasperated sigh and a "WHY didn't you just fuck HIM" and im sure she's talking to freckles
>"He'll sleep with anything that moves too!"
>t... no... just you most the time raven
>Meanie
>Gadget interrupts the chaos with a retort
>Or not really any kind of retort i would expect
>Just a completely nonsensical
>"I am just keeping him warm for you"
>I jot my eyes open
>WHAT
>Everyone else in the room just goes completely silent
>WHAT
>Stares from all around
>Even as gadget snuggles up into my shoulder again so she doesn't have to make eye contact with anyone.
>Freckles takes the blame off herself by
>Guess!
>"Well i wanted to spend the night talking with AUBREY but your EX BOYFRIEND took her and blondie out to the boat and fucked them both"
>BLAMING ME!

>I'm definitely awake now
>So when raven catches my eyes
>She gives me the "Seriously, i just said the desperate ones man, how are you that big of a slut"
>Look

>...
>Yeah
>She got it right on the nail, i would understand that look anywhere.
>And i'd love to shake my head and pretend it wasn't true
>But i mean Aubrey chimed in an "O...oh... is that why..." from the outside door
>Shit
>Her pants were missing
>NO ESCAPE from these LIES
>Freckles makes some big deal about how badly her head is hurting and how waking up to a screaming girl made it worse
>Oh
>Was raven shrieking upstairs waking up in a bed with someone she didn't go to sleep with
>Hahahahahaha
>If she had my luck she would be FAR more used to it.
>Blondie chimes in from the kitchen just as freckles starts trying to start shit with gadget too
>Everyone mad this morning, until blondie points out waffles are ready
>Then everyone's just
>Angry but hungry
>So food comes first, then murdering one another
>I lean over, rummage around and find my boxers
>Then rummage some more and find my other pair of boxers
>...
>What
>One of them has a no-longer-soaked but slightly damp spot right where my not-quite-but-now-full-mast boner goes
>Mostly full mast because i put it on and realized only then that it was wet
>And they were the boxers gadget ninja'd from me earlier.
>I get a shirt on, and she snatches the un-gadget-worn pair from my hands and puts it on, along with her jacket.
>Sure, why the fuck not, keep em gadget.
>Somehow, and i mean i'm touting miracles and magical anti-aggression forcefields, blondie gets us all to sit at the same table.

>Everyone glaring at one another while waffles are served
>Raven sending me i'm-not-sure-if-pretend-or-really-angry stares
>Aubrey sending me did-we-really-sleep-together-last-night stares
>Freckles sending me why-did-you-sleep-with-my-waifu stares
>Blondie avoiding eye contact with me entirely
>And gadget sitting next to me, scooting her chair even closer and to the dismay of everyone else, cuddling the arm i'm trying to use to hold a fork and eat waffles with.
>We're talking Banana nut waffles with sprinkled walnuts on top, along with sliced fruit and maple syrup
>So yes, blondie's food can indeed foster temporary peace agreements

>Even temporarily make some of the women less shamed than they normally would be.
>Aubrey seems to be the only one fully clothed, and that even is just a pair of sweatpants and a tank top.
>You could tell she'd left her bra elsewhere, because every time she reached for something or shook her arms slightly, EVERYTHING jiggled
>Raven was shameless, claiming all her shirts were dirty and just went without, with a pair of pink underwear only hiding her shame.
>She seemed aggravated, claiming that she could swear she had more clothes
>But i think she was actually trying to make it look as if she was punishing me or something
>Show up for breakfast topless, remind your EX he can't have anything you're showing off
>Or maybe the other girls look it like that.
>Blondie was fully dressed, which wasn't unlike her so i thought nothing of it.
>Freckles found pants and just put up with a bra, and as we'd discussed gadget was just wearing her jacket and a pair of my boxers.
>Not that anyone could see under the table because of the tablecloth
>But i was hard as a rock

>I hadn't been at a table with this many scantily dressed females eating delicious cooking since
>Well since the sleepover
>When literally this exact same thing happened
>Note to self, don't duck under the table to look at other women and bang your head
>I'm extremely careful not to drop my fork
>Nobody else seems to make that mistake either
>Eating in silence until blondie prods aubrey out of her continually "Did we really really sleep together? Because you're not my type and i dont remember it so you were probably awful" stare.
>Yes it was crushing my ego
>Thanks blondie
>She's about to explain or clarify something when creaking on the stairs behind me gets everyone's attention
>"Morning Glasses!" Notes gadget in a cheery mood
>Everyone else just stares
>Glasses groans something or other, clutches her head and hobbles down the staircase
>A slow crawl of movement from her practically until she reaches the tabe
>Slightly perking up when she smells the waffles, but eyes obviously still groggy and unfocused
>There's also no chairs available, which she barely realizes before gadget bolts upright, offers glasses her seat and claims she's finished and had to pee anyway.
>Glasses grumbles
>Obviously not a morning person today as she scoots into the chair that's sitting right up against me
>Doesn't even move the chair
>Just stares at gadget's empty plate, picks up an extra fork and spears some waffles off the platter in the middle

>Drags em over, and chomps down on them thoughtfully
>Leaning nearly into the plate itself over forwards, just concentrating on the food.
>Nobody else realized that her other hand was on my leg
>Fuck you glasses
>THERE'S A TRUCE IN EFFECT

>Glasses knows how to fight wars however, and has her left hand on my crotch before i'm through my third waffle
>Tablecloth, like i said
>So when she starts fondling, i'm just
>I'm not doing this again
>I swap my fork from my right to my left hand
>Attempt to look natural while eating my waffle with my left
>It's really hard
>Specially when i slide my right hand under the table and jam my fingers into the waistband of whatever glasses is wearing
>Literally i skip all foreplay
>She's not even into my pants yet and i get my fingers under some panties to find
>A penis
>No im not fucking joking
>There was hair, there was something long and soft and cylindrical and GIRLS DON'T WORK LIKE THAT
>WHAT THE FUCK
>COCO WAS HIS NAME NIGGA
>COCO WAS HIS MOTHERFUCKING NAME
>i yank my hand back like i've just touched something burning hot
>YOOOOOOOOO
>Bang my elbow on the table
>Yelp in pain
>Tumble out of my chair over sideways and land on the floor
>Everyone peering curiously
>Well except glasses
>She got up, carrying waffles and vanished into the bathroom

>"What the fuck was that" Questions blondie with a look of "How the fuck did you hurt yourself eating waffles"
>I could point out they were HER waffles
>But i didn't have the comedy in me
>I was fucking speechless
>Those weren't Glasses' pants, those were a dimension to the demon realm i reached into
>Raven matter-of-factly points out i'm just kneeling under the table to stare at everyone's panties.
>Freckles, Aubrey and Blondie all exclaim various points of duress at the statement, and make

sure they aren't showing anything.
>Raven just spreads her legs wider
>I realize she's just fucking with me because she knows she can
>[spoiler] she's seriously awesome like that sometimes[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]But now is not the time[/spoiler]
>I stand up
>Ready to announce that glasses has a penis and indeed has been lying to us for years
>And then i stop
>Mostly because raven catches my serious face and shoots a worried one back
>So instead of reminding everyone i lost my virginity to a boy, i decide to just tell them glasses stabbed me with a fork.
>Nobody seems surprised
>Specially not when i stomp over to the bathroom glasses vanished into
>Bang on the door twice, rip it open and stomp in angrily
>Slamming it behind me
>Carrying a fork of my own for good measure.

>I rush in brandishing the silver weapon
>Planning to stab the demon and slay it once and for all
>Luckilyi catch it by surprise
>sitting on the toilet, staring down at the bowl, He startles when i enter
>I wave my shining trident
>"YOU!" i mutter
>Unable to hide the fury in my eyes
>The betrayal i felt in learning someone so close to me could be a SPY for the opposing faction
>And that SPY slept with my g...
>ggrrrrrr
>GRRRRRRR
>GGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGRRRRRRRRRR
>I let out my battlecry and charge towards the unprepared demon
>He'll never survive my assault
>I start to make stabbing motions, and stop
>Demand bluntly he remove his trousers for inspection
>He points out he's sitting on the toilet and they're around his ankles
>Oh
>Right
>Standing infront of the foul beast i kneel down
>Inspect the gap between his legs
>There's no dangle of any wangle
>Simply a neatly trimmed brown patch of hair with everything else neatly hidden away.
>I look upwards to see her staring at my curiously
>And then a question
>"Just had the sudden urge to come inspect my vagina?"

>She says it bluntly, as if she didn't know
>I make the accusation
>"WHERE DID YOU HIDE IT?"

>She looks at me blankly
>"The tampon?"
>T...
>"It's in the trash, it slid out while i was asleep i guess"
>I just stare
>Mouthing "Penis" silently to her
>She smiles
>"You look like you've seen a ghost" she informs me
>Pretty sure i had
>Warm, soft and partially expanded tampons do not feel like penises
>I... im pretty sure they don't
>She's got a magic wand somewhere around here and she's giving herself a dick, i know it
>But her story holds up, there's a soggy white tampon in the trash
>"Yeah gross isn't it"
>She nonchalantly comments as she rolls up a sheet of toilet paper and wipes herself, obviously having just had a tinkle before i got here
>She notes, almost as an invitation
>Well actually really as an invitation
>"It's gone now, and i've just had a wee, so if you want to continue where you left off feel free"
>A real invitation as she spreads her legs slightly, allowing me quite easy access.
>I contemplate it
>REALLY contemplate it
>I do kinda want to
>Make sure the penis isn't just retractable you know, for science and everything
>But, i stop myself
>Which elicits a sigh from her, and a chuckle too
>"Hah, you weren't going to get anywhere anyway. I was just going to leave you on the edge again"
>HAHA i think to myself
>Crisis averted!
>She doesn't think so
>"If you want me thaat badly though, just tell raven and i'll let you do A-N-Y-T-H-I-N-G"
>She spells anything, one tantalizing letter at a time.
>I ain't a fool.
>I poke her with the fork, and leave.

Thursday: Update & 8:00

Friday: No update
Saturday: Update & 8:00

Update #58 : October 9th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/13984778

>The glasses demon thwarted, i return to the living room
>Except not really
>She wasn't even slightly thwarted by my holy fork, she stops me before i get to the door to escape her lair
>"Wait"
>A kind of exhale, but with a twinge of worry in her voice
>Not a sound, or an emotion glasses uses
>Ever
>"I fucked up everything this time..."
>Then a pause
>She does something that glasses never does
>So you know, male demon that stole her skin and was using her as a conduit to the human realm theory still strongly in effect.
>She apologized
>Not just some little dingy "I'm sorry", she went all out
>She pointed out her plans for making everyone like one another pretty much fell apart at the seams these last few days.
>That everyone was in some form of hating one another, and that she couldn't solve any of it.
>Fully dressed, she walks over to me, and doesn't meet my eyes
>Instead turns to face the bathroom mirror, and grips her hands on the sink lightly leaning forward
>Staring at her own face, her own expression, as if judging its effectiveness in another one of her ploys.
>"I shouldn't be here" were the words that next came from her lips

>I just stood there silently
>I didn't know what to make of this sudden change in attitude for her.
>You see it's always hard for me to explain just how much glasses paid attention to the little things.
>The little fights, emotional assessments and interactions.
>She saw the clues, or the blaring sirens wailing in the distance as most of them were at this point.

>Plus, because she thought she orchestrated everything
>She thought it was her fault when everything went wrong.
>At first it seems like this is a reaction to Raven's plan
>No doubt what raven had been saying upstairs cementing the drama in place.
>Kinda a neat feeling, fooling glasses for once
>Manipulating her
>All according to plan right?
>Wrong
>She laid on the feels
>Hard.
>A quietly sad voice from the girl
>Eyes that stopped making contact with my own a long time ago
>"You must hate me.."
>Those famous words

>The ones that meant a million and one things in girl language
>And boy language too
>They meant she was trying to woo over some kind of pity
>Get you to drop your pretenses and comfort her, disagree with what she was saying and chalk it up to self depreciation.
>But this was glasses
>She knew better, she knew ME better.
>Every time anyone pulled that kind of thing, i would just smile, nod my head
>and tell her "Yup"
>Even though i didn't
>It's not like giving her sympathy would make her feel any better about what was eating her up, besides play into whatever ridiculous scheme she was trying for the night.
>If this was a scheme
>I could just imagine me going "No! No of course i don't hate you!"
>And then her playing the pity card into free hugs, and probably a consoling kiss or something
>Do-not-want
>So i tried to leave again

>I got a light grip on my shoulder for my efforts, and sighed internally
>I'd just tried to walk away, so that's kinda like saying a yes, but twice as bad because i just tried to leave for the previous question.
>Steeled myself for the oncoming teary eyes and sad faces she was going to be making, and turned around.
>I didn't get any of those things
>The times i'd seen her wearing contacts were surreal
>Specially now, hair still a razzled mess and her eyes focused on something else. Looking into the mirror and gazing at something far far behind herself.
>I couldn't be sure she was even wearing them

>Just that she no longer had her trademarked rims of steel encasing her eyes, deflecting analysis and prosecution from my own gaze.
>Like a natural protective mechanism gone
>Honestly, she looked weaker
>Vulnerable, and maybe even emotionally so.
>No sad expressions, no tears, no sparkling shiny puppy dog eyes
>Just a blank stare, and a blank statement.
>"You guys probably don't even want me here, i just make things worse..."
>"Like you!"

>...
>Like me what?
>At this point i've most definitely lost whatever plan she's trying to pull
>Usually i can catch them, but this one's good
>Is this a backup for if i didn't take the earlier bait?
>Now i'm just confused
>She's not particularly getting through to me maybe because i assume she's pulling something.
>I give up that hope when she just blurts out
>"Like us, we're not friends anymore? are we?"
>She's staring at me, or past me now
>I can't read her expression, but it's definitely something real
>Even if it is a plan, and she's acting.
>We pretty much weren't friends anymore
>She got that one right.
>It really just hits home right then at that moment. That for the majority of the last two weeks.
>I'd avoided doing anything friendly with glasses.

>Sure she'd tagged me along into plenty of lewd
>Forcibly set me up in compromising situations with the other ladies, teased the fuck out of me and generally run the show and explained her magical bullshit plannery a couple times.
>But nothing friendly
>See in the downtime between various events, there's friendly things that tend to happen.
>Blondie and i for example, we chatter about who knows what
>None of it important, but always followed with laughter, gossip and a general sense of trust between us.
>Well except for secrets
>My secrets went to Raven, and the ones i couldn't confide in her went increasingly to Gadget.
>Both of which i spent a fair amount of time listening to music with, playing vidya, simply enjoying one another's company or talking about who-knows-what for as much spare time as we had together.
>Friendly things were done together, and not as a group
>And even Freckles as odd as it sounds, had been quietly coming to me for some offhand advice here and there increasingly more after the online-bf incident.

>But glasses
>I'd just been avoiding her entirely
>I mean even counting on my fingers i'd cuddled with blondie more times than i'd even had a solid conversation with glasses this trip.

>So yeah
>I guess even i had figured out we weren't friends anymore long before this
>I mean she did cheat behind my back with my girlfriend
>That's gotta be the reason i'm avoiding her right?
>Except it just doesn't click in my head
>Doesn't sound right.
>I wasn't sure i was angry at glasses, or had any kind of hate for her left
>Just
>Didn't trust her
>I didn't trust her anymore.
>Neither did freckles, raven or gadget at this point.
>Guess i should welcome myself to the club huh.
>Problem was, i could tell right then and there that this had been eating away at Glasses' morale for some time
>I contemplate not responding to her inquiry of if we're friends or not.
>But meh
>Just kinda want to get it over with, so i just say the truth
>"Not right now...no"
>It feels nice to say, honest, as if i had been lying to myself the entire time.
>My depressed companion however
>Hangs her head, stares at her own feet and lets out an awkwardly phrased
>"I'll make the call then"
>which reminds me that everything she does is a fucking TRAP

>Expecting airstrikes, explosions or possibly a squad of armed marines to converge on our position any minute.
>I take the bait and ask
>"Call what?"
>She's still staring at the floor
>I thought she would be happy
>Or cheerful or something. I mean this is what she wanted to say right?
>Some phone call to fuck with me even more right?
>Her tone of voice nearly cracks
>"My Dad"
>Or...
>"I told him you were the last person i wasn't fighting with..."
>...
>That can't be true

>You're great friends with blond... who choked you
>Freckles, who attacked you, gadget... who... raven... wh...
>Shit
>Aubrey might still be your friend though?
>I point this out, and she shakes her head
>FUCK
>NOW I FEEL AWFUL
>Then continues with her stream of depressing
>"He offered to buy me plane tickets back"

LIVE ACTION UPDATE
https://docs.google.com/document/d/12voT1exo-U7Xgej1YPyzgiHwa1Jh8bSd2Y3Y5kTWQw8

>Well
>THANKS GLASSES
>NOW I FEEL LIKE AN ASSHOLE
>I mean i bet that was her intention all along, but it's not like i can just force myself to not feel it.
>There's really nothing that can ready you for a friend telling you that you were her last friend, and you've just declared that relationship not-so.
>It's a crushing weight in your heart as you stare
>A pressure you can't really describe
>Unless you're just an emotionless asshole, which you know, at this very moment maybe i should be.
>Not very in tune with my asshole self at the moment though
>So i feel like shit
>Plus the screaming and yelling that started up out in the living room probably means the airstrikes with marines were starting.
>I'm torn between giving up on my previous promise to myself not to comfort glasses for pity
>Which, i can see what she's done now, forced me entirely into taking her side and comforting her
>Or just ignoring her shit and finding out why blondie's crying out like a stuck pig outside.
>I pick the third, or fourth, or who knows what option
>The pansy half-assed attempt to hold everything together just a little longer
>I tell glasses to "Hold on"
>And i rush outside

>There's of course, one of our trademarked all-out brawls occurring
>Something that had frequently been happening the last couple of days, once more with blondie in the middle of it.
>Truth be told Glasses
>I don't think many of us were very good friends anymore.
>Of course, there had been one last waffle left on the table

>I mean that's what i saw when i rushed out
>I'm sure blondie had offered to make more, but her current situation
>What with freckles having her in a headlock, definitely didn't put her in any kind of position to make more waffles for everyone.
>If that was even what the fight was about
>Aubrey and Raven were tumbling around on the floor pulling one another's hair too
>Raven screaming something about how Aubrey was a slut and trying to seduce me or something
>Or not me
>Maybe just everyone in general
>I rush to raven's aid

>Raven wasn't winning, with words she was maybe, but she was getting roughed up pretty bad, and most of the hair pulling was from aubrey.
>Inclined simply to kick aubrey a few times until she lets go, and then carry off my black-haired waifu to safety.
>Except i remember we're technically supposed to be on complete shit status with one another.
>I stop
>About five feet away from the two couples of fighting girls
>Blondie kicking and squealing, getting freckles in the shins multiple times as the stronger girl held her in a headlock on her knees
>This is one of those situations in which i'm not sure if Raven would be angrier if i kept up her charade and didn't help her
>Or helped her and ruined the charade
>I mean i could help aubrey too and technically break up the fight without looking like i was helping raven.
>But then... you know fights get pretty heated, and me taking Aubrey's side might just make her angrier at me than if i just help her and ruin the charade.
>Well...
>Blondie's kinda turning blue over there...
>and raven knows how to fight anyway, at least better than she is right now, she's just holding back.
>I'll just pretend that i didn't have time to think and just rescued blondie from the evil clutches of her archnemesis
>Who like any good nemesis, was infatuated with her.
>Agreeing with the little demons in my head, i chased down freckles and put HER in a chokehold

>That went about as well as i could have expected
>Really
>I mean why don't i even fucking think about these things anymore.
>Aubrey and Raven seem to be exchanging blows now, the things they're yelling at one another

so high-pitched that it's impossible.to discern any of the content
>Although i'm sure they're simply trying to guess one another's names in the ancient language for total control
>Spewing lightning bolts and elemental fire everywhere else in the process.
>Freckles lets go of blondie eventually, after a serious amount of squeezing and shaking on my end
>The blonde girl drops to her knees, scurries away and i'm completely sure she's fleeing to safety
>Until she stops, glares over her shoulder and stands up
>BLONDIE
>I shout
>DON'T YOU FUCKING DA-
>Too late
>She turns around with pure revenge in her eyes

>I mean i'm holding her target perfectly still for her right?
>What could go wrong right?
>Blondie may or may not have taken Karate when she was younger
>Not that it does ANYTHING for fighting
>Or defending yourself in any way
>The truth about karate classes (which she was about a green or bluebelt in, i forget)
>Is that they teach you how to punch or kick more or less stationary opponents following a very specific set of rules
>So you get poor blondie in a chokehold and she's useless
>[spoiler]Bu...bu..but muh blackbelt[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]Karate is good for many things, and actually fighting people is not one of them[/spoiler]
>However what she was good at, in her usual assassin self
>Was a perfectly formed full frontal kick on the stationary target
>She obviously raised both her hands above her head, stood up on one leg and assumed the crane position
>[spoiler]She didn't, but she raised her fists though [/spoiler]
>Before delivering 120 pounds of painful leg force straight at freckles.
>Which, i mean i didn't even have freckles in a great chokehold to begin with
>So you can just assume
>I don't even need to say it.

>Least i saw gadget joining and performing her own flying-shark ninjutsu on aubrey, effectively changing the fight in raven's favor.
>And glasses just standing there, arms crossed with a sullen look in the bathroom doorway
>Unwilling to get into a fight where everyone would probably just team up against her anyway.
>As i rocket past her
>Kneel myself at the toilet, and proceed to (upon blondie's polite request) eject the delicious breakfast i'd just consumed into the bowl

>Mouth first of course
>I get to hear a couple snippets of conversations as i'm retching into the bowl.
>Someone, i think aubrey gets out a rather squealy "OWW SHE BIT ME!"
>Raven giving off a low groan as someone manages to clip her somewhere painful.
>Evil laughter outside, probably freckles
>Accompanied by a "Hahaha you just kicked him in the gut when he tried to-
>And then a dull crack and a thud, interrupting the gloating speech
>Interrupted everything actually
>All the fighting sounds seemed to stop
>Then aubrey shrieked
>A bloodcurdling, house rattling, window shaking sound.

>My mouth still tasting bitter and disgusting
>I grab some toilet paper, wipe off whatever disgusting liquids managed to get on my face and rush back outside
>Past glasses, who's got less of a sad and more of an amused look on her face
>Or terrified, either or.
>Arms still crossed
>Still watching what's going on outside.
>I cross the threshold and realize why everyone's stopped
>Blondie is just standing there where i left her
>One arm upraised, extended
>Fist clenched
>Panting, and standing shoulders hunched
>Obviously the position you assume after you've just punched someone with all of your strength
>That person being the girl on the ground
>Unconscious
>Blood streaming from her nose, as we know how delicate her nasal passages were.
>Freckles still standing, a look of shock on her face towards our blonde haired faux-princess.
>Aubrey being the one that shrieked
>And gadget clinging to aubrey's arm, mid tussle
>The girl on the ground has jet black hair.

>What i didn't understand is why glasses hadn't interrupted, or run in to help.
>That to me seemed like something she should have run in for
>Stop Raven from getting punched the fuck out, considering i had no clue what happened
>Or why anyone was fighting at all in the first place
>I'm across the room, shoving blondie as i go past
>Her tumbling onto her rump on the carpet
>The white carpet, as i holler for glasses to bring a towel
>I was thinking to press against raven's nose, stop the bleeding maybe
>As i'm kneeling at my wounded friend's side, glasses arrives a moment later with two
>Folds one twice and lifts raven's head slightly, sliding it under

>And hands the other to me to press against the nose
>I check to make sure it's not broken
>A poke
>A prod
>and then i realize i don't know how to check if her nose is broken or not
>It doesn't seem to be doing anything non-nose like, but it was bleeding everywhere
>Past the towel i was holding against her, and dripping down the sides of her cheeks to the one below
>Both of them light blue, and probably to be ruined after the fact.
>Needless to say, it was all over my hands and wrists as well.
>She's fucking breaking the rules again
>God damnit Raven

>I'm not really sure what everyone else was doing
>Being unhelpful of course, that much was obvious
>Only three of us seemed to ever act when anything like this happened
>Everyone else just silently staring, watching everything unfold as we do it
>I personally don't know what you're supposed to do when someone's just gone unconscious from a punch
>So i just stare at her too
>Eyelids closed, no stark green eyes to watch back.
>Lightly dab the towel around her mouth, wiping up and absorbing the blood until it stops flowing
>Leaving just a smear of dried blood across her upper lip.
>I'm not entirely sure she's alright
>How long do you go unconscious for when someone knocks you out?
>she's easily been out longer than that.
>Or not, i just don't have a clue on the subject.
>I think the only thing i know how to do is wait
>No more blood to wipe up
>I sit there for minutes
>Everyone else standing
>Waiting
>Watching
>Eventually i get bored of waiting, not bored as much as fed up
>I growled
>"BLONDIE"
>She startles herself, tries to speak up
>Can't find her voice
>"WHY DID YOU PUNCH RAVEN, WHAT HAPPENED?"
>Her mouth moves, silently
>No words come out, just mouthing the sounds.

>She didn't seem capable of answering
>So i asked someone else
>"Freckles!"
>The mentioned girl stands taller and steps forward, trying to look not at fault
>Even if she partially was
>"Why were you all fighting?!"
>I try to ask her with as few emotions in my voice as i can
>Even if i'm just staring at the motionless form of raven
>Watching her chest heave up and down lightly, breathing, which was good right?
>Freckles too didn't respond
>Just stood there and made fish faces
>Lips moving but mouth just not working
>Except in freckles' case, she looked exceptionally reluctant to divulge the details
>So Aubrey did for her
>Crying out
>No accent, just tears and a wail
>"Freckles insulted blondie's cooking!"

>...
>i...
>i'm not sure that sentence fits here
>You guys were having an ALL OUT BRAWL over blondie's cooking?
>But slightly more comes out from aubrey
>"W...We were just talking about sleeping in the boat last night..."
>This is in the form of a sniffle and a half sob
>But that clicks far better than just freckles insulting blondie's cooking from out of the blue
>Jealously is a far better motive for being angry and making passive aggressive remarks
>Of course, freckles hearing that blondie and aubrey slept together in the boat last night would irk her, and probably make her say something dumb.
>But why were aubrey and raven even involved
>I inquire
>Freckles informs me that "Everyone teamed up against her" except for Raven who seems to have taken blondie's side in the ensuing argument
>An argument that turned to yelling, and very quickly fighting.
>Worriedly, it seems that blondie might have a serious problem accepting and/or getting along with teammates
>As the unconscious girl and still throbbing stomach pain of my own remind me.
>Note to self, next time just help freckles.

>She might have passive aggressively reminded everyone they hated one another more than blondie's cooking.
>But she was still less likely to critically injure everyone else
>Still no response from raven however

>Glasses didn't look nearly as worried about it as i was
>I guess she had seen the punch, where it hit, if it was hurting anything critical
>Her blank stare said otherwise
>Or it said that she and raven had a talk upstairs and she could care less about the girl
>that too
>Fuck politics
>A couple worried minutes later and the girl i'm stressing over finally stirs
>A groan first
>Then a flutter of eyelids
>And a smile, well that's the first thing i get from her when she sees me
>Momentary glint of "I'm fine, nice to see you too!"
>And then a frown
>and an accusing glare
>As if i'd just committed a crime so heinous she can't ever forgive me.
>FUCK
>WHAT DID I DO?

>Listen raven
>I've just been lovingly dabbing the shit out of all your blood
>Which mind you, blondie had punched out ALL OF all over your face
>As evidenced by this exceptionally ruined light blue towel
>Worrying the entire time that you're not alright, and that i'll need to call an ambulance or something.
>And THE FIRST THING YOU DO
>Is consciously decide to give me a glare that would curdle milk into strawberry milk
>A physical feat that isn't even possible
>Because we don't have any strawberries and it's just blood coloring it.
>You know thanks
>Im pretty sure all eleven of my mental consciousnesses pout, cross arms and turn heads away from her in disgust.
>The twelfth holding out a plea of not guilty and claiming she's just pretending, or faking it because glasses is right here and watching her too.
>I realize that it's probably in my best interest to do something about this entire situation
>Stand up and be the man
>For once
>I inject a bit of psycho, just for that extra DR.
>[spoiler]A couple mentats too, for that charisma you know?[/spoiler]
>"Time. Out."

>I repeat it
>Louder
>And everyone takes notice
>Just stares at me like i'm crazy

>But i make the point clear
>"EVERYONE. If you were just fighting, find a fucking room in this house and go lock yourself in it. ALONE."
>Not that anyone argued
>They were all silent
>Staring at me
>Freckles just got up and left first
>In a huff, saying some very unkind things
>I yelled after her that i didn't want to see anyone doing fucking ANYTHING for the next hour
>Just lock yourself in a room
>And chill the fuck out
>Aubrey hung her head on my last remark
>"Sorry...dad" she mumbled as she slinked away to some room on the second floor
>A passive aggressive snip
>I ignored it
>Blondie tried to escape without a word, sneaking away on tiptoes before i bellowed her name
>Demanded she come back and explain why the fuck she hit raven
>Glasses and Gadget just staring quietly
>Blondie in perfect form, bowed her head and mumbled something so quietly nobody could hear it
>Only after demanding she repeat it could we make out "I.. missed"
>You know
>Of course
>I mean what should i fucking expect

>What i didn't expect however was for raven to stand up for her
>"S... she didn't miss, i got in the way"
>Asking me not to blame blondie for what had occurred
>My momentary surprise catching the expression of leniency and surprisingly some form of forgiveness on raven's face, her green eyes back to normal composure for the time being.
>An expression soon lost as the emerald changed to fire ,and the look changed to a scowl in my direction.
>T...
>Thanks raven
>Really nice to know i can put my trust in you finding reasons to hate me for everything.
>I shoo blondie away
>Demand she find a room and sit down and think about what she's done
>Also i make her feel bad by reminding her she's not only punched out raven, but made me throw up all of her waffles.
>Softening the blow slightly by informing her they were delicious and freckles was full of shit.
>She still leaves in a huff
>A quiet apology echoing from down the hallway she vanished into, and leaving myself, raven, gadget and glasses alone in the room.

>I help raven sit upright
>I firstly make the announcement that i'm going to keep a watch on raven, because that hit was pretty hard and that gadget/glasses can do whatever they want because they weren't very heavily involved.
>Raven responds with a "FUCK YOU"
>Rather loudly into my ear
>Showing her disagreement with me chaperoning her.
>Then she's on her feet, and i decide on plan #B
>Instruct Gadget to assist her and keep her company during BOTH of their timeouts.
>Figure gadget bit someone probably, so i guess she can have one too.
>(that's somewhat of a verbal announcement to the girls in the room)
>Gadget visibly recoils, and takes two steps backwards shaking her head.

>I mean she's got an ipod, spending an hour thinking about not fighting is probably her just in another room than she usually would be
>Not that bad right?
>She takes two more steps backwards again and loudly declines her interest in watching raven
>I feel she might escape, and the problem i'm having is that Raven doesn't want me anywhere close to her for some reason.
>I don't think Glasses or Raven want to be close to one another, and Gadget is the only neutral party in the room.
>Except that's not what she thinks
>I step closer, and gadget leans forward and whispers when i'm within a short distance
>"She will hurt me, she hates me!"
>A muttered secret from the scared girl
>Entirely based on the idea that raven broke up with me because of gadget.
>Something entirely untrue
>So absurd that i could just disprove it right now
>Turning to raven, i ask the simple question
>"Raven, she thinks WE broke up because of her. That's not true right?"
>The girl i ask stares at me
>A glare
>And then a lighter gaze, realizing the emotions she might have wrought upon gadget
>Or that's what i thought the lighter shine of her eyes for a mere moment was
>Before the glare was back
>and she glanced towards glasses, and announced "She's not the biggest reason, no."
>Gadget's lip instantly curling into an unbelievable sad expression as her worst fears are realized.
>fuck raven nice job making it worse

>I turn to snap at raven for being so shitty
>But she's still got dried blood everywhere across her face
>And that "Well she's just been lying unconscious and bleeding on the floor" guilt trip kicks in.

>I desperately want to kick into my rank 3 appellomancery and rename her "Ungrateful jerkwad" or "incontournable issues"
>Maybe just another bird that isn't nearly as cool
>But that would be confusing
>So i just glare at her, knowing she said that just for glasses
>So dedicated to whatever plan she's got that she's completely willing to hurt gadget's feelings in the short term
>*sigh*
>I turn back to gadget and ask her to do it for me as a favor
>"Please... watch her for me?"
>My request labeled as one of those "I'll be forever in your debt" kinda things
>I have a soft spot for raven, a serious one
>You've realized i'm sure
>But that's kinda what happens
>You can hate someone and still love them dearly, and never want anything bad to happen to them.
>You can be angry at them, you can dislike decisions they've made and choices they take
>But you still care about them
>And that's where internal conflict starts
>Always with caring about someone, but disagreeing with what they're doing.
>So gadget bit her lip again
>Shifted eyes between everyone in the room, and gave a little nod
>Then pointed at raven all-seriously and shouted in an alpha-i-am-taking-command-of-this-situation voice
>"YOU! March!"

>Raven almost argued
>But my instant pleading look for her to shut up and do it got through just in time.
>She about faces and heads off down the living room
>Forced into the bathroom by gadget's commands of "Wash up!"
>I turn on heel to face glasses as the other two march away to some nondescript bedroom somewhere
>She gives me the typical "Don't blame me!" look
>I want to say something snappy, something that'll make some kind of sense in my head
>But nothing comes
>It's just me and her staring at one another
>So i do the only thing a man can do in that situation
>I grab the last waffle
>Empty stomach right?
>It's still warm

>My mouth doesn't taste as nearly good as i want it to.
>But the waffle is still pretty yummy, and the maple syrup i dab off of someone's plate helps

immensely
>Glasses just staring at me
>Interrupting finally
>"What!? Are you just going to send me off to my room too?"
>I... wasn't planning on it
>Until she points out i was fighting too and should probably go have a time out.
>Well, i guess i can send you to a room if you want glasses, trying to usurp my authority.
>Bout to get out a nightstick and beat her ass right here for not breaking up the fight when she easily could have
>But i remember the conversation we were having before
>About her having alienated herself from all of her friends this trip and wanting to call her dad and leave
>I didn't really know where i stood on that
>...
>So i asked glasses a completely serious question
>"Who is still friends with one another on this trip?"
>She takes a moment, to contemplate it, as if it was a question she hadn't thought about yet
>Then she comes back to me with a pretty elaborate list
>Little lines jumping from everyone and everything, reputation ratings for each girl
>It was as follows

>Blondie, for example. Was Friendly with Gadget/Aubrey, Honored with me, more or less neutral with Raven, Unfriendly with Glasses and flat out hostile with freckles.
>But that's the complicated version
>Raven was still friends with Blondie and Freckles
>Gadget Still friendly with Blondie, Me, Freckles and Aubrey
>Freckles still friendly with everyone except for me, blondie and glasses. Me just being "Attack on sight" flagged.
>Aubrey seemingly on good terms with everyone except for Raven and somewhat indifferent to glasses. With freckles being a wildcard
>Then Glasses just ticked off all the reasons everyone else hated her.
>Settling on fifteen or sixteen individual reasons that I, myself, hate her guts
>"Cheated" "Lied" "Manipulated" "Tried to fuck with your relationship" "Made gadget fall for you"
>And a whole bunch of other things that i gave zero shits about
>Because I just interrupted her
>"Did you really do any of those things to fuck with me? Or did they just not go as well as you hoped?"
>She vehemently shook her head, absolutely dispelling any kind of notion i could have that she wasn't trying to help
>"No! I almost always made it better!"
>An exclamation of worry, that she thought i hated her even more for secretly being against me
>I correct her
>"I don't hate you glasses..."

>I let that sink in, a small pause
>"I just don't trust you... you just don't seem to be helping, or on my side"

>Plus there were a couple things she mentioned that worried me
>For instance she had pointed out that her and raven were still on bad terms
>When i know they talked upstairs
>I try to nudge some information about it out of her, and can't get a word.
>So i try the other one
>I try to see if she'll tell me why raven and freckles woke up together naked
>Implying it wasn't her plan in the first place
>And surprisingly she shakes her head
>Doesn't take credit at all
>And i stare at her
>Really stare
>Analyze those amber eyes, test them for lies.
>She... might be telling the truth anons
>But i can't be sure, it is glasses after all
>So i put my foot down, or up, either one, and ask her an honest request
>I ask her not to lie to me anymore
>As an out, i hold up my hand
>Offering a handshake if she agrees, i ask her simply to be honest with me from this point on.
>If i ask a question, she needs to answer it truthfully
>No background ploys that involve manipulating me without my knowledge, unless i agree to them beforehand.
>I ask her not to lie to me, because then i can trust her
>And if i can trust her, i don't need to avoid her because she's playing all these games with me
>We can go back to being friends, she won't have to call her father and leave.
>She hesitates, extends her hand slightly and stops

>Glint of her eyes
>No glasses
>Which means, she's got a contingency plan for this.
>When she extends her hand the rest of the way, and grasps it in a firm shake.
>Meets her eyes to mine
>I can tell she's got something on her mind
>The handshake doesn't end, not right away
>Not until she focuses both amber eyes on mine and tells me " I miss you as a friend"
>A disorienting blow, feels overwhelming
>Can't feel more than 30 feels per second with my console pleb status
>Feels circuit overloading
>I recover, cut off my emotions for a moment and force a prim face
>Need to test her
>Make sure she's not lying to me.

>Handshake still held firm, i start with the questions
>Start out simple
>"What's your real hair color?"
>She gives me the oddest look, and starts to say "you've known me long enough to kno-"
>I interrupt her with a harder squeeze of the handshake and a firm grip on her hand
>"I'm setting a baseline"
>HUMAN LIE DETECTOR TIME
>I'm pretty sure i could do it
>But she just nods, and informs me "Cinder Brown"
>Which i would have just called dark brown, but i guess she's a girl so she knows these things.
>Then i ask which of her eyes has the worst sight
>"Right"
>A simple clean response
>I try to get her into that rhythm in a couple more questions. Get her to not think about what she's answering.

>I start asking a little more personal questions
>Ones that i don't already know the answer to
>"Favorite Alcohol?"
>"Vodka."
>"Favorite Actor?"
>"Mike Myers"
>10/10
>I have to ask why though
>"Shrek, watched that movie 40 times"
>A short curt answer
>But i mean so had i, so i understood
>Best voice
>Plus austin powers, the only man who could fuck up his life more than mine with women.
>Luckily i hadn't had to go on a quest to find my mojo yet.
>Then the typical kinda things i would ask for a truth and dare
>"Celeb crush?"
>You don't even want to know
>Just the same guy EVERY girl had a crush on back then
>But she was being honest
>So i figured hey, might as well delve into the personal embarrassing things now
>Stuff she...
>Well actually she would probably answer these
>But i'm a pervert at heart, so i had to ask.
>We had both plopped onto the couch by now, so the atmosphere was far more casual than just standing in the middle of the room.
>"When was the last time you got yourself off?"

>Snappy answer in return
>"Last night"
>I uhh... i was a little taken aback at how quickly she answered that
>I was still holding her hand, so i didn't feel any pulse quickening or anything
>Completely calm when she answered
>Alright, gotta set her off, otherwise i'll never be able to figure out if she lies to me or not
>So i ask the question i know she won't answer
>"What were you thinking about?"
>She doesn't skip a beat
>"Nothing"
>And then a pause when she sees my expression of...
>Well maybe a little disappointment, i wanted it to be juicier than that.
>She tilts her head slightly, obviously enjoying the little game we're playing
>"What, did you want me to say 'you'?"
>Her pulse, or maybe mine quickens
>Just a beat, or a double beat
>I'm not sure i even felt it.
>I change the topic to one that i'd been burning to ask but hadn't yet
>"How many different guys have you been with?"
>She drops her teasing grin at the question

>Stays silent for a moment, and then blurts out almost embarrassedly
>"Three"
>o...oh
>I thought she was dating more than that, i guess that's not a bad track record
>I ask "Am i included in that number?"
>And she shrugs
>Then looks off into the distance
>"Two of them were you"
>...
>How!?
>"You... were just different in between is all..."
>I'm not sure if that's the sweetest thing i've ever heard
>Or just a taunt in the face of everything that's happened.
>I'm blushing now
>Funny how one answer of hers, intended to embarrass her, embarrassed the shit out of me instead.
>"Wha... what about women?"
>I manage to stutter out, trying to change the topic again.
>She pulls out fingers for this one
>One, Two, Three, Four
>Holds up four fingers

>Then she grins at my surprised expression.
>"Two of them were you"

>Heimdall's toothy grin denying me entrance to the land of actually embarrassing glasses.
>So fuck it
>Just get around to the questions i actually wanted to ask, because now my cheeks are bright red and my manhood has been insulted.
>"What did you and raven talk about upstairs last night"
>Her toying-with-me-smile vanishes
>A rather quieter response than her usual
>"That's private, not that i won't tell you..."
>"But...you shouldn't ask me to, it's not important to you"
>I disagree
>But i don't make her tell me
>I swap to a new question
>"Gadget..."
>I pause this time
>"You said you did... but you didn't really get us together did you?"
>She groans
>"I... s....she really likes you storybro..."
>"She's always paying attention to you, and watching you, and following your every request without any kind of..."
>I interrupt her with a growl
>Mostly to inform her she's doing that sideways answer thing she always does without telling me the truth
>So she fesses up
>"I didn't stop it"
>A long pause
>"I knew she liked you, and i didn't realize that you and raven fighting would have you fall in love with her... it's my fault"
>!!!
>S...so she's not a pie glasses had her fingers in
>Proverbially and literally.

>So my brown waifu was safe from Glasses' secret ploys
>Kinda
>Next question though
>Very very important
>The one i had been trying to get at all this time
>"Why do you still keep trying to get me to have sex with you?"
>She doesn't seem phased by this question, just shrugs
>"It's a plan, i need you to, i don't want to tell you why because it'll ruin it"
>...

>I...i guess that's the truth
>I'm not sure if i like that answer, i'm on the verge of asking again
>But she dissuades me
>"Don't ask!"
>I instead ask the real important question
>"Is... it going to make my life worse?"
>She shakes her head
>"It's to fix everything, between you and raven"
>...
>I'm not sure i understand the logic behind this
>But she assures me its sound
>And implores the value of it happening soon
>"Within this day or the next" she notes
>I've literally got no words for this
>This isn't even a thing i expected, or was able to comprehend
>I mean how do you deal with a girl just nonchalantly telling you that you need to sleep with her to save your relationship
>Let alone a relationship that doesn't need fixing but she doesn't know that

>I uhh
>I don't know what to say
>She does
>"That's the truth, i'm not lying to you"
>I sit and stare off into the distance
>Until she adds a "Right?"
>I realize i'm still holding her hand
>And her pulse hasn't quickened
>Her eyes still intently staring at my face, trying to read my expression
>Mine has though
>I quickly yank my hand away
>Sit with both of my own in my lap
>And answer "No"

I think i'll just end there for tonight.

Friday: No Update
Saturday: Update & 8:00 PST
Sunday: Update & 8:00 PST
Monday: Update & 8:00 PST

Update #60: October 11th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/14021341

>I'm staring at my hands
>Not sure i really want to respond after all
>I mean she wasn't lying, but the stuff she just told me was kinda unsettling
>Do i take the bait?
>Do i refuse?
>What would raven want me to do?
>What kind of answer should i follow to stick with our plan of getting back at glasses?
>Ending up staring at my hands far longer than i initially intended before just blurting out the first thing that came to mind
>"I... don't want to"
>I didn't really
>Meaning i did, but i didn't
>But i would, but i couldn't
>You know, that kind of "I don't want to".
>As funny as it sounds
>She had a look of shock on her face
>Lips parted slightly and absolute confusion across her cheeks.
>Taken aback almost, not expecting me to just flat out say no like that
>See i couldn't be sure Raven's instructions to "Not touch glasses" could be held up in this situation or not.

>Honestly i think i was fucked either way
>So many things could go wrong, it's like it would just cause ten times more drama than we were currently having.
>Leaning forward, i grabbed the TV remote and turned it on.
>Avoiding the topic entirely
>She still tried to regain my attention, maybe change my answer.
>A questioning
>"What!? is that a no?"
>See that's a trap
>There is only one answer, and it had to be "Yes"
>The one i told her
>Because otherwise she would just nag me into submission, or nitpick my answer until nothing of substance was left.
>I shrugged, curled up my legs and flipped channels until she stopped staring at me

>Making sure i wasn't sitting close enough for any unwanted physical contact at all
>AKA
>Curling up, looking like i was hurt/depressed and uninterested
>The ONLY safe way out of this situation, the only way i could reinforce the plan and keep up the charade.
>Fooling glasses takes the best acting skills you have.

>I played my "I'm hurt leave me alone card" for about twenty minutes.
>That's as long as it worked, one full TV show of peace.
>Then my tv-enjoyment was rudely interrupted by her question
>One of those that demand your full attention, or else.
>But a more confident voice, asking matter of factly something that was obviously on her mind.
>"So... "
>"Do you think you can trust me?"
>I had the power, right at that very moment
>Rip away her confidence
>Shred her dignity, self respect, and make her feel like trash for everything she's done
>All i had to say was no
>"n...."
>"N...."
>I couldn't
>Went with "I have to think about it"

>Glasses doesn't respond, and we sit there silently for the rest of the time out
>Just watching TV
>Until blondie arrives and asks if she can come out now because she's bored
>She cut her punishment short by like, 5 minutes
>Cheater
>But i said fuck it, roused the house from time-out (Raven seemed to be fine, phew) and declared it officially time to do something vacationy.
>So we did
>I deputized gadget with her own little badge before we set off.
>Hopped in the car, drove around town, went to a couple parks / interesting city sights to see.
>Made a day out of it
>Lunch and everything, before grabbing some quick dinnerfood and heading back home.
>It wasn't NEARLY as fun as i wanted it to be
>Because every thirty minutes, i had to break someone up.
>Some words getting just a little too tense
>Some almost-fights
>Staring contests that weren't in good nature.
>Freckles was inches away from clawing out blondie's throat, twice.
>Deputy inspector gadget only barely managing to interrupt them and hold the two apart before sheriff woody arrived on the scene.

>Raven would have been my deputy, but she was doing an outstanding job of pretending she hated me
>Maybe by actually hating me
>But she wasn't innocent either, starting a bickering match between herself and aubrey no less than six times during the trip.
>It wasn't very fun at all, not for me, or gadget
>Or anyone else.

>We cut the trip short, grabbed some fast food and ended up back home, fed, and no happier with one another than we had set out at about 6:00 in the evening.
>I didn't know what to do about it
>So i tugged my favorite deputy over to a side room
>She was still sipping her reward for the good police work; ice tea long overdue.
>LONG overdue.
>Between slurps she suggests we simply let them fight one another and work it out.
>I think this is a terrible idea
>Then more words of wisdom from gadget
>"If you stop them, they'll fight you instead"
>...
>Truth, Spittin truth brahj
>But i don't know if i can just let them start fighting like they were earlier again
>I would definitely jump in next time and stop everything.
>Gadget cutely stomps her foot and says she's not going to get in any fights.
>We leave in agreement
>To find Freckles and Raven what must be seconds away from dishonorable slap attacks

>Blondie already missing in fear somewhere
>Aubrey and glasses standing off to the side, neither wanting to get involved.
>I step in
>Referee storybro to the rescue
>Except not really, i just get between them and ask what the fuck the problem is this time.
>Raven speaks up in eloquency
>"This scoundrel over here"
>Raven nods towards freckles.
>"She tells me uncouth lies, the heathenous words flowing from her lips are like a snakes venom, coursing through my mind and eating away my confidence"
>Hmm
>Indeed
>I turn to freckles, to get her side of the story
>"Your ex-harlot!"
>Ouch, that's a great insult, but i know she's the problem, now why?
>"She crept into my bed last eve, and has the unkindly manner of insulting my ladylike stature

for it!"
>Mhmm
>I nod in understanding

>I inform them quite curtly, clicking my boots against the hardwood bar floor.
>"I see no reason that a wordly disagreement must come to a head in fighting ladies"
>Hands on my hips, i loop my thumbs through my belt
>Freckles takes this moment to peel off her gloves
>Obviously in intent of using them, the claws for her disagreement.
>This sour's raven's disposition additionally so.
>Her dress flipped upwards and knives withdrawn from an ankle brace.
>"Please holster your weapons, there shan't be any more blood in this establishment"
>This was gadget of course
>Her tough-unladylike demeanor fitting her rugged leather outfit perfectly.
>Not that anyone listened
>Freckles leaped, claws outstretched
>Raven started pinning poor bystanders to the walls with her dexterous knife throwing skills.
>All the bottles behind the bar exploded, even though nobody was even shooting bullets
>Some guy started playing ragtime on a piano
>BARFIGHT
>Interrupted by aubrey
>Who threw herself into the middle of them both
>Took a knife and a claw, then fell over, her dying words
>"Stop it you too, freckles come with me!"
>Before i knew it, the dead girl was dragging the kicking and screaming redheaded wolverine off to some other part of the house
>Raven, myself, gadget and glasses just standing there confused.
>That asshole didn't stop playing ragtime either.

>Raven turns to me
>Obviously to take out whatever anger she has left on the person closest
>Then she contemplates if she really wants to start shit with me or not
>The guy wearing the fucking badge
>Guess not
>Pivots 10 degrees to Gadget
>And glares
>Gadget just smiles back
>I swear she winks even
>[spoiler]God damnit gadget <3[/spoiler]
>Winks just long enough for raven to decide she definitely wanted to be mad at her
>"Why didn't YOU-"
>A prominent finger, an astoundingly aggressive voice towards gadget
>"-Take my side!? I Thought YOU-"

>The finger again
>"Had my back!?"
>Raven's expressions are oddly pronounced
>Betrayal, Anger, a bit of rage, and all-in-all the "I'm just angry so i'm blaming you" emotion.
>Gadget goes through a couple stages too
>I guess she thought she wasn't going to get yelled at, or wasn't very good at reading what was on raven's mind, because she jumped startled when the yelling started
>Then her cheeks drooped into resignation, and ultimately fear as she started shrinking away from raven's angry pointing.
>Hid behind my back
>And i heard her quietly trying to get back a response, but i couldn't hear her, so i knew raven couldn't
>I step forward
>One fell swoop, bend my knees, jut my shoulder out and scoop raven up and over my back, so i'm holding firmly onto her waist and she's draped behind me.
>From experience, i know i only have about two minutes of carrying energy. So i'm off

>Literally just scoop up raven and walk away
>Leaving gadget/glasses staring after us
>Can't make it to the second floor carrying raven so i don't even try
>I just find the bedroom down here on the first floor, plop the oddly complacent girl on my shoulders down and stand there, hands on hips
>She rolls to face me
>An odd look in her eyes
>Not lust, not anger
>But something completely unique, and something i'm not sure i've encountered before.
>Then fires the artillery she was saving up
>"Protecting Her?"
>I nod
>She's still got that look in her eyes
>"What's she to you anyway?"
>Oh fuck
>FUCK
>i should have known, it was jealousy!

>Coincidentally, i know the correct answer to this question too
>"Currently less bitchy than you are"
>Raven doesn't even react to that
>So she knows
>I interrupt her thoughts with "Could you stop fighting everyone, this trip is starting to fall apart because of all this drama"
>She shrugs
>Disagrees and says we'll get over it tonight or tomorrow.

>I put my foot down at her lax attitude, quite hard
>"Glasses was going to get on a flight and fly home today you know..."
>This gets her
>Relaxed body on the bed no longer, she sits upright in a bolt
>"What!? No! Why? What did you do-
>Wow
>Thanks
>fucking blame me
>I tell her what's what
>"The dramashit between you and her made everyone hate her."
>Which was true
>Everyone either backed away from both girls, or took my side.
>Then my side forgave raven.
>But not glasses

>[spoiler]You know anons, apology here[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I'm realizing the way i'm explaining all of this is kinda days-of-our-livesy[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]OH NO FRENANDO KILLED LAURA AND IS SLEEPING WITH NANCY WHO IS THE LONG LOST SISTER OF EDWARD WHO MIGHT BE MARRIED TO HIS MOTHER'S BROTHER.[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's just this shit is really complicated politics mostly ,and i can't just breeze past it or else nothing makes sense[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I'll sum it up though, more than i've been doing[/spoiler]
>I spend the next ten minutes explaining the entire set of discussions between myself and glasses to raven
>Go over my choices (Which she seems ok with for the most part) and how glasses seems to be planning more things
>And the part about not being involved in raven/freckles sleeping in the same bed
>I ask about that.
>Raven just whines "I don't know" and tells me she was drinking and talking to glasses, and then she woke up with freckles
>Obligatory question
>"Did you sleep with freckles?"
>I mean i needed to know if they were fighting because they had a one night stand or something.
>Shoulda expected the answer.
>Too obvious, a chuckle even
>"Do you think she knows how to sleep with women?"
>I couldn't help but chuckle too.

>The couple minutes is us bickering about if freckles actually knew how to sleep with women or not
>Giggles, laughter at various quips

>I wasn't even worried about not being on raven's good side, it was obvious we were fine behind the scenes.
>But we come to the ridiculous conclusion that raven didn't remember if she actually did anything with freckles.
>Meaning she could have accidentally taught freckles how to sleep with other women
>And the only way to figure it out was to have someone sleep with freckles and find out if she knew now.
>Thus finding out what raven was doing that night while drunk.
>Someone, who she flagrantly establishes "Won't be me"
>Not actually a plan, just a comical conclusion that we quietly laugh at
>We've both found ourselves lying on the bed now
>Half enjoying sideways physical contact
>She mentions she misses talking to me like this
>I mumble an agreement
>She mentions something about wanting to sleep in the same bed, but then gets up
>Stomps to the floor, reminds me
>Or reminds herself
>that we can't be seen getting along
>And rushes over, flings open the bedroom door and stomps out
>Arms crossed

Hold up anons, distracted atm

>I sit up
>watch her stomp away
>And blondie tiptoe in behind her
>Peer through the doorway, curiously
>That cute investigative gaze, an expressionless smile.
>seeing me there, aware of her watching
>She pipes up, a whispering quiet question
>But one in the perfect level of squeakiness to carry across the entire room
>"Did... you just fight?"
>I nod
>She gives up the pretense of sneaking, and leans properly around the doorframe
>Stepping in, hands clasped behind her back in the least intimidating way she knows how.
>Another question
>"What about?"
>I think about that one
>Sigh
>Look downwards
>Do the whole act
>Trying to come up with a good enough answer.

>I stare up at her
>Fake tears in my eyes
>(I thought about cutting up ogres)
>"Glasses"
>The truth
>Nothing better for making her cute blue eyes sag, her expression soften and her sit on the bed next to me
>A sideways hug of comfort
>Not lewd
>Blondies' sympathy achieved.

>I like hugs
>Hugs are nice
>Specially ones you don't deserve
>Those are the best
>Doubly so when it's accompanied by a girl thanking you
>Like blondie
>A sweet nuzzling
>"Thank you"
>Quiet, but intent
>I love thank yous that you don't deserve
>No clue what this one was for, but i'll take it.
>Then a question
>I like questions
>Specially when they're ones you don't deserve
>"Is gadget your new girlfriend?"

>Eep
>I spit out my drink
>Not that i'm drinking anything
>I'm just sitting here on this bed with blondie half-hugging me from the side
>How
>How do i answer this
>Answer yes, blondie rushes off in a huff
>Because that's the only fucking reason she's asking
>Is that she wants to know so she can make some kind of offer
>Answer no and she instantly thinks i'm open
>Just hurting her feelings again like last time.
>Or...
>Wait this is blondie not glasses
>There's a real chance that she genuinely cares about my feelings and is just being empathic and curious.
>Hmmm

>I end up prodding her
>"Whyyawannaknow?"
>One word
>One question
>She mumbles
>"Well... you just seemed to li-
>She pauses
>Doesn't continue, just ends her statement right there.

Have to afk for abit. Updatenotover.

>So i don't press it
>I seem to have diffused answering the question entirely
>Which was my goal i guess
>She just sits there quietly, and finally sighs
>"I'm sorry too"
>...
>About
>What?
>Not that i don't deserve her sorry's
>Those are like the only thing she could give me everyday and never run out of things to mean it about.
>she blurts
>"I didn't hurt you last time, i just this time i missed and raven got in the way..."
>A worried tone
>Getting worse each phrase
>"I really was trying to not hurt you, i...
>Then a fumbled cry
>"You should hit me again"

>A kneejerk reaction to what i did before
>Like i said
>If she hurt me, i'd hurt her back
>And currently she was right
>The deficit was one kick in the gut
>Not that i want to kick her back though
>Just the fact that she brought it up was confusing to me
>She moves her head, pulls back from the hug and stares at my shirt
>"Can...i?"
>Her hands on the hem
>I guess, i don't really care, go ahead and look
>She hefts it up

>Halfway up my chest, gasping before she even gets the cloth up all the way
>Ouch
>Yeah there's a serious fucking bruise there. Right in the lower abdomen
>Damnit
>Now that i see it
>See how bad it is
>It hurts
>FUCK YOU PHYSIOLOGY

>It's crazy tender all of a sudden
>As if i just didn't even notice it until my mind remembered it was there
>sucking in my breath, i accidentally whimper
>Accidentally because blondie hears it
>Gasps again and starts apologizing all over once more.
>Hands fluttering, examining and apologizing for every inch of bruised flesh
>Then a little bit more as they trace off the beaten path
>Literally
>Then stop, and pull back to her own chest
>Then the hem of her shirt
>She hefts it up, reveals her adorably snuggly smooth stomach, cute little bellybutton and lower abdomen.
>Then states her demands
>"Punch me, same place, as hard as you can"
>She's got her war face on
>Super Cereal.

>She's got three of my knuckle marks there already
>Right below the navel
>And i argue with her for a couple minutes
>I kinda don't want to hit her
>Not understanding why she wanted me to in the first place
>Some form of "It's fair" and "We'll be even" leaves her mouth every time i ask
>And she's fucking relentless
>Begging, pleading, telling me she wants to make it up to me
>To which i point out there's probably a million other things she can do, but she doesn't latch on to that at all.
>Just asks again for me to punch her
>So i give up
>I don't realize what she wanted until
>I agree
>"This'll hurt like hell then"
>Before the words have even left my mouth i give her a hard right jab in the stomach, same place she kicked me.

>Her reaction is interesting, to say the least.
>Like the face wasn't even able to keep up with the sensation
>Just a little "o" and an outward gasp, before she tumbles over onto the bed again
>Clutching her stomach, face first.
>I instantly feel bad, who wouldn't.
>Probably the mastermind standing in the doorway, leaning against the frame and watching the entire conversation
>Three words from her lips
>"Hug her now"
>Which make far too much sense
>Even as she explains
>"That's why she wanted you to hit her, so you'd cuddle again and make her feel better. Idiot"

>The mastermind wasn't wearing glasses
>Nor was she wearing contacts
>It was Aubrey standing on one leg, leaning into the doorframe, watching us
>She of course was being foolish
>There's no way blondie wanted me to punch her, as hard as i could, in the gut, to get a cuddle afterwards
>She's curled up into a ball almost
>Legs tucked in, 100% that hurt like hell
>Aubrey laughs, calls me an idiot again and whisks herself away down the hallway
>I stand to follow her and ask what the fuck that's all about.
>Try to stand
>Blondie has me
>I find she's grabbed the hem of my shirt, clenched in her fist
>Lifts her head off the bedsheet, makes half eye contact.
>and gasps out "Bathroom"
>Before clutching her stomach again
>!!!
>I start around, trying to find other girls that are around to help
> none present themselves
>So i take command, wrap my arm under blondie's shoulder, haul her up and drag her, still hunched over, to the bathroom over in the hall.

>It is dragging because she's completely unwilling to let her legs work or help me out.
>All of her weight is leaning on me, her arms naturally grabbing whatever handholds they could find purchase on my torso.
>a sideways carry, more than assistance
>We reach the bathroom
>Risking either shoving her in the door, and having her soil herself on the bathroom floor, or a minor loss of modesty for the girl.

>I figure fuck, i just punched her in the bladder, least i can do is make sure it reaches a toilet right?
>Drag her in, lock the door, shuffle over to the toilet
>Pretend i'm an adult and completely mature enough to not make a big deal out of this
>Fail
>Fumble with her jeans for a minute, trying my best not to look, shimmy them down her hips making sure the underwear comes with, and gently sit her down on the toilet.
>To which she instantly keels over forward, nearly tumbling off clutching her stomach, before i stop her.
>Steady her, make sure she's not going anywhere.
>Then i avail myself to the sink, trying my best not to make accidental mirror eye contact or anything.
>A couple seconds
>And the lewd sound of a girl's urine tinkling into a toilet bowl
>Not even a peaceful constant waterfall, poor blondie did it in spurts tonight
>Start, stopped nearly a dozen times
>Which worried me
>"Did i break something? Does it hurt there?"
>Pretty sure your peeing mechanism is a non replaceable part
>All while not making eye contact, or looking at her
>She gives a low groan
>"Squeezing hurts... is all"
>):

>Two more spurts, and i think the toilet paper declared herself as done
>Then some rustling, which i hoped were clothes being applied properly
>Still avoiding eye contact
>I was probably more embarrassed than she was
>Oh how wrong i was
>"Did you... look?"
>That curious inquiry as to my honor and loyalty.
>I responded instantly "NO!" of course not my innocent princess, i would never!
>Wrong answer
>Her voice somehow manages to get more hurt than just-getting-punched-in-the-gut, and she asks "Why not?"
>Stumbling
>Fumbling
>I don't have an answer for that
>Stuttering out some response
>Any response
>Not that it answered anything, but she took it
>And turned it around right on me
>A bit of curious, and a lot of putting her emotions out on a limb, she makes me blush.

>"I... shaved because you asked, and you've already seen it. So... ?"
>I freeze
>Wat

>No other option in my male mind but rotating 360 degrees and walking away
>That was a very unblondie like statement
>It's not possible that's her behind me.
>I only make it 180
>Get her eye contact
>It's definitely blondie
>She's 60s diner booth seat red all over. That crimson maroon color, with rips of foamy white showing through in different places.
>Blushing about as deep as she's ever going to blush
>But then again she just told me to look at her vagina, and make no mistake
>I did
>She hadn't dressed
>Legs somewhat spread, giving me a perfect view.
>It wasn't clean shaven, not a smooth cut all over. But the previous bush was completely gone, fully chopped down to short stubble.
>Same beautiful innie lips she always had, nothing sticking out except a tiny hint of labia
>Perfect
>Actually, it looked really similar to-
>I wave the thought out of my mind
>Blondie is flagging down my attention
>"You didn't get to see it when i did it, it was a couple days ago, but does it look better?"
>She isn't saying that, its mostly stammering and embarrassed looks in other directions
>But it's a question she needs answered
>I tell her it looks great, but i wouldn't have minded either way
>A response that gets me an "Oh..."
>And a "You said when you... uh.. licked... that it was..."
>Oh jeeze, something i said that time was bugging her
>Fuck, stop taking everything men say like it has hidden meanings, i probably said it tickled or something.
>But her next answer makes me downright confused
>"You didn't say it last night, so..."
>seriously what

Alright, i need to not write anymore anons. Not tonight.

Update Sunday, Monday, No update Tuesday.

Update #61 : October 12th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S14040808

WEBM IMAGES EDITION

>Last night
>No what
>Seriously what
>"I didn't do anything with you last night"
>Thankfully thoughts, and not a blurt out
>But my look of confusion, a scrunch of my eyebrows and a curious expression quickly gets the message across that i don't remember.
>An expression that blondie responds to with an "O... oh.. you were drunk, right..."
>and then a pause
>as if contemplating
>contemplation over, her face obviously coming to the conclusion as her lips start to move
>"Nevermind-"
>A timid empty dismissal of her thoughts
>Her cheeks still a brilliant maroon red
>I internally sigh
>disappointed that she won't tell me whatever's on her mind for the 1000th time.
>Her physical actions, crossing her legs suddenly, squeezing her thighs together for privacy telling me far more than words.
>She had embarrassed herself out of the subject.
>I don't actually like that solution though
>For once
>Seriously wait a darn minute

>She seriously can't just bring up something like that and drop it
>I could do a couple things here
>Pretend i didn't remember anything, and maybe she'll tell me what happened
>But it's blondie, so she won't
>In that case i could force her to tell me
>That's really just running with the wind though, i'd have to threaten her or scare her into telling me, and knowing blondie that will either backfire.
>Or end up with me dead
>Thus, the only solution
>Is to pretend i remember exactly what happened, and then try to run off context clues and her reactions to see what actually happened.
>"Yeah, i was a little tipsy, but i remember chatting with you and aubrey and..."

>I drone off intentionally
>Feign a look of surprise
>One that she mirrors with more blushing
>"O...oh... we... oh..." I mumble
>Carefully constructed to sound as if i'm just now remembering.
>She's beet red
>Whatever it is, it was definitely lewd huh.

>She's not giving any other hints though
>Just a scared little hiccup
>Which was adorable by-the-way
>So i have to do all the work and ask questions
>"Yeah, so..."
>shifting my eyes
>Focusing on hers, which refuse to look at me straight on
>"How was it?"
>AKA
>Pretend my male hubris needs to know how skilled i was at whatever activity we were performing.
>Pretty sure i didn't have sex with her or anything
>I hope... i didn't
>that would be awful
>I mean having your first time with a seemingly blackout drunken male who left to go sleep with someone else in the morning.
>That would be traumatizing right?
>She confirms
>"Awful, you left"
>...
>I
>I start apologizing
>Backtracking
>I've just fucked up everything, one girl gets something special, and one girl got something shit.
>"I didn't know, i just didn't remember and i went to go to the ba-"

>Lips move as if to interrupt me
>But they don't
>"-throom after i woke up aubr-"
>catching myself just in time with my chattering.
>She doesn't know i was planning on taking a piss, coming back and screwing aubrey
>Didn't need to know
>Specially if i had done something with her before that i just didn't remember.
>I was missing a couple hours

>So i made out with her maybe, cuddled, fell asleep. light petting possibly?
>I didn't remember shit
>Blondie did
>She caught me saying the other girl's name
>Latched onto it, in that way they always do
>"Aubrey!?"
>a shout
>scream almost, in an emotional burst completely amiss to her current situation
>"You thought it was aubrey?!"
>I would love for that to have been a scream too
>But it wasn't
>It was a dejected sigh, an empty surrender.
>Not that i understood why
>Until she groaned
>"Figures! You don't like me anyway!"

>Literally
>Holy shit
>Stop with this passive aggressive self depreciation
>I grab her shirt
>Not that i have a good grip, but i pull myself closer
>Eye to eye
>Get my growly angry voice on
>Low, angry, Batman-y
>"I swear to fucking god, you start up this sh-
>She slaps me
>Harder than harley quinn, instant feedback
>tumble backwards, more in surprise than the actual force of the blow.
>Blondie doesn't hit people
>It just doesn't happen, not intentionally
>Sure she severely threatens my life on a daily basis, but never intentionally
>Accidental manslaughter at best.
>But she just hit me
>A me that's now rump on the floor, staring upwards at her pout, cold blue eyes, crossed arms and tightly crossed legs.
>"I'm sorry, a boy i almost gave my v-... first time...to just told me he thought i was another girl"
>"How do you think that makes me feel? Leave. Now."

>That hits me
>Hurts harder than the slap
>In dim lights on that boat, i was eating out blondie and not aubrey.
>Drunken stupor, actually thought in the moment that she was the more beautiful one, and that i was getting with a perfect 10/10.

>Cheesiness aside, that might be exceptionally romantic
>Shame i'll never be able to explain that one
>What i had done however, was completely crush the poor girl
>You know, she's thinking the choice of two women, i would choose aubrey
>That already hurts, even if i could tell blondie wasn't infatuated in me, it's still painful to know a guy would pick someone else.
>Plus, shaved for me.
>Whatever ridiculous offhand comment i made before, she had taken her time to make the experience supposedly nicer for me.
>When a girl does that
>She likes you, no matter what you think
>A royal fuck, i've screwed up everything once more
>Crippled her self esteem, chose aubrey over her, and then walked out for gadget instead.
>How she was smiling this morning was beyond me
>Making waffles
>Innocently ignoring gadget and myself, saying we looked nice together.
>I'm trash
>Worse than trash
>I leave

>Or start to
>She doesn't stop me with a hand on my shoulder
>Or a cry out of my name
>Not a barring body between me and the door
>Even a mumbled sound, a cry to let me know i should stay
>Nope
>I stop me
>Walking four feet to the door, stopping on my heels and turning
>Her still glaring at the floor, at the knees in front of her
>Where i was sitting a moment before
>Returning to that spot
>Letting her stare at my knees
>Getting her attention i point out quite bluntly
>"You know i thought you were aubrey"
>Her response
>"Fuck off, i'll scream"
>Typical
>Really, hurt girl, doesn't want to deal with you, threatens to get others involved
>Only reason i came back was because i felt bad anyway
>Wanted to make her feel a little better, without leaving her a disheveled self-beating up mess.
>I kneel
>Eye level
>Which she refuses to look me in ,but it's close enough that i know she's sees my face

>How sincere i'm being
>"Since it was aubrey, when i left, i didn't come back"
>She makes out to snap at me
>But stops
>Lets me continue
>Not that i even know what i want to say next
>But i wing it
>"I wouldn't have left at all if i knew it was you"
>Sappy
>But, considering her silence
>Probably worked
>I'm silently fistpumping in my head as i try to leave again
>Perfect solution
>Until she stops me
>"Prove it"
>Two words
>Send a cold shiver down my spine.

>Feigning a smile
>Hoping she isn't going to demand i make a sacrifice to the volcano god or anything, i say "Sure!"
>She frowns
>"Tonight, don't drink"
>And she shoos me out of the bathroom
>Then stops
>"Get the two packages off the bedside table upstairs, keep them with you... please?"
>Then a chided in "Safe...right?"
>Then she pauses
>"Or wait... you used them huh"
>Oh
>Condoms
>Wait
>"No, we didn't use them"
>This time blondie gives me a look
>First confused
>Than "You're an idiot"
>"You didn't use them with gadget?"
>I shrink back, shamed
>Shake my head
>And she shakes hers, twice
>"Idiot!"
>I don't understand what the big deal is
>"Gadget's on your cycle though, you're sa-"

>She just shakes her head
>worrying me twice as much
>And shooing me out the door again
>Standing in the hallway
>door closed behind me
>Fuck
>I gotta find gadget

>I don't find gadget
>I find glasses
>Which is way worse
>She's just over by the kitchen/laundry room
>The second of which she tugs me right into, closes the door behind her and leans against it
>"Listen...this is important!"
>Yeah ok
>Not nearly as important as me knocking gadget up
>Im pretty sure i say this
>I mean it's glasses
>she has no friends left to gossip to
>[spoiler]Alright that's kinda mean actually[/spoiler]
>Her eyes go dinner plate wide
>Instantly
>"What!?"
>Yeah i know
>right?
>Fuck i'm an idiot
>But i keep forgetting that glasses is female, and knows how all that stuff works
>She gets right to investigation mode
>"Wait, didn't she have her period a couple days ago?"
>...
>How the hell does she know that
>[spoiler]Girls and gossip man[/spoiler]
>Glasses' shoulders loosen, tension drops and she laughs
>"Then she's safe for this week, but you're still an idiot and should use something if they're not on the pill"
>Then almost an added afterthought
>"Like me"
>Th.. thanks glasses
>Just gotta push home your "Fuck me for my evil plans to work" hentai plot huh?

>I do realize that she looked exceptionally worried for those 20 seconds
>Like i just ruined all her plans by knocking gadget up
>Was not an eventuality she planned for.

>Her worry is gone with the revelation i'm probably safe though
>Personally, not so sure
>But i'll believe glasses.
>For now...
>She jumps right along to her important topic
>One word
>"Tonight"
>Yeah
>Sounds good so far, keep going.
>"I need you to get really drunk"
>...
>I uhh
>"Blondie just... told me to do the absolute opposite of that"
>Glasses asserts her dominance
>"Fuck blondie!"
>I assert mine
>"That was the plan"
>She asserts hers
>Which seems to be vastly superior to mine, because she holds up the two blue packets from the upstairs
>"Really now? Not if i have these"
>i shrug
>Ill just go get more
>It's not too late
>Until she points out i can't drive
>"I'll just get a ri..."
>Oh
>You know i see the brilliance here.
>it's either follow glasses' plans, or somehow convince freckles to drive me to a liquor store to buy condoms.

>Or i could take them by force
>I step forward, imposing.
>Ready to snatch them away, or pin the damn girl down and take them from her.
>She's got a plan for that
>Both packets go to her teeth, biting down on the serrated edge
>Two fingers holding the corner
>"One step closer, and i open them, they'll be ruined"
>...
>I halt
>"STOP! I'LL DO ANYTHING!"
>You know, begging, pleading
>The like

>She grins
>"Get drunk, i need you to make bad decisions"
>thanks glasses
>mumbling something about i make bad decisions anyway she doesn't need me drunk, i try to leave.
>She stops me again
>"I need you to sleep with me, but make it look like it was a bad decision, so get drunk"
>Obligatory question
>"Why can't i just not be drunk"
>She says i can't act for shit
>):
>"Can we just pretend we slept with one another already?"
>She shrugs
>"Sure... but i kinda want to, so no"
>-----
>----------
>fuck it
>I chose freckles
>Easier to deal with

>I leave
>Don't even pay any heed to the warnings, threats and various curses upon my family glasses is flinging from behind me
>Stomp upstairs
>Looking for freckles, wherever she went
>I hear her yell, about something
>Typical freckles really
>Leads me in the direction of her voice
>Master bedroom, duh
>Another loud-freckles related noise
>So she's fighting, probably with aubrey
>Makes sense
>opening the door, i step inside and freeze
>Well, yeah
>Guess you could call it fighting.

>Wasn't full blown lesbianism or anything
>I would hope they would lock the door for that
>Naw
>I just walked in to some light kissing
>And some squeezing
>Mostly freckles making loud exclamations at the squeezes
>Aubrey was facing the door, and caught my eyes almost instantly

>a second of silence
>A second of frozen stillness, nobody saying anything
>Before a rather calm and british once more "Be a deare and close the door for us would you?"
>Ooops
>Right away madame, will do madame.
>Door closed
>Locked
>I turn back to face them
>Freckles eying me now, her turn to growl
>"She meant with YOU OUTSIDE"
>Oh
>right
>Right awa-
>Aubrey interrupts my leaving
>"He's just going to tell everyone"
>Obviously not directed at me, probably freckles
>Freckles seems to agree
>"Yeah, we'll have to kill him"
>!!!

>Aubrey just laughs at this
>A rich, echoing peal of light laughter
>"No! Hah, not kill him! There's other things we can do!"
>Switching to russian halfway
>Terrifying
>Going to be tortured aren't i
>She continues
>"I was just learning... from freckles... that you taught her how to kiss"
>stepping backwards
>Fearful for my life
>"Along with some... other things that i'm sure you don't want to get ou-"
>I hold up my hand
>We don't have to go that deep into anything
>"Fuck blackmail, freckles i need a ride to the liquor store so i can buy condoms, i won't tell a soul"
>Her expression which previously was back to slightly worried, just snapped to prim and straight again
>"Fine, get out"
>Wow
>Seriously why do i even bother with glasses
>Freckles 1000x easier as i slide out the door, making sure to lock it for them this time.

>A murmur of "I'm really awful at this, and he just ruined it anyway" from freckles inside

>quiet and less confident side of herself i guess
>And aubrey's response of "naw, you're not that bad"
>I grin
>Aubrey'll teach her gud.
>But again, why do i bother with gla-
>Oh
>Probably because you can't escape glasses
>She's standing at the bottom of the stairs
>Smiling
>"From that yelling, sounds like she won't be helping you"
>A gloating tone
>A grinning "I've won smile"
>I want nothing more than to just shove her over and rub her face in the dirt with my victory
>But that would be giving away the prize
>So i hang my head
>Pretend freckles wouldn't help at all
>Get to enjoy a full three minutes
>I counted
>Of glasses following me around and gloating until i finally give up and plop down on the couch again
>Then
>When i guess everyone else is in the kitchen discussing making brownies or something
>Aubrey and freckles still upstairs
>Glasses peeks around, and leans over to hug me
>A full on face to chest hug, arms wrapped tightly with a squeeze
>Very-un-glasses-like
>But she holds it
>Enjoying my limp non resistance
>Until freckles shouts from the top of the stairs
>"Alright! Let's go!"

>Glasses already let go of me before freckles could see
>And i was up, and standing at the bottom of the stairs, shoes equipped ready for her
>Wallet, phone, everything, check.
>She stomps down
>Usual angry-face demeanor, not even the slightest hint as to what she was doing upstairs
>I start to follow behind her as she heads towards the garage door
>Then i startle myself, and realize
>Step forward, grab her by the shoulders and shove her complaining into the bathroom
>Clasping my hand over the VERY angry girl's mouth at this point
>The eyes burning, sulfur as always
>Fire and brimstone ready to engulf mine with rage, i can tell i only have a matter of seconds

before she explodes as i close the door behind us
>I have to pull my finger up
>Make the universal finger over mouth symbol, the "Shhh"
>and i point towards her neck
>Remove my hand, and turning around to grab and wet a washcloth, i turn back to find she hasn't screamed
>Just standing there, trying to look at her collarbone
>"How did it go?"
>A nonchalant question as i start to rub off the smears of lipstick near her shoulder
>Didn't really need an answer
>I could see

>But we were going to walk through the kitchen to get to the garage
>So everyone else could see too
>Her expression softens, hardened shell cracks as i start rubbing.
>Eyes relax, and look at me in a happier, ecstatic almost, visage.
>"It was amazing, she's so soft...and.."
>I find my other hand grabbed
>Pressed against her chest, over her heart
>The obvious increased pace, fluttering beats, rapidly pulsing.
>Yup
>First time experiences do that to ya.
>i was kinda more surprised that
>1). Freckles let me pull her into a bathroom and didn't murder me
>2). That not murdering me part
>3). Also not claiming i was raping her or anything
>Seriously she trusted me, at least a little bit
>Neat
>She even thanked me
>Even if it was less of a thank you and more of an appreciative nod after i was done making sure she was kitchen presentable.

>As soon as the kitchen found out we were going to the store
>All the girls in the kitchen also somehow found out
>And then it was all over
>Everyone had orders for various things
>Blondie needed chocolate chips for brownies, or some other magical chocolate food she was preparing
>Raven wanted a bag of hot cheetos and didn't have any cash on her at the moment, claiming i "owed her"
>I did
>But i told her to fuck off, she broke up with me and didn't want shit
>A gloating smile on my face

>A pout on hers, and a wave of her hand in dismissal when blondie tried to offer to buy her some.
>Unluckily i noticed glasses watching,
>So i just bluntly told her if she wanted anything she had to "Get it herself"
>Good acting
>Fake fighting
>10/10 show put on
>Raven offered to pay in middle fingers and stomped off
>[spoiler]Secretly broke my heart, i'd buy you cheetos raven[/spoiler]
>as we're leaving gadget prods me aside
>Asks if i could pick her up a bag of the same, because she's never had them before.
>I shrug
>Realize it's probably going to start shit between me and raven
>Then realize that's perfect

>On the drive to the store i'm preoccupied remembering what we need to get
>Condoms
>Chocolate chips
>A bag of flamin hots
>and a soda that freckles picks out for herself.
>I'm sure the cashier thought we were complete teenage deviants.
>Not that he cared
>I mean logically what are you going to do with the chocolate chips?
>On the ride back i check my phone
>Nothing better to do right, specially while not driving in a car
>"23 new Messages from Gadget"
>PANIC
>HOUSE PROBABLY BLEW UP WHEN WE LEFT
>SHE'S TRAPPED INSIDE, TRYING TO CONTACT ME FOR HE-
>Opening them up reveals a much more dramatic turn of events
>They're from last night, the ones i never looked at.
>Curiosity makes me scroll down
>Read the rest
>Gradually more depressing as they go
>the last two sticking out
>"I deserve it, i will wait"
>"or else, remember"
>Two ambiguous texts at the end, right around an hour before the time i came back in and found her.
>That hits me hard
>Almost tear up before freckles asks
>"How many are in the box?"

>What box
>I have no clue what she's talking about
>Too busy being sad over gadget's text messages
>Oh and blondie who told me to make sure they weren't dark chocolate chips because she hates those
>Very sad.
>Dark chocolate is awesome
>Freckles repeats "Box, condoms, how many?"
>I dono
>Six?
>Condom buying was a mystery, i just picked a box that said "Medium"
>I lean back, grab the bag
>Ruffle through for the box
>Read the details
>Lotta words here
>I got no clue, condoms are a mystery to me
>a "Curse" of having an infertile GF
>However there are six
>Freckles responds appropriately
>"gimmie one"
>...
>...
>I sense a trap
>"...why?"

>Quite a blunt response actually
>Way more forward than i expected
>"Because i don't want to get pregnant?"
>Almost chiding me as if i'm a fool for asking the question
>I dont feel like a fool
>She certainly considers me one
>Doubly so when i inform her that lesbians usually have extreme difficulty conceiving together
>Offer to explain the birds and the bees if she wants
>How that all works
>Unless birthday magically has evolved a penis
>I leave that hanging, just silence in the car for a minute
>Two
>Freckles quietly staring at the road
>Then a shallow statement
>"No, Glasses set me up with Aubrey, so i have to do what she said before."
>Uhh
>Uhh

>"Which is?"

>I'm lost
>Terrified
>Glasses being involved is never a good thing
>Freckles just forces a straight face
>No disgust or anything
>Just an announcement
>"She wants me to sleep with you and raven; ruin your relationships, and i'm not letting you get me pregnant"
>"Not that you can't do that fine on your own, the ruining part"
>A snide remark
>Unfitting in the somehow steeled indifference she seemed to be showing.
>Woah
>Hold the fuck on
>What could glasses possibly have that would make freckles d-
>RAVEN
>I'm shocked
>Pure surprise on my face
>Then back to confusion
>"So.. you really slept with raven last night?"
>Freckles just stares at the road
>Maybe not the best place to be having this conversation
>Then in a very-unfreckles like timid voice
>the kind of one blondie adopts when she's telling you a secret
>I hear
>"I... don't think i was very good, she didn't enjoy it"
>ooh
>Yeah, i point out that raven was kinda
>Kinda really blackout drunk, and doesn't remember a thing

>"Oh"
>Is the only response i get, as we pull into the driveway
>Click of the remote and the garage door opens
>Then closes behind us as we park
>Car off
>Darkness
>Still sitting
>Neither of us wanting to move
>I speak first
>More out of curiosity
>"Did she teach you anything you're going to use on aubrey?"

>Seriously
>Mind in the gutter i know
>But i'd love to know what lesbian tricks raven knew
>Hot blackmail into threesome later material maybe
>Unluckily for freckles, and my blackmail attempts, "Slept with" seems to have consisted of some drunken kissing, groping and a couple aborted attempts at fingering
>I pretty much told freckles right away that it didn't count and she's still a lesbian virgin if that's a thing.
>I couldn't see her face, but her voice sounded relieved with an
"Oh... i just... she didn't like it, and i don't want to be bad with aubrey"
>Tension and worry creeping back.

>"I didn't know she didn't remember... that explains the yelling"
>"I thought she was really angry at me because i was so bad"
>Mind you her tone is depressingly quiet, sad, and revealing a side of her lack of confidence i rarely seen
>But it's hillarious
>I have to stifle not one, but two laughs
>Far too rude to laugh at a girl thinking she's bad in bed
>I change the question
>Still sitting there in the dark, i guess it's bonding hour
>"How long have you and aubrey been testing the waters?"
>I was curious as to how glasses worked her magic so quickly
>Bullshit i say, but she seems to have done it.
>Then it made sense
>Freckles sniffled
>she was crying, but not anymore
>"After the beach, she said she wanted to talk to me, and all of a sudden we were kissing"
>"She told me she'd never had a girl before"
>...
>Wait a minute
>The beach? That's after...
>"GLASSES DIDN'T SET YOU UP, I DID"

>"n... no"
>She stammers
>"I.. glasses told me, and then the day a..."
>I interrupt
>Explain everything i told aubrey at the beach
>How she was "Interested" and "Would consider it"
>Pieces fit
>I somehow managed to set freckles up with aubrey
>Neat

>Freckles didn't think so
>"FUCK, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME"
>oops
>Accidental redhead overload
>Volcano detonation, lava spewing everywhere
>"I SLEP-
>I've already unbuckled and clapped my hand over her mouth
>[spoiler]I think i missed her mouth actually but she shut up anyway[/spoiler]
>I explain
>Firstly
>Right next to the kitchen
>Gonna tell everyone loudly, through the car and the wall if she keeps screaming
>Secondly
>Doesn't count, don't worry about it
>Thirdly
>Don't have to sleep with me <3
>She doesn't respond to any of my points.

>Just heaves herself out of the car, hauls the very light bag of luggage along with her
>I tuck the box in my back pocket and follow, fumbling around until she gets to the garage steps and turns on the light
>I realize she's been facing me the entire time
>Standing there
>Eep
>"Save one anyway"
>An oddly specific tone, halfway between smiling and a cry
>And a halfway grin
>Tilt of her head before she turns around
>Tells the door
>"In case you're wrong"
>n...
>Nice save freckles
>I almost thought for a second you weren't a bitch and were genuinely appreciative of me setting you up with the hottest girl words can buy.

Update #62: October 13th

http://desuarchive.org/r9k/thread/S14060907

>I strut my stuff
>Right through that garage door, i mean i'd just successfully avoided glasses' plans for what
>Third time today?
>Feelin pretty proud of myself
>Little bounce in my step
>Freckles was still in a minor bit of a moody huff
>You know, mostly after admitting she thought glasses set her up with aubrey and it ends up i accidentally did
>But she was still giving glasses credit and doing things she didn't want to do
>Blackmail at its finest i guess
>Never did manage to ask her what glasses had on her that would make her do such a thing.
>Made sense
>I mean back in the hotel room she had something to hide too when glasses was fucking around with us
>):
>Maybe i'll be able to solve it all when raven's master plan comes through
>Maybe

>First girls to greet us are
>Well just blondie
>She hears the garage door open, is standing there waiting for me, hand outstretched
>"If they're dark i'll kill you"
>Her trademarked welcoming phrase
>I rummage through the plastic bag (yet another icon of our past!) and hand her the bag
>Not Dark chocolate
>She doesn't murder me on the spot
>Phew
>With a flick of yellow hair, madame cook vanishes again into the kitchen, no doubt working on some delicious masterpiece of chocolate.
>"Thanks!" ringing out through the open doorway she vanishes into
>Freckles echoes the "You're welcome!"
>Then grumbles to me that we should have bought her dark chocolate
>):
>"What's your beef with blo-"
>My attempts to answer thwarted, by gadget's pattering bare feet
>Her usual attire of hood, long pants and her headphones today, accompanying the almost-flying-hug she tries to give me

>Aborted at the last moment.
>Instead, like a cute little lion or tiger from kenya, she springs from her haunches.
>Forget norway

>Pins me against the wall, flinging up my arms in self defense / flinching
>[spoiler]As we've established, flinching is a white superpower[/spoiler]
>The hug and accompanying cute sounds i'm sure she made, completely drowned out by the loud crinkling of the bag she was now crushing
>That ended the hug instantly
>Gadget stepped back, gasped something about "ruining them!", and rummaged in the bag i was still holding frozen.
>Still not sure how i had just managed to accept a flying leap type hug attack without coming out permanently scarred for life.
>Seriously
>No pain
>That's a first
>Freckles i would assume was glaring, but wasn't
>Just staring, straight faced at the event, sipping the cactus cooler soda she got from the shop.
>Gadget making appropriate rummaging sounds
>complete with a "They are still good! see!" and a firm shake, accompanied by more crinkling of the bag.

>I have no opinion about the crunchy cheesy chips we've procured for her.
>She however has other plans
>Namely to make me have an opinion about them
>Bag opens, crackling of the foil wrapping of course
>Then she tentatively grabs a couple, sniffs and nibbles them.
>Quickly scarfing down three, or four, as you might see a cat approaching a new source of food
>Adorable
>I'm glad she likes them, but like i said
>I had to have an opinion too, as she makes her best attempt to feed me multiple cheetos
>Which i have no option but to accept
>Two of the darn things, i really don't want any right now, but i crunch along happily
>Pretend they're yummy, she's made a great choice, and yada yada
>Hoping that raven won't show up any moment, see what we're eating and throw a hissy fit
>Or that she does
>Fifteen seconds later, gadget's panting
>Tongue lolling out of her mouth, waving at it with her hand.
>"Too hot!"
>....
>You're from south america, didn't you invent spicy things?
>You seriously must be joking, they're not even that ba-
>Before i can say anything, she's off, rushes into the kitchen for water
>Leaving me speechless, what?!

>Following with every intent of calling her a lightweight, i find she's not in the kitchen
>Blondie's the only girl here

>slaving away with large dangerous looking kitchen spoons over a bowl of brown goop.
>Remaining at a safe distance of five feet, i pass through to the living room.
>Where i realize the entirety of what had occurred
>Gadget was back on the couch, curled up as far away from everyone else as she could be on the end. Aubrey in the corner of the two sofas, legs stretched and toes wiggling over the lap of Glasses.
>Raven on the other end
>Who is staring down at her lap, which has miraculously received a bag of the particular spicy food she was begging me for earlier.
>That takes me a second
>Only a second before i turn to gadget and deftly question
>"You didn't like them?"
>The hooded spicy-food-hating female shakes her head
>"too spicy"
>But i saw her tell, a little giveaway
>She avoided eye contact entirely
>She was lying
>Heart of fucking gold gadget, god damnit.

>It spurs memories of the various times she'd claimed she loved spicy foods.
>So she really was lying
>Some manipulation here, but i'm not sure to what end
>Stay friends with raven possibly? Even while supposedly dating me?
>Or leave the door open for raven and myself to reconcile? Try to string us closer and closer together with odd sideways gestures like that.
>Whatever she was doing
>That was sweet
>And i pretended i ignored the fact that raven now had the chips i had made such a big deal out of not getting her
>After all, she was scarfing them down like a starving wolf
>Poor thing
>Hasn't eaten for what, like 2 hours?
>[spoiler]Raven and myself are those "Snacker" types[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]We don't eat very much, can almost never finish what's on our plates at a restaurant, but tend to eat frequently, every couple or hours something small[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]I would say it's fast metabolism, because we're both skinny as hell. But modern science proved metabolism's don't physically differ more than 10% between humans[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]It's just how we ate i guess[/spoiler]

>Weird tangents aside, the couch and its occupants seems to be specially designed so that the only place i have to sit is between aubrey and gadget.
>Which would be fine
>If it didn't mean freckles would have to sit next to raven if i sat next to gadget. Or i would sit

next to raven...
>Couch politics, jesus christ
>I contemplate the wars that would be fought over either of those decisions, and aside from just rearranging the couch entirely, i find a better solution
>"Gadget, stand up for a second?"
>A request, i stand her up with her accompanying "hmmm?" following but curious
>Then i steal her spot
>"Mine now!"
>MUAHAHAHA
>She does exactly what you would expect
>Hands on hips, a glare
>And then she turns around and forcefully plops herself right down on my lap
>Not hard, she doesn't hit anything vital as she lands
>Just ends up nestled up into my shoulder, a soft, warm, squishy, warmly breathing girl
>Who kidnaps the nearby blanket, wraps it around herself and goes back to listening to music almost instantly
>Embarrassing the hell out of me of course
>Because not only was everyone watching
>But she added in a "Mine now!" of her own.

>Cute of course
>Even if the three women reacted in three entirely different ways to gadget's show of affection
>Glasses watched, but then turned away
>Pretending to ignore us, politely with a smile.
>Aubrey dawwed, doted on a "you two are so cute!" to the mix
>Forgetting she was probably going to get punched later by raven for a comment like that
>The aftermentioned girl stood up
>Loudly announced she was going to go help blondie in the kitchen, and vanished.
>Probably at this point, i was really making her jealous and no longer fake jealous
>Might, maybe want to tiptoe around that from now on.
>Freckles quickly arrived and took the gracious throne i granted her next to aubrey, completely missing the heroic deed i had completed to allow her that right.
>Not that she made any moves
>Or any physical body contact either
>Just pretended that's where she was sitting, and was nearly rigid as a board
>Doubly so when aubrey shifted, stretched her legs and made it took completely innocent with her change of draping those long silky smooth legs across freckles' lap
>Poor girl
>Just sat there, hands clasped, staring at the sexy little ankles and calves right in front of her.
>I knew she wanted nothing more than to touch them
>But she had to pretend she wasn't interested, and stare at the tv.
>I doubt anyone noticed but me, but boy was that awkward for her. Aubrey just teasing her like

that.

>If i was freckles right now, i would have an embarrassed boner
>Thankfully she was female
>Girl boners far less obvious, and she made a good act of just watching the show we seemed to be watching a marathon of.
>Hint: It was torchwood
>So even if freckles was secretly sporting a girlboner, so was everyone else
>Even me a little bit
>You know, the main character.
>John Barrowman
>Glasses couldn't shut up about him, Blondie kept coming in every time she was waiting for something to watch and fuss about how handsome he was.
>Gadget called him "Cute" in her version of an endearing sort of way.
>Aubrey's opinion was that he was one of the hottest men alive, and even freckles may have been watching a little too intently.
>Even me, fuck i'd go gay for that motherfucker.
>That guy seriously needs to stop being so god damn sexy.
>Really so it was the usual torchwood watching experience
>Blondie finally leaving and returning to announce her special "Fudge chipped caramel chocolate brownies" were ready.
>Not that anyone stood up until the commercials kicked in again.

>Uncomfortable homoerotic questioning of gender preference over
>We change to uncomfortable erotic questioning of how many brownies we can shove into our faces respectably.
>Which seems to be a gay amount, because those brownies are gone in minutes
>Licking of chocolate fingers, gulping of milk, buzzing and humming around the kitchen.
>Nobody even sits down
>Poor little chocolate soldiers couldn't even survive long enough to reach a plate.
>That's no problem usually
>It's just a hub of thanking blondie
>Hugs
>A couple chocolatey kisses on the cheeks in appreciation
>Blondie was indeed the star
>And seemingly back in everyone's good graces
>Except freckles
>Who went through all the thankful motions, grinned ear to ear, have blondie a couple hugs and then vanished back to the living room
>All of it fake
>They probably wouldn't be getting along for a long while yet

Due to some complications IRL, i'm going to have to halt this update.

I can't manage them and write at the same time. Apologies.

Next update is Wednesday at 8:00 PST.

>Laughing, giggling, jokes resumed
>This included gadget trying to force feed me leftover chocolate chips.
>Really just ending up leaving chocolatey smears on her fingers and my lips, because the entire room was heated from the oven being on.
>Her giggling and licking her fingers (eewww!) before attempting to feed me more.
>As has long been established with chocolate smeared lips, which at this point i think gadget was doing intentionally.
>You are obligated to kiss someone and leave chocolate lip-imprints on them
>Cheeks ideally
>Only time you, as a male, will ever get to pretend you're wearing lipstick and not be gay.
>[spoiler]Unless it's chocolate lipstick[/spoiler]
>[spoiler]In which case i'm afraid we're going to have to disown you. Son.[/spoiler]
>At first i was going to choose gadget
>I mean she did the lips and everything, giggling and halfway hugging me the entire time we were eating brownies
>It was like a holiday
>Blondie's skills as a cook, continually impressing
>I mean they had this layer of cooked fudge with caramel underneath it on top of the brownies. Turtle shell almost
>Amazing stuff
>So of course i wanted to give gadget a kiss on the cheek and leave imprints
>But her skin was so dark i was worried it wouldn't show up
>I think i told her this
>And then picked blondie

>See
>My reasoning was that blondie wouldn't hate me
>Had pretty white skin, light enough for a chocolate kiss to show up upon
>and would generally be good natured about it
>Wrong
>On all counts
>I held up my finger, stopped gadget from ruining the surprise and snuck over to blondie
>She was having an animated conversation with aubrey
>That i rudely interrupted
>Mostly with a wrap around hug from behind and a rather cuddly smooch on her cheek.

>Which she followed with two things
>A squeak for the hug
>and a Squeal for the kiss
>Giggles from gadget behind me, and staring from everyone else
>See unlucky for me, as cute as it would be to leave a lip-shaped imprint of chocolate on her cheek
>IT was more a smear
>And blondie instead of being good natured about it
>She countered my chocolate kiss with an "EWW!"
>Even her skin
>Flawless smooth white?
>Yeah we forgot that turns bright red when she's threatened or otherwise embarassed.
>So it didn't look nearly as cute as i wanted.
>Sucked
>Plus she kicked me out of the kitchen, and gadget too
>Said we were too "Troublesome"

>I feel like that's just an excuse for us embarrassing her and wanting us to leave
>Hmph
>I ended up back on the couch again
>Gadget curled up in her same spot, the one she'd claimed earlier
>Wrapped around me with a blanket, eyes closed and listening to whatever music she had in mind
>Raven returned
>And glasses too
>Both bickering with one another about something in an obviously temporary chocolate induced friendship.
>Temporary friendship meaning they still sat on as far opposite sides of the couch as possible.
>Raven the entire other end.
>Glasses beside us, quickly adopting our blanket with the excuse of being "Cold"
>I eyed her with suspicion
>One of her hands was more than 90% likely to be fondling someone under this blanket in less than 30 seconds
>Be more transparent glasses, seriously.
>Or...less transparent
>She ripped her hand back
>Wasn't fondling me, i'm pretty sure, but it returns neverless
>Along with a near panicked question
>"H... how old is gadget?!"

>lol
>Now i know where the hand went
>But gadget herself hadn't stirred

>to which i realized she had sugar/chocolate/milk comaed herself to sleep
>Cute
>But still completely asleep in my lap
>"Hey... glasses..."
>It's not really a whisper towards her
>"She's alseep, i'll tell you if you help me get her to bed"
>A nod in response
>With careful movements, carrying, squeezing, lifting and various other illegal maneuvers in california, we manage to get gadget to the bed on the first floor
>All tucked in and everything.
>Except as i try to leave, she blurts my name
>The supposedly sleeping girl
>Awake this entire time and just pretending to get us to tuck her in
>Or magically asleep until the very moment i try to leave her side
>She requests
>Sleepily of course
>A kiss goodnight
>I oblige
>Glasses nearly dawws herself
>It's just a peck on the forehead, and gadget's out like a light
>Cute as a button
>Or two buttons
>Or three
>Whenever buttons stop being cute, she was there.

>Blondie saved me from that
>Returned from the kitchen finally
>"Cleaned up"
>As she said
>And took one glance around the couch
>Stock, of who was sitting where
>Freckles and aubrey pretending not to cuddle under another blanket, but definitely were
>Raven alone
>Glasses and myself under a second blanket.
>Blondie took her own initiative
>As much as she had left of initiative anyway
>"Storybro... i need help with the dishes if you don't mind."
>Sure thing
>Anything to get away from glasses i figure
>Aubrey gets up too
>Not to help it seems
>But she's decided she wants a drink
>And offers everyone else one too

>I politely refuse
>Glasses tells her to bring me one anyway
>Thanks... glasses.

>I end up in the kitchen
>Sure, i could clean dishes i guess
>No problem with that, need a distraction
>sliding up to the sink, Staring.
>It's empty
>No dishes, kitchen is spotless
>W-
>Too late to realize it's a trap
>Blondie's between me and the door
>Bag of chocolate chips in her hand
>cheeks puffed
>TAKE EVASIVE MENUVERS MEN
>DODGE TO THE LEFT
>DODGE TO THE RIGHT
>She pins me
>Returns the favor
>The chocolate kiss
>This time it's not on the cheeks, it's full on lips
>An open mouth to mouth transfer of what seems to be melted and not-so-melted chocolate chips
>I'd love to tell you it was hot
>Delicious
>Romantic
>Amazing, something i'd want to do again
>It wasn't
>It was slimy half melted chocolate and saliva
>Absolutely disgusting.

>Blondie too breaks the kiss right away
>Realizes that putting chocolate in your mouth and kissing someone sounds great
>Super romantic and all
>Cute, delicious, whatever
>but shit that didn't work at all
>Fuckin anime's lied to us man
>flat out lied
>I end up spitting into the sink
>Her coughing because some of it went down wrong
>10/10 romantic kiss

>Would do again

>Made about the right amount of sense
>Aubrey watching us
>Amusement
>But no commentary
>She seemed to have yet another bottle of wine she'd pulled from who knows where
>Offers us the first glasses
>"To loosen the mood"
>She claims
>I refuse
>Blondie accepts
>And i do two things
>One
>I pull blondie away from the outstretched glass
>Two
>I decline for her
>She whines
>"Just one!"
>I point out
>"If you're drunk, i'm not going to sleep in the same bed"
>Not even like beating around the bush
>I flat out tell her i'm not going to sleep with her if she drinks
>First times should be special yo
>And i pull out the somewhat crushed box of condoms in my pocket
>Blondie's eyes widen
>Aubrey's too
>But for sarcastic remarks
>"woooow a 6 pack"
>shush
>I can't help but stifle a laugh at that.

Second Document

https://docs.google.com/document/d/12voT1exo-U7Xgej1YPyzgiHwa1Jh8bSd2Y3Y5kTWQw8/edit

Because google docs actually seems to have a character limit, which we've hit. We're now swapping to a second document. Neat huh?